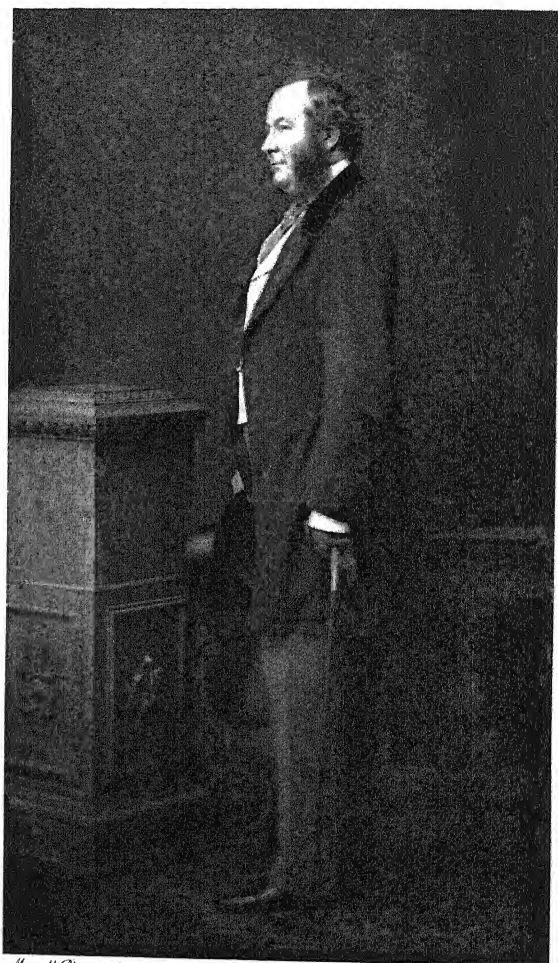


JOHN THADEUS DELANE



Mayall Photo. 1861.

Stacey (Boston) 1861.

John T. Delane

JOHN THADEUS DELANE

EDITOR OF "THE TIMES"

HIS LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

BY ARTHUR IRWIN DASENT

AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF ST. JAMES'S SQUARE," ETC.

WITH PORTRAITS

AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

VOL. I

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PREFACE

WITH the exception of a short appreciation of Delane's career which was contributed by my father to *Macmillan's Magazine* in January 1880, and the still shorter life in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, no account of my uncle, worthy of the name, has yet been written.

It was my father's hope and intention to have expanded the article in *Macmillan's Magazine* into a detailed biography, but unforeseen difficulties prevented the realisation of his project. And as he did not live to make much progress with the preliminary work of arranging the extensive correspondence in his possession, it has been reserved for my much less competent pen to attempt that which he would have done so much better.

The materials for Delane's life, apart from his own letters and diaries, are fairly abundant. In the Greville *Memoirs* there are over fifty direct references to him, and many more indirect allusions to the policy and influence of *The Times* during his editorship.

The Life of Henry Reeve, by Sir J. K. Laughton ; of Robert Lowe, Viscount Sherbrooke, by E. Patchett Martin ; of Lord Houghton, by Wemyss Reid ; the *Memoirs* of de Blowitz, Mr. George Brodrick's *Memories and Impressions*, the privately printed *Memoir* of

Bernal Osborne, and Kinglake's *Invasion of the Crimea*, have been of great service to me in this attempt to produce a faithful portrait of Delane "in his habit as he lived."

In editing the accumulated correspondence of forty years, much of it of a most delicate and confidential nature, I have endeavoured to take the middle course between undue reticence and tactless indiscretion; whilst the political opinions expressed are, for the most part, those of *The Times* at the dates referred to.

My thanks are due to Lord Rothschild for permission to publish Disraeli's letters to my uncle; to the Earl of Clarendon for leave to include those written by his distinguished father; to the late Mr. Evelyn Ashley for placing at my disposal all Lord Palmerston's letters and papers; to Mr. W. Stebbing, Delane's able assistant-editor in his latter years, for much kind assistance during the progress of my work; to the Very Rev. Henry Wace, Dean of Canterbury; to Mr. F. C. Holland, and many other friends who have favoured me with suggestions and recollections.

To my brother, Mr. J. R. Dasent, as Delane's surviving executor, I tender my especial gratitude, as also to my wife, whose ready help at every stage has greatly lightened my labours of the past two years.

ARTHUR IRWIN DASENT.

THE DUTCH HOUSE,
HAMPTON-ON-THAMES,
February, 1908.

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John Thadeus Delane

1817—1879

HIS LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

CHAPTER I

ANCESTRY, PARENTAGE, AND EDUCATION

IN that historic region of the kingdom of Ireland known as Ossory, and especially in that portion of it which is comprised in the western half of the Queen's County, the patronymic of Delane, and its more ancient forms of O'Delany, Delaney, Delany, and Dulany, are of immemorial antiquity.

The little River Nore, in its course from the slopes of the Slieve Bloom range, waters the green plains of Leix and Ossory on its way to join the Barrow; and a place called Anatrim—in Irish, the marsh of the elder tree—near its banks has been the burying-place of the clan for centuries. In its ruined church and sadly neglected churchyard are still to be seen the gravestones and armorial bearings of many of the race; and the whole tract of country round about Castletown—once the headquarters of the great rival tribe of FitzPatrick—is still peopled with their descendants and popularly known as Delaney's country. Mountrath, Abbeyleix, and Ballyfin were also former strongholds of the clan.

The Delanys of Ballyfin, and no doubt other

branches of the parent stock, became Protestants in the penal times, but they continued to bury their dead at Anatrim.

The pre-Reformation Catholic church there has been long destroyed, but its site is occupied by the ruined Protestant building above referred to, and the Delanys of both creeds sleep out their long night side by side.

Close to the church of Anatrim stands one of those ancient stone-roofed chambers often met with in Ireland, which probably served in early times as a sacristy for the priest; and near it, again, is the sacred well of St. Cavin, or Kavan, a local saint who flourished, if such a word is applicable to uncivilised Ireland, in the sixth century.¹ His memory has been kept green through the adoption of his name by countless members of the clan. It, is still, or was quite recently, to be seen on the headstones in the churchyard of Anatrium; and, what is of more immediate interest to us, it was the one and only Christian name given to the grandfather of the subject of this biography.

The O'Delanys, in common with other ancient Irish tribes, are mentioned in that somewhat apocryphal work, *The Annals of the Four Masters*; but as in the Middle Ages the wild tribes of Ossory were chiefly occupied with internecine war and plunder, and Delane's remoter ancestors were doubtless as much addicted to racial strife and the delights of cattle-lifting as their neighbours the O'Moores, the FitzPatricks, and the Kavanaghs, little or nothing that is definite concerning their lives and achievements in that unlettered age has come down to us.

¹ *History and Antiquities of the Diocese of Ossory*, by the Rev. W. Carrigan, C.C., 1905, vol. ii. p. 148. In vol. iv. will be found a detailed pedigree of the Delane family.

Might was right, as in the older days of Brian Boru. His principal qualification to be king of all Ireland was, we recollect, the possession of a greater number of cattle than his conquered rivals could ever again hope to acquire by force, and the consolidation of his power was brought about by the cruel but effectual process of putting out the eyes of the chiefs he defeated in battle and starving their humbler followers so that they should not give him any further trouble.

But when the history of provincial Ireland emerges from the semi-barbarism in which it so long lay obscured, we find the race of Delane establishing itself beyond the confines of Ossory, in the neighbouring counties of Kilkenny and Roscommon, and sending forth its branches as far as Waterford in the south and Galway in the west.

A Delane, probably a native of Lismore or Dunganvaran, is found holding an office of trust under the great Earl of Cork in the reign of James I.¹ By the reign of Charles II. one at least of the family had come over to seek his fortunes in England. In a list of the principal Merchants of the City of London, published in 1677, is to be found the name of a Mr. Delane, who lived at Hoxton, now a prosaic and unlovely suburb of London, but at that time, as we learn from Pepys, a pleasant rural district, much frequented by the better class of citizens.

The final letter "y" seems to have been discarded when the family passed from Ireland to this country, though it has been ingeniously suggested that even without it the name may have been pronounced as if it consisted of three syllables.

Peter Delane appears as one of the Queen's gentle-

¹ *The Lismore Papers*, privately printed for the Duke of Devonshire in 1886.

men-in-waiting in a list of the Royal household as constituted in 1687, published in Chamberlayne's *Angliæ Notitia* for that year; and in 1697 Charles Delane was appointed one of the commissioners for levying the poll-tax in the city and county of Dublin.

When we reach the eighteenth century, we tread the firmer ground of genealogical continuity. A branch of the family, which seems to have early adopted the spelling and pronunciation of the name as we now know it, was then established at Kilenagh, near Elphin, in the county of Roscommon, where it intermarried with the family of Oliver Goldsmith.

From this stock came Dennis Delane, a singularly handsome man, who, after being educated at Trinity College, Dublin, took to the stage, and was held by his admirers to be but little inferior to Garrick. Alike a favourite with Dublin and London audiences,¹ he died in 1750.

But the Church as well as the stage was to have its family representative, and to leave his mark upon the history of his time.

Patrick Delany, a distant cousin and contemporary of the actor, the husband of Mrs. Pendarves and the friend of Swift, became Dean of Down in 1744. Endowed with great talent and vivacity, warm-hearted, impetuous, generous and hospitable beyond his means, he was one of those rare instances of a man not being spoilt by an accretion of fortune. Swift's eulogy of him, whilst applicable to many another Irish gentleman of the old school, might equally have been written of the much greater man who, as we shall show hereafter, was destined to confer distinction upon his name and race a generation or two later.

¹ In 1741 he was at Drury Lane in *Richard III*.

Cavin Delane, a man of refined tastes and an accomplished musician, was born in the reign of George II., probably in 1736, and in Dublin, where he is known to have lived for a time. There, too, he married in 1760 his first wife, Katherine Dowse. By her he had no issue, but his second wife, Elizabeth Davenport, only daughter of James Randle Davenport of Marchwiel, near Wrexham (a descendant of the ancient race of Hanmer), became the mother of two children.

The eldest of these was a daughter, successively the wife of Captain Donaldson, R.N., and of James Moncrieff Arnott, President of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1850.

The son, William Frederick Augustus Delane, was born in 1794, and when still very young married, at St. George's, Hanover Square, Miss Mary Anne White, a niece of Colonel Babington, of co. Cavan, a distinguished cavalry officer who served with the 14th Light Dragoons in the Peninsular War.

Cavin Delane, probably through the influence of the Villiers family of Dromana, County Waterford,¹ which was connected with his own by long-standing ties of friendship, obtained the post of Sergeant-at-Arms to King George III. in 1775. He lived near the Court at Old Windsor, and he had also a town house in Duke Street, Grosvenor Square.

There he died on December 29, 1809, and was buried by the side of his first wife in the church at Old Windsor.² The monument erected to his memory was, with many others, wantonly destroyed on the occasion of a thorough "restoration" of the church in 1864. His widow, Elizabeth, survived until 1839, and was buried

¹ Ennobled in the Irish peerage as Lords Grandison.

² On January 11, 1810.—*Burial Register of Old Windsor.*

at Easthampstead, a parish in Windsor Forest with which the Delane family has been connected for close on a hundred years.

Cavin Delane left a considerable fortune to his children, of which the son's share, by the carelessness of trustees, was invested in property with a bad title, and ultimately, after expensive and protracted litigation, entirely lost.

This untoward circumstance, and the cares of an increasing family, rendered it necessary for Mr. Delane to adopt some profession. He was called to the Bar at Gray's Inn in 1826,¹ and turned his attention to the electoral laws and the Highway Acts, on which subjects he wrote more than one handbook and became a recognised authority.

When not attending to his profession in London he lived at Old Bracknell Lodge, Easthampstead, and there, or at another house at the entrance to the picturesque village of Bracknell² which he bought a few years later, most of his children were born.

Of these, four were sons—William Cavin Augustus, John Thadeus, George, and Walter; and five were daughters.

The second son, who, as we shall show hereafter, rose to be one of the most remarkable and influential men of the century, though not actually born in Berkshire,³ was reared in that famous county, and in that corner of it bordering upon Surrey which abounds in wood and heather. Even now, notwith-

¹ "William Frederick Augustus Delane, only son of Cavin Delane, late of Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, Esq., Middlesex, deceased."—*Gray's Inn Admission Register*, edited by Joseph Foster, p. 431.

² In the adjoining parish of Warfield.

³ His birthplace was in South Molton Street, Grosvenor Square, and the date of his birth Saturday, October 11, 1817 (Old Michaelmas Day).

standing many changes inseparable from improved communications with London, the scene of his early boyhood retains with the independence, the manliness, and the beauty of its peasantry a smack of the freedom and lawlessness of the old forest days.

If this be the case in these degenerate times of encroachments and enclosures, what must have been the exhilarating feeling of freedom, and the delightful sense of elbow-room, with which John Delane grew up, when Windsor Forest still stretched to Sandhurst and Hartford Bridge Flats, when Bagshot Heath, with its sinister traditions of highwaymen, was a heath indeed, and when the great parish of Winkfield, thirty miles in circumference, contained within its boundaries many thousand acres of moorland waste untouched by the plough?

Before the enclosure of the outlying portion of the forest the deer lay out all over that wild and sparsely populated district. Venison was not infrequently found in cottages, and so far as roads and fences were concerned, the tract of country between Farnham and Windsor was much in the same state as it was when Swift rode between those places bearing messages of State from Sir William Temple to William the Third.

Recalling to Stella's memory his walks from Moor Park to London, the Dean more than once mentions that famous inn, marked in the old maps as the "Golden Farmer," which stands at the summit of the lonely heath above the little town of Bagshot. This sign, we regret to say, some wiseacre has seen fit to change into the "Jolly Farmer," ignorant no doubt of the fact that the original golden farmer's house was the habitual resort of highwaymen frequenting the road to the West of England, and that

his gold was accumulated through his having been a partaker with them in their nocturnal depredations.

With such romantic surroundings it is not surprising that John Delane grew up free and fearless in his nature, and in all the memories of those now distant days there is none on which the mind dwells with greater pleasure than on the picture of that united family growing up in mutual affection under their parents' roof, each member of the household preparing for the career which was to be his lot in after-life.

Of John it may be said that his earliest education was of the woods and heaths, rather than of the schoolroom or the desk. From his very boyhood his chief delight was to be in the saddle. He learnt to ride to hounds when the celebrated Charles Davis, whose connection with the Royal pack dated from the reign of George the Third, carried the horn.

In Delane's recollection, within a short ride of his father's house at Easthampstead the official residence of the Master of the Buckhounds was still standing amidst the immemorial oaks and towering limes of Swinley—the former breeding-place of the buzzard and the kite and the haunt of the badger and the marten. Cradled, so to speak, in the wildest part of the forest country, he was familiar with every bridle-path and woodland track, from Ascot Heath and Englemere to Wishmoor Cross and Chobham Ridges, along the Nine Mile Ride, over the Devil's Highway, and across Easthampstead Plain.

In the intricacies of the green rides radiating from Cæsar's Camp and Tower Hill, to name but two famous points of view standing high above the wide expanse of purple moor, in the dense heart and solitude of the woods he was never known to be at fault.

As a boy he was present with his father at Ascot

ASCOT RACES IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE IV 9

racers (in which he retained a keen interest throughout his life) before any of the existing stands were built. The course was then easily kept clear by the hunt servants, the yeoman prickers of an earlier generation, in place of the large force of Metropolitan Police which is now required to maintain order.

We remember to have heard Delane say that, in his matured opinion, the races (from which he was seldom absent during a period of nearly half a century) were much more enjoyable before rapid railway communication with London brought with it the accompanying drawback of huge crowds from all parts of England, caring, in the majority of instances, but little for the sport, and merely anxious to follow in the wake of royalty and fashion.

When he first knew Ascot the meeting was attended, in addition to the strictly professional element inseparable from its financial success, by a mere handful of interested spectators. Mostly drawn from local sources, they consisted, in the main, of Berkshire gentlemen and their house-parties living within driving distance of the course. Now an ever-increasing avalanche of society descends upon the heath in each recurring month of June.

After beginning his education at one or two private schools, first, we believe, at Elsfield in Oxfordshire, John Delane was transferred in 1833 to the then recently founded King's College, London.¹ There he remained for about two years, and there it was that he first met his life-long friend and future brother-in-law, George Webbe Dasent, who, after leaving Westminster School, was sent to King's College for a short time. In 1836 both proceeded to the University.

¹ The actual date of his entry was April 12, 1833. His nominator was Richard Gosling, of Fleet Street, banker.

Though Delane had comparatively little book-learning, and could not at any time of his life be called a scholar in the University sense of the word, there never was boy or man who possessed greater power of mastering any given subject in the shortest space of time. In this respect, both in youth and middle age, he reminded those who knew him best of the character given by Thucydides of Themistocles: "That he was by his natural intelligence, without the help of instruction before or after, the best judge, on the shortest deliberation, of any matter in hand, and also the ablest forecaster of what the issue would be."¹

No better credentials could be brought to the discharge of those multifarious duties in which he, the undisputed head of a great profession, was to be engaged in after-life.

In mathematics, like many great men, he did little or nothing in that short space at King's College; but those who sat with him in the classical lectures of Joseph Anstice were amazed at the readiness with which, after the barest preparation, generally derived from a translation, he would render the most difficult passages into the happiest mother English.

Residence in Berkshire had brought his father into contact with Mr. John Walter,² the proprietor of *The Times* newspaper, who had acquired a considerable landed estate at Bearwood, near the old forest town of Wokingham, then from its sylvan surroundings often known locally by the older name of Oakingham. And thus, by the merest accident

¹ οἰκεία γὰρ ξυνέσει, καὶ οὔτε προμαθὼν ἐς αὐτὴν οὐδέν, οὔτε ἐπιμαθὼν, τῶν τε παραχρῆμα δι' ἐλαχίστης βουλῆς κράτιστος γνώμων, καὶ τῶν μελλόντων ἐπιπλείστον τοῦ γενησομένου ἄριστος εἰκαστής.—THUC. i. 138.

² Born 1776, died 1847.

of the two families becoming first neighbours and then friends, the after-career of John Thadeus Delane was, in a sense, pre-determined.

In Mr. Walter's election contests, which ended in his becoming the junior member for the county of his adoption in the first reformed Parliament, both father and son took an active part; and, in those days of stage-coaches and post-horses, the fondness for riding and driving about the countryside in all weathers and at all seasons which was engrained in the Delane nature proved of great service to the candidate.

The outcome of this friendly interest was that while Mr. Delane, the father, was invited to undertake the financial management of *The Times*,¹ his second son, when only a youth in his 'teens, attracted the favourable notice of the proprietor of the paper, with what momentous results we shall see hereafter.

Always a very shrewd judge of character and worth, anxious to reciprocate the services so freely rendered, and ever on the look-out to promote the fortunes of his property, Mr. Walter was perhaps the first to recognise the nerve, the capacity, and the intellectual fibre of the young man who was destined to contribute in so high a degree to the prosperity and influence of the great commercial undertaking founded by an even earlier John Walter in 1785.

After leaving King's College, Delane read for a time with a private tutor at Faringdon,² and from his house are dated the earliest of his letters which have been preserved. They are all addressed to his friend, George Webbe Dasent (who seems throughout his long and busy life to have kept every scrap of

¹ This position he filled until the close of the year 1846, when he accepted the Treasurership of the County Courts of Kent.

² Dr. Jeremiah Bowles, of Faringdon Hall.

Delane's handwriting which came into his possession), and date from the years 1835 and 1836.

In one of the earliest of these, written when he was only eighteen, he says :

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

MY DEAR TOBY,¹

I have an idea that if you don't mind what you are about you won't get into Magdalen Hall this next October. Mr. Bowles happens, fortunately enough, to be a great friend of the Head, whose name is Macbride, and he had a letter from him the other day saying that I might have rooms there, if I pleased, but making something of a favour of it, and insinuating that if it had not been for their intimacy, I should have stood no chance. However, this may be all "blather and moonshine" on his part. Perhaps he merely wishes to acquire the credit of conferring a favour when the matter is open to all.

Whilst still at Faringdon he was in constant communication with his friend, and in one of his letters, written in May 1836, he reproaches Dasent for having forgotten to mention where he was to be found in Oxford, "and of course it would have been ridiculous for me to ride seventeen miles with no better address by which to find you than that of a 'Freshman at the University.'"

When do you come up to reside? Were you able to get rooms without much difficulty? I must from sheer want of other means of employing myself work most desperately. You are fagging as usual, I am sure, and about preparing for the examination. I do not ask whether you expect success. The question would have been unnecessary. You are sure of it. May the god or goddess of industry assist me. I mean to read, and all else must give place.

Writing, also in 1836, from his father's house in

¹ A nickname of Dasent's in boyhood.

London, he says in reference to an unkept appointment he had made with Dasent :

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

I do, indeed, feel a kind of unworthiness to address you which I was never conscious of before. The enormity of my transgression rises in its full force before me, and the recollection of the manner in which I incontinently levanted from the Mitre, after having asked you to spend the evening with me, almost overwhelms me.

Still, however, such is the natural confidence of my disposition that now, when I hope all threats of vengeance for the supper lost have subsided, I once more venture to address you.

If you had, indeed, but seen the miserable hack which I procured that evening to take me to Faringdon, you would, I am sure, have pitied me and have considered that an ample expiation for my offence.

Two and a half, yea three hours of this mortal life did I spend upon seventeen miles. I have a long string of questions to ask you. (1) How do you like Oxford ? (2) Your rooms ? (3) Your tutor Jacobson ? (4) The society ?

I shall not ask you whether you are reading or not. That with you is, I am sure, a matter of course. Would that it were like the cholera, infectious or contagious, but that is, I fear, hopeless.

But as to this said reading, just in mercy have the goodness to let me, unhappy wretch, whenever that subject is mentioned, know what in the name of all the saints there is to read, and what you are doing.

Much as I like, as I almost adore London, I envy you now ; the fog seems almost as thick as hasty-pudding, the mud in the streets is unfathomable. I made several attempts yesterday, but could find no bottom. Add to this, the cold is intense, and when I do go out it is enveloped in the impenetrable folds of a pilot coat. I am happy to hear that your brother has a very fair chance of obtaining what he desired on *The Times*, but I know nothing yet.

Your very sincere friend,

JOHN T. DELANE.

Some delay and difficulty appear to have been

encountered by him as to the precise date of his own matriculation at the University, for a little later he writes :

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

I have received the letter I told you I expected from Bowles, and were it not for my principles and my philosophy I should most heartily execrate all those to whom I, like a fool, left, without the slightest interference, the settlement of myself at the University. He now writes to inform me with the most provoking *nonchalance*, that as I did not matriculate last term—a thing which, he said, was quite needless—he would not advise me to go up for residence now, as it cannot be done but at a manifest sacrifice of the two dispensation terms which the University allows ; in fact, that if I reside now, I must remain at Oxford two terms longer than would otherwise be necessary.

Now, is this not enough to move the rage of Zeno himself? I am sure the whole sect of Stoics would have sworn if they had been so cruelly duped as I have been.

I long, I thirst, to execute summary vengeance upon Bowles and every other party concerned, but as the matter is so irreparably botched it is no use complaining. He tells me, further, that I had now better matriculate on any Thursday that may be convenient, that being the day set apart for that purpose.

My going down with you on Thursday next is, therefore, impossible ; if, however, you have not already taken your place, and would go instead on the Wednesday, I shall be happy, all things going well, to accompany you. One great bore is, I can get no one to sympathise with me. They all say it is my own fault, forgetting my golden rule never to do myself any business that others will do for me. Now I am *done* indeed. With every wish for your success, believe me,

Ever most sincerely yours,

JOHN T. DELANE.

A letter dated London, November 22, 1836, whilst presenting Delane in one of his jocular moods, shows considerable powers of composition for a boy of only just nineteen :

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT.

MY DEAR TOBY,

Do you really, seriously intend to cut me, or are you so immersed in Greek and Latin as to have no time to write to an old friend? You really ought now and then to answer a letter, or I shall be obliged to come down and call you to a private meeting in Christ Church Meadows.

I believe our most noble Palmerston, after the example of Talleyrand, makes a practice of never answering a letter, but you cannot at any rate be more than an embryo minister, so at present there is no excuse for you.

Perhaps it is that the payment of that red-collared and most tiresome functionary the Postman produces an effect upon you which a mere frank will not. It is under this impression that I leave you the payment of this letter. But seriously, diligently, seek out from the dusty recess into which you have probably cast it my last epistle, lay aside the classics for one small half-hour, and answer all my questions.

Your brother¹ has just had the offer of the Court of Chancery; it is I believe the best of them all for this simple reason, that there is nothing to do and he can attend to his own practice without difficulty. I have had a short trip, not much to my liking, on some important private business where my personal presence was necessary so far as Holyhead in North Wales, and have but just returned. How are you off for rooms? and what chance is there for me next term?

Répondez vite, and believe me,

Ever yours very sincerely,

JOHN T. DELANE.

Dasent had matriculated in April, thus preceding Delane at Magdalen Hall by about six months.

Railways were then only in their infancy. Not one of the great trunk lines binding the country from end to end with a ribbon of steel and revolutionising the conditions of travel in England was actually open for traffic.

¹ John Bury Dasent.

On an average the coach trotted over Magdalen Bridge and the glories of the High Street burst upon the view seven or eight hours after leaving the Old White Horse Cellar in Piccadilly. But in winter even the flying "Age," driven by Tollitt, the smartest whip on the Oxford road, had been known to take so long as two days on the journey after being snowed up near Thame.

Travelling, even to Oxford, was a matter of calculation and forethought when John Delane first went there in 1836. Seats had to be booked, and a deposit paid on them, days in advance.

Yet the invigorating effect of driving long distances in the open air—for only old people and women and children thought of booking inside places—may have tended to produce a hardier race of travellers in the old coaching days. Under modern conditions passengers glide down from Paddington in an hour and a quarter, or even less, and grumble if they do not find foot-warmers in every carriage, if not a corridor train heated by steam and lit by electricity.

On October 20 the University Registers record the admission of "John Thadeus Delane, second son of W. F. A. Delane, of St. George's, Hanover Square, London, *Armiger*," and to this day the rooms occupied by the two friends are pointed out in the small quadrangle which forms the oldest part of the ancient foundation of Magdalen Hall, which was then presided over by Dr. Macbride, an erudite Oriental scholar, assisted by Jacobson (afterwards Bishop of Chester) as Vice-Principal.

The latter, who had the rare gift of endearing himself to his pupils whilst extracting from them the maximum of intellectual effort, had practically a free hand in the management from the time of his

appointment until he became Regius Professor of Divinity in 1848. Under his fostering care the tone and discipline of the Hall were raised step by step until it acquired a well-deserved reputation in the University, and it was the good fortune of Delane to enter it when it was governed to all intents and purposes by the best college tutor of his time.

Macbride had the credit and interests of his Hall very much at heart, and prevented it from becoming, like some of the minor Oxford foundations whose character and repute left much to be desired, a refuge for the academically destitute; but the tuition, apart from the divinity lectures, which he held to be a duty inseparable from the principalship, was mainly entrusted by him to Jacobson.

His good work there was continued in after-years by Richard Michell, who became in due course the first Principal of Hertford, when through the munificence of Mr. Thomas Baring, Magdalen Hall, as such, ceased to exist, on attaining to the dignity of collegiate rank in the University.

At Magdalen Hall Delane's felicity of construing, with just as little preparation as before, made the whole lecture-room sure that whenever he went up for his degree he must inevitably take high honours.

But this was not to be. He was fitting himself by his readiness and intuitive grasp of mind for higher honours than those to be attained at Oxford. Academic distinction is not always the surest index to success in after-life, and so it proved with Delane.

Though generally regular in his attendance at chapel and at lecture, there still were days when a

favourite meet of the hounds proved too tempting for him to resist. He was in the saddle and off, leaving behind him a note to Jacobson, which was on occasion only to be delivered after his departure.

"Mr. Delane's leave is sometimes French leave," his tutor once remarked, "but then we must remember that he, like the Centaurs of old, is part and parcel of his horse." These little irregularities were soon forgiven and forgotten. Magdalen Hall was fond of him, and proud of him, though no one among its inmates could foresee what an enduring honour John Delane was ultimately to be to them.

Second only to his love of horses was Delane's fondness for a game which can only be enjoyed at a few places in England. At the old tennis-court in Oriel Lane he, and Dasent also, learnt to play under the tuition of "Duck-legged Jem," the marker at the old court. A character in his way, nothing irritated him so much as when beginners whom he had taught went away to the new and better court, both bigger and airier, in Merton Lane. Meeting Delane coming out of the rival establishment one day, he said more in sorrow than in anger, "Oh, Mr. Delane, to think that I should live to see you coming out of this court! You who learnt to play in my court, which has been trodden by the feet of his sacred Majesty King Charles the First!"

Strong, athletic, and fearless, Delane also knew how to use his fists. Once, in company with Dasent and two other friends, he was surrounded on coming out of the inn at Wheatley, beyond Shotover, by an angry group of quarrymen, who had a grievance, real or imaginary, against undergraduates in general. After a preliminary shower of stones there was

an ugly rush, and in a moment Delane found himself pitted against the Chicken of Wheatley, who, besides being the leader of the assault, was a retired prizefighter of something more than local celebrity. But after a round or two the Chicken found that he had met his match, for when the hot Irish blood which was in him was roused, Delane was as a giant in strength. Seeing the discomfiture of their leader the remainder of the assailants, though far out-numbering the party of undergraduates, broke and fled, but not before one of the four friends had been felled to the ground and brutally trampled upon.

Always fond of the river, and a good runner and walker, we do not find any mention of his having attained to any great proficiency at cricket.

To turn for a moment to a more serious subject, Delane was up at Oxford when the great High Church movement initiated at Oriel was beginning to make its influence felt far beyond the walls of the University.

The Radcliffe Observatory, under the direction of Manuel Johnson, became the resort of the leaders of religious thought, and there both Dasent and Delane came for a time under the spell of Newman. Another constant visitor was Maurice, whose kindly nature never failed to appeal to the young. Always reluctant to speak of religion, which he held to be as private and personal as it was sacred, those who knew Delane best were aware that his faith was a sincere and tolerant Anglicanism, as far removed from the influence of Rome as from the narrowness of dissent.

Superstition, the caricature of religion, held no sway over his healthy mind, and whilst his young

heart warmed towards the work of Pusey and Newman in their efforts to raise the tone of spiritual life and thought, for agnostics and their pretensions to serious consideration he entertained an invariable and unmitigated contempt.

To hear Newman preach at the five o'clock service at St. Mary's he would often forgo his dinner in hall, and he remembered to have seen a crowd of undergraduates waiting patiently for the doors to open, when a scramble ensued for places, like the rush at the entrance to a popular theatre.

Before we close this brief account of his University career let us add that the distances covered by him on horseback were in themselves remarkable. He thought nothing of riding to Faringdon to see his old tutor, or to Banbury and back between hall and midnight. On one occasion it is recorded that he rode from Oxford to Bracknell and back again in the same day, that he might see one of his sisters who was lying dangerously ill of scarlet fever.

The cost of keeping his hunters and his hacks he is said to have supported by his pen, for his father was not able to make him a large allowance. Unfortunately none of his early literary efforts have come down to us. We believe that both he and Dasent were frequent contributors to *The Oxford University Herald*, and it is possible that Delane also wrote articles for the great paper with which he was soon to be so closely identified.

The last letter of his undergraduate days which we shall quote was written from his uncle's house in Lincolnshire¹ to Dasent, who was spending the long vacation at Ilfracombe, then a remote village in North Devon.

¹ The Rev. John White, Rector of Barnetby le Wold.

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

BARNETBY LE WOLD,
LINCOLNSHIRE,
September 14, 1839.

MY DEAR DASENT,

I meant before we left Oxford to have asked you two or three questions about the Great Go examination, and matters of that sort, of which I am, as you know, about as ignorant as if I had never been within a hundred miles of the University, but somehow among the bustle of our departure it escaped me, and as I did not see you in London I thought no more about it until now, when it has suddenly occurred to me that I ought to do something about my degree. Since the end of term I have been oscillating between London and Bracknell, and, with an occasional stretch down to Faringdon, spending my time as idly and as pleasantly as usual, until about a fortnight since I came down here with my father and mother and sister. We propose to leave this to-morrow, and after meandering a little on our course to arrive at Bracknell about Tuesday next, and there I wish you would write and tell me what I ought to do.

I should like to take up as two of my books Thucydides and Juvenal, and, I suppose, some Sophocles (how much?) as a third, but for a fourth I am puzzled completely, as I know about an equal quantity of Tacitus and Livy—and very little of either.

Then I want to have an idea of the time at which the schools begin and how I am to cram a sufficient store of Divinity into my head. As the premises will only be occupied a short time with the last-named commodity, the trouble of storing it should be slight.

Now I think that if I were to coach up as much as I can of my books quietly at Bracknell, and then go up to Oxford about the beginning of October and there try to secure a patent safety vehicle, I might stand some chance, although I own the shortness of the time (which until to-day had never occurred to me) has thrown me into a panic. I am not so much afraid of my books; but how I am to get up the Articles, proofs of ditto, God only knows. I have written all this under the influence of the panic which, as I tell you, has fallen upon me, and you will, I daresay, think it

very unreasonable that I should trouble you with so many questions. You are, however, I suppose at the fountain-head of such information, and if you can give me all that I ask, I shall be beyond measure obliged.

This is a most glorious country—capital people, excellent horses, prime feeding, and very fair shooting. I have been out every day since my arrival, and with very fair success. I can only hope that you are and have been equally fortunate. As I suppose you mean to be a fixture at Ilfracombe until nearly term time, I am afraid I shall not see you until then, more especially as I shall eschew London particularly for the future. If it had not been for that horrid place, and the time I spent at Dover, Bracknell might perhaps have grown dull, and I should have taken to reading.

I should fancy a little bit of Oxford taken down to the coast, as I believe Ilfracombe is pleasant enough for a while, if the coach himself and the men were inclined to be sociable and make the best of what was to be had. I hope that has been your case. Pray have mercy upon me and enlighten my ignorance as soon as possible, and I shall then be more than ever obliged.

Believe me, very truly yours,
JOHN T. DELANE.

Wednesday.—Who is a good coach?

TO GEORGE W. DASENT, ESQ.
THE REV. N. HALL,
Ilfracombe, Devon.

Next year, on July 11, 1840, he took his degree, and now came the turning-point in his life.

FIRST PERIOD OF DELANE'S CAREER: AS EDITOR OF "THE TIMES" (1840-1852)

CHAPTER II

SIR ROBERT PEEL AND THE CORN LAWS

Last days of Lord Melbourne's Ministry—Delane succeeds Barnes as editor of *The Times*, 1841—Becomes acquainted with Charles Greville—Sir Robert Peel's second Administration (Lord Aberdeen, Foreign Secretary), September 1841—London as Delane first knew it—State of the arts in 1840—Re-imposition of the income tax, 1842—Lord Shaftesbury and the Factory Acts, 1844—Exposure of the railway mania by *The Times*—*The Times* and the repeal of the Corn Laws.

WHEN John Delane left Oxford and first entered *The Times* office in July, 1840, he was employed in various duties connected with the business of the great newspaper, in all of which he justified his reputation for quickness of apprehension and readiness of resource. He made himself familiar with the business of Parliament by regularly attending the debates and summarising the remarks of the principal speakers in both Houses. One of his earliest recollections of the House of Commons was hearing Daniel O'Connell speak on the wrongs of Ireland, and being magnetised by the eloquence of the Liberator.¹

In his leisure hours he developed a great liking for the stage, becoming personally acquainted with

¹ The manners and habits of the House of Commons have changed greatly since the days of Lord Melbourne. Sir Thomas Erskine May (Lord Farnborough), whose personal knowledge of the House extended to a period prior to the passing of the great Reform Bill, told the present writer that he recollected the Speaker temporarily vacating the chair and, accompanied by the majority of members present, adjourning to the river front to watch the race for Doggett's Coat and Badge as it passed Westminster.

Macready, and with Charles Mathews the younger. All his life he remained a keen critic of the drama, though from the multiplicity of his engagements he could seldom spare the time to attend a theatre.

The post of editor of *The Times* when Delane first entered Printing House Square was filled by Thomas Barnes, the friend of Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt, a man of ability and tact, though of a shy and retiring disposition. Not much over fifty, his strength was beginning to fail; and his assistant editor, although a much younger man, was in an even worse state of health than his chief. This was Francis Bacon, brother of the well-known Vice-Chancellor who died so recently as 1895 at a patriarchal age.

Barnes was devoid of social ambition, and scarcely went at all into society, preferring the seclusion of his home and the congenial company of a few literary friends,¹ yet it must not be inferred that the influence of the paper when under his direction was not already very considerable.

Sir Denis Le Marchant told Greville that when he was calling one night on Barnes another visitor arrived whom he did not see, as he was shown into a separate room. Barnes went out to see him, and on his return, after a protracted absence, Le Marchant said: "Shall I tell you who your visitor was?" Barnes said certainly he might name him if he could. "Well, then," said Le Marchant, "I know his step and his voice: it was Lord Durham."² Barnes had to admit that he was right, whereon Le Marchant ventured to inquire what he had come

¹ He lived at one time in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and afterwards at a house in Soho Square, where he died.

² John George Lambton, first Earl of Durham, 1792—1840, leader of the advanced section of the Whig party in the House of Lords.



“THE TIMES” OFFICE AS DELANE KNEW IT.

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there for, and was told that Lord Durham had called to see him on behalf of the King of the Belgians,¹ who had been much perturbed by a recent article in *The Times*, and to entreat him to insert one of a contrary and soothing description in an early issue of the paper. "Here," said Le Marchant, "was the proudest man in England come to solicit the editor of a newspaper for a crowned head."²

A few letters of advice which Barnes wrote to Delane have been preserved, but beyond evincing a somewhat unreasonable distrust and dislike of Lord Melbourne, and counselling a general support of Lord Aberdeen in opposition, they are not very illuminating.

In 1840 Francis Bacon died,³ and in May of the following year the ill-health with which Barnes had been struggling for so long had also a fatal termination. Such was the passion for anonymity prevailing in Printing House Square at this time that, in deference to the wishes of the principal proprietor, no memoir of his valuable services appeared in the paper.

"It will be curious to see in what hands the regulating and directing power will be placed," wrote Greville on May 8. His curiosity was soon to be satisfied, for, deprived as he had been within a year of the services of both the conductors of *The Times*, Mr. Walter, in whom as chief proprietor the appointment solely vested, promptly determined to

¹ Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, the son-in-law of Louis Philippe, chosen king on the independence of Belgium in 1831.

² *The Greville Memoirs*, April 2, 1847.

³ Two years later Delane married Bacon's widow, who was the daughter of Horace Twiss, Under-Secretary for the Colonies and Vice-Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; but owing to a deplorable mental failing the happiness of the union was short-lived, and Mrs. Delane was separated from her husband after a few years of married life and placed under medical care.

fill the vacant post by appointing Delane, the youngest member of all the staff, to the editorial chair. Thus at twenty-three, or younger by a year than Pitt was when he rose to be Prime Minister, John Delane became editor of *The Times*. He was then sharing a lodging in St. James's Square with his friend John Blackwood. One morning Delane burst into the room in tremendous spirits, exclaiming, "By Jove, John, what do you think has happened? I am editor of *The Times*."¹

When in after-years a friend once asked him whether the prospect of taking such a vast responsibility upon his shoulders at that early age did not shake his courage, his characteristic reply was, "Not a bit. What I dislike about you young men of the present day is that you all shrink from responsibility."

Self-reliance and common-sense, allied with untiring industry and the intuitive perception of the tendency of public affairs, were qualities which, while they would have ensured his success in any profession, were especially valuable to him in the work which was henceforth to be the absorbing interest of his life.

Of those who assisted at the birth and subsequent development of the Delane dynasty in Printing House Square, Henry Reeve (playfully alluded to in Dasent's letters as "Don Pomposo") had also served under Barnes. He now became, to adopt the phraseology

¹ It was through Blackwood, who was establishing a branch of the great Edinburgh publishing house in Pall Mall, that Delane came to know Thackeray, and also Lockhart, the editor of *The Quarterly Review*. For many years he was a frequent visitor to Strathtyrum, near St. Andrews, where Blackwood delighted to entertain literary men whom he had met in the course of his business. Delane remained one of his intimate friends throughout his life, and, singularly enough, they died within a week of one another.

of Cabinets, Secretary of Foreign Affairs to the new Prime Minister, and so continued until the outbreak of the Crimean War, when circumstances (to which we shall have to refer later) arose which necessitated the resignation of his portfolio. But the many brilliant writers of the Queen's English, unsurpassed before or since for the purity of their style and the vigour and soundness of their opinions, whose services Delane was henceforth to command, were, almost without exception, selected and trained by himself.

As compared with the present state of the Press, now so largely dominated by sensation and advertisement, the influence of *The Times* under Delane can hardly be conceived; and we may say without exaggeration or partiality that, as conducted by him for a period of thirty-six years, the literary reputation of the paper reached its zenith. Instead of blindly following public opinion, he rose to such a position of supremacy in his profession that he was able to create it; and on more than one memorable occasion, if the Government of the day in formulating its policy minted the coin, it was *The Times* which uttered it and saw that it rang true.

Dasent, who after taking his degree had gone to Stockholm as secretary to Sir Thomas Cartwright, the British Envoy to the Court of Sweden, contributed occasionally to the columns of the paper during his absence, but did not join it in an official capacity until 1845. He then returned to England, permeated with that abiding love of Scandinavian mythology and folk-lore which animated his whole after-career.

Robert Lowe, like another of Delane's trusted writers who still lives—a journalist before he became a politician,—the epigrammatic and cynical Abraham

Hayward, Thomas Mozley (Newman's brother-in-law), the brilliant if erratic Laurence Oliphant, George Stovin Venables, Kinglake, Chenery, Henry Wace, now Dean of Canterbury, William Stebbing, the editor's right-hand man in his later years in Printing House Square, and last, but by no means least, Sir William Howard Russell, the first of war correspondents—all these and many more were brought into the service of the paper by Delane.

One of his most prolific leader-writers, whose private correspondence with the editor would alone fill a good-sized volume, was Dr. H. A. Woodham, a fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, and a don of the old University type, who enjoyed the confidence of his chief in a high degree. In one year he contributed no fewer than two hundred articles to the paper, and although he wrote a vile hand, which, like Tom Mozley's, was the despair of printers, Delane used to say that he felt amply compensated for the trouble he had in deciphering his letters by the pungent wit and admirable descriptive power which they invariably showed. By him Delane was kept constantly informed of all that was passing at the University where he spent the greater part of his life.

One anecdote of him, arising out of a ludicrous mistake on Delane's part, deserves to be rescued from oblivion. Woodham, who was somewhat of an epicure and thoroughly appreciated a good dinner, had written to Delane to ask him for an invitation to the Lord Mayor's banquet then about to take place, saying that he had never attended a similar function, and that he had a great wish to see for himself what a City dinner was like. Anxious to oblige his old friend, Delane sent him, in the hurry of the moment and without looking carefully at it, what

he imagined to be the coveted ticket of admission, and thought no more of the matter.

In high spirits the expectant Woodham made the long railway journey from Cambridge, fasting, as he afterwards declared, in order to do full justice to the proverbially splendid hospitality of the City of London. But on arriving at the Mansion House, or the Guildhall—it matters not which for the purposes of our story—his suspicions were aroused by his being ushered into what proved to be the musicians' gallery overlooking the dining-hall, from which certain privileged but hungry spectators were allowed to *view* the banquet and listen to the speeches. All too late he realised that Delane had inadvertently sent him the wrong card, a green ticket instead of a white one, and that he was there not in the capacity of a guest, but merely as an onlooker.

The blunder, of course, could not then be rectified, and he departed in great dudgeon to a solitary dinner at his club. But it was a long time before Delane heard the last of his mistake, or before it ceased to be dangerous for his friends to ask Woodham if he had been dining with the Lord Mayor lately.

Dasent, on his return to England, became assistant editor to Delane and married his sister in the following year. The two brothers-in-law—"John Walter's three-year-olds," as they were sometimes called—were of widely different natures; but as each contributed something which was wanting in the character of the other, the result was a remarkable evenness and smoothness in the conduct of the paper. On the late Mr. Mowbray Morris, who also married one of Delane's sisters at a later date, becoming, in 1847, the business manager of the paper, the triumvirate was complete.

But to the catalogue of clever brains who, at the bidding of a master mind, devoted the best years of their lives to building up the prosperity and the power of *The Times* must be added the name of yet another, prominent alike in the world of politics and letters, with whom, from the very earliest days of his editorship, Delane was in close touch. This was Charles Greville, that thorough man of the world, who, under a cynical exterior, successfully concealed a nature which contained the elements of kindness and generosity. What Pepys was to the seventeenth and Horace Walpole to the eighteenth century, the sardonic "Gruncher" was to the nineteenth, and his *Memoirs*, the very salt of political and social autobiography, must ever remain a mine of information to those who desire to study at first hand the inner history of governments in England from the reign of George IV. to the mid-Victorian era.

The manner of this remarkable man's first introduction to Delane was in itself singular. Shortly after Barnes's death, the following anonymous letter, carefully preserved among his private correspondence, and endorsed in his handwriting "From Mr. Greville" when he had discovered the author, was addressed not to *The Times* office, but to a house in Chatham Place, Blackfriars (long since destroyed), where Delane was then living in order to be near his work :

SIR,

September 2, 1841.

Mr. Reeve will have prepared you for the possibility of hearing from me, and I now send you the outline of an article, which you may work up as you please. The facts are worth noting, and the monstrous cases alluded to ought to be exposed. If at any time you wish to communicate with me, just put in *The Times* that the address of "B." is wanted.

I use the same signature which I used to my friend Mr. Barnes, whose loss I so sincerely regret.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,
B.

J. T. DELANE, Esq.,
4, Chatham Place,
Blackfriars.

The suggestions for an article and the monstrous cases adduced consisted for the most part of a fierce attack on the late Administration for alleged jobbery by Lords Melbourne and Palmerston on the eve of the resignation of office by the former.

But to Delane's credit, be it stated that, young as he was, he was not to be beguiled into publishing any animadversions on public men without corroboration, least of all those derived from anonymous sources, and not the faintest reflection of Greville's charges, circumstantial though they were, is to be found in the columns of the paper. At most they served to lay the foundations of a personal acquaintance with their author and a better understanding with his political friends and allies: and when in later years the two became to some extent intimate, the letters which passed between them are often of the highest interest and importance.

Less than a month after Barnes's death Delane was face to face with one of those ministerial crises with which in after-life he was to become so familiar. The Administration of Lord Melbourne was in its death throes in 1841. The wave of Liberalism which surged over England less than ten years before had subsided. The middle-class electorate brought into existence by Lord Grey was daring to show quite unmistakable signs of the growth of Conservative principles, and the repeated failures of the Government of the

day to produce a surplus instead of an annual deficit contributed to the growing discontent.

Although it was not a Cabinet of old men—with the exception of Lord Melbourne himself, but one of its members was over sixty—and it was therefore free from the reproach of political senility—it was, like all Governments which outstay their welcome by clinging to office, only endeavouring to postpone the dreaded day when an appeal to the country must be made.

Personally indisposed to tamper with the Corn Laws, Melbourne, with much reluctance, consented to allow the question of a low fixed duty being brought forward as a ministerial proposal.

After the Cabinet dinner at which the resolution was taken, he is said to have shouted down the staircase as his guests were departing, "Stop a bit. Is it to lower the price of bread, or isn't it? It does not much matter which, but we must all say the same thing," which reminds us very much of a passage in that amusing play, *The Liars*, lately performed at a West-End theatre.

Sugar proved even more disastrous than bread to the expiring Ministry. On May 18, in Committee of Ways and Means, Lord Sandon carried by 36 votes a resolution against the Government proposals for the reduction of the duties on foreign sugar, and on June 4¹ the Opposition, by dint of extraordinary exertions in the division lobbies, whither they contrived to bring the maimed, the halt, and the blind, succeeded in placing the Government in a minority of one, on a direct vote of want of confidence proposed by Sir Robert Peel.

¹ Not May 27, as stated in the article upon Melbourne in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

From an ambiguous passage in the *Greville Memoirs* it might be inferred that Lord Melbourne's Government was turned out by the casting vote of an idiot, but a reference to the official division list will suffice to exonerate Peel from any such unmerited reproach.

Lord ———, member for a Scottish constituency, voted in the minority, one of Delane's parliamentary correspondents thus describing the scene :

You are, of course, aware of the disgust which was excited in the House by the spectacle presented by poor Lord ———. A friend of mine, who was next to him, assured me he never saw any one, out of a lunatic asylum, in a state of more hopeless idiotcy. The honourable member, to whose necessarily silent vote the Ministers, amid cries of "Shame!" were in their extremity driven to resort, appeared perfectly unconscious of all that was passing. When the division was over he was carried out to his carriage, two men holding at his head, and two at his heels.

At the ensuing dissolution the Whigs were routed throughout the length and breadth of England. On meeting Parliament they were defeated on the Address by 91 votes, and tendered their resignation to the Sovereign.¹

Late on the night of August 30 we find Travers Twiss writing to Delane that Sir Robert had been summoned to Windsor by Her Majesty that afternoon and entrusted with the formation of an Administration :

The only point which is at all decidedly known is that the interview went off smoothly and in a manner

¹ Curiously enough, Lord Malmesbury, in his entertaining *Memoirs*, has antedated these events by a month.

satisfactory to Sir Robert. Sir Robert Fremantle¹ is, and for the next few days probably will continue to be, so much engaged, that I do not know how to find or fix him, but I will bear your request in mind.

We at the Carlton Club were ignorant, up till a quarter before one of the o'clock, of the message inviting Sir R. Peel to Windsor; but, as the proverb has it, "Nobody goes so ill shod as the shoemaker's wife."

By Wednesday, September 1, the formation of the new Cabinet was so far completed that the Prime Minister again visited the Queen, and Fremantle was instructed to supply Delane with a full list of the ministerial appointments so far as they had been settled, informing him at the same time that a Council would be held "at Claremont on Friday next at one o'clock, when Her Majesty will receive the resignation of the late Ministers and their successors will kiss hands on appointment."

The composition of the really strong Government which Peel was enabled to form was announced by *The Times* in a third or stop-press edition of the paper, published at noon on the same day.

The allocation of the principal offices was in accordance with popular sentiment, but an expectant public learnt for the first time that three seceders from Lord Grey's party had been included in the Cabinet. The new President of the Board of Trade was Lord Ripon, and Sir James Graham and Lord Stanley respectively were the Home Secretary and the Colonial Secretary.

In a further communication from Whitehall Gardens the minor appointments were made known to Delane. Lord Aberdeen, as Secretary of State for Foreign

¹ Afterwards the first Lord Cottesloe, one of the party whips, and Secretary of the Treasury under Sir Robert Peel.

Affairs, had nominated Lord Canning as his Under-Secretary (an oak-tree planted in a flower pot, if ever there was one), and in the same list the interesting selection of "Mr. W. E. Gladstone to be Vice-President of the Board of Trade" is notified. He had served under Peel before, but this was the first occasion on which full scope was given to his peculiar talents, and in the readjustment of the tariff, which the Prime Minister soon entered upon, his grasp of the intricacies of finance proved of real service.

"Goody Goderich," in his old age the embodiment of innocuous mediocrity, had once been Prime Minister himself, until the Battle of Navarino frightened him into resigning office without having faced Parliament. Men age rapidly on the battle-ground of politics, and he was now little more than a lay figure at the Board of Trade. Leaving everything to his subordinate, it was little wonder that within two short years the pupil became the master, and Gladstone entered the Cabinet for the first time.

Delane kept no regular diary before the year 1847, or, if he did, it has been lost or destroyed; but he preserved all letters of importance which were addressed to him, carefully docketing and classifying them according to the questions of the day to which they related. At the end of each year his practice was to place them all together in a box and start the process afresh.

The general appearance of *The Times* when he first became connected with it was not very dissimilar to what it is now, except that the advertisements were strictly relegated to an outer sheet or supplement, and were never permitted to be disguised as news

or mixed up with literary matter. The price of the paper was fivepence, a sum which appears prohibitory to modern ideas, when cheapness is considered indispensable to journalistic success.

Some years later *The Times* was reduced to fourpence halfpenny, then to fourpence, and the abolition of the paper duty brought it down to the figure at which it has since stood. The first unstamped issue at threepence was that of October 1, 1861.

How wide is the gap which separates us from the early years of Queen Victoria's reign a glance at the advertisements—the surest index at any period to the prosperity of a newspaper—will show.

The journey from London to Paris, *viâ* Brighton and Dieppe, was advertised to take twenty-six hours, and could only be made once a week! Brussels could be reached *viâ* Ostend in twenty hours, and on every Wednesday and Saturday passengers were invited to travel “by steam” from Rye to Boulogne.

The drive to Rye is a most picturesque one, and the passage is made in a shorter time than from Dover, because the tide is favourable. The time the packet starts may be known at the Bolt in Tun, Bull in Mouth, Belle Sauvage and Golden Cross.¹

The outward aspect of London and the conditions of town life when Delane left Oxford and began his official career at *The Times* office were widely different from what they are now. The London which he first knew was, in the main, that which Leigh Hunt described. For, though at the West End Nash and Basevi, who “found us all brick and left us all plaster,” had set their stamp—and a very ugly and meretricious one it was—upon Regent Street and upon the Westminster

¹ Advertisement, September 7, 1839.

estate in the Five Fields of Pimlico, the appearance of the City east of Temple Bar had not materially changed since the time of Hogarth.

Even in the heart of the City there were pleasant open spaces, as the gardens of many of the greater City Companies had not been sacrificed to the greed of the builder.

The steep ascent of Holborn Hill was a terror to horses; and as all the principal streets, even in the West End, were paved with stone setts, a hoarse roar of traffic, unknown in these days of wood pavements, filled the air unceasingly.

The Thames was unembanked, and fulfilled many of the purposes of a *cloaca maxima*—the main drainage system not being begun till many years later.

Smithfield, an open cattle market, was annually the riotous scene of Bartholomew Fair, as it had been since the Middle Ages. Frequent public executions took place before the adjacent prison of Newgate, and unfortunate debtors still languished in the Fleet and the Marshalsea.

The narrow course of Fleet Street was rendered even more inconvenient by the projection of St. Dunstan's Church into the roadway, wherein stood many a venerable house which had looked down upon the pageants of Stuart times.¹

West of the Strand stood old Northumberland House, fronting an unfinished Trafalgar Square.

The Houses of Parliament and the Royal Exchange were only rising from their ashes, both having been burnt down within Delane's recollection.

The business of the East India Company, the members of which were virtually the sovereigns of

¹ Two such houses immediately west of the Adelphi Theatre are still in existence.

Bengal, was transacted at their house in Leadenhall Street, and no one had as yet dreamed of removing the Courts of Law from their immemorial home at Westminster.

The neighbourhood to the west of the Abbey remained until the formation of Victoria Street in 1851 a kind of Alsatia, where poverty and crime existed uncared for and unchecked.

Many of the aristocracy dwelt in what would now be considered unfashionable quarters. The Berkeleys had their mansion in Spring Gardens, where a whole street of what were formerly well-inhabited houses has recently been cleared away for the Admiralty extension.¹

A branch of the Cavendish family was in possession of old Burlington House, Lord Coventry had not parted with what is now the St. James's Club, nor had Lord Hertford (Thackeray's Lord Steyne) built the fine house, now also a club, which stands next to it in the hollow of Piccadilly. Old Cambridge House was a royal residence, and there was not a club in the street from end to end.

Hope House, now the Junior Athenæum Club, at the corner of Down Street, was the first private house in the West End built in the French Renaissance style; and the handsome iron railing introducing the Hope crest—a bursting globe—giving rise to the punning motto, "*At spes infracta*," commemorates its first owner at the present day.

The Rothschilds had made their home in Piccadilly at 107 in the reign of George the Fourth, and about 1839 at 148, next to Apsley House. The history of

¹ In Delane's recollection a semaphore still stood on the roof of the Admiralty, signalling messages in fine weather to the fleet at Spithead from hill-top to hill-top.

Piccadilly in three centuries would constitute an epitome of fashionable life in London, and perhaps some day we may attempt it, although to trace the successive ownership of every house would involve enormous labour.

Though Lincoln's Inn Fields had been resigned to the lawyers, Hanover Square was still mainly composed of private houses. A pond occupied the centre of St. James's Square,¹ and where Grosvenor Crescent now stands was the "Ring" or the "Corner," as it was called indifferently—the earliest home of Tattersall's. The Marble Arch stood in front of Buckingham Palace, and Grosvenor Square was lit by oil lamps when Delane first came to town.

A large part of Brompton and Chelsea consisted of market gardens and nursery grounds; and though by 1840 Apsley House had lost its former designation of "No. 1, London," when once Sterling's house in South Place, Knightsbridge,² was passed, the road to Kensington assumed a rural character, being lined with detached mansions standing in large private gardens. Of these Kingston House remains, though the garden at the back has long been built over; but of Gore House, on the site of the Albert Hall, where D'Orsay kept an extravagant establishment with Lady Blessington, until he was compelled to follow Brummell into exile, all trace has disappeared.

The supremacy of Mayfair as the abode of fashion was unquestioned, and its dinner-tables were enlivened by the flashing wit of Henry Luttrell (who wrote the best metrical description of London since

¹ It was filled up in consequence of a cholera scare a few years later.

² Originally the parsonage of Trinity Chapel, and, according to Carlyle, the Mecca of the best literary society.

Gay's *Trivia*), of Sydney Smith and Samuel Rogers, all of whom Delane remembered in his youth.¹

Belgravia—the real orphan of Pimlico—was scarcely finished; South Kensington was not even begun. Bloomsbury was chiefly affected as a place of residence by judges and their satellites, and Tyburnia as yet suggested only memories of the gallows. The long avenue of Sloane Street connected Knightsbridge with the barbarism of Chelsea, but people who lived in Cheyne Walk and the picturesque neighbourhood thereabouts beloved by Turner were considered to be too far out of town to be included in the Court Guides.

There were no monster hotels at the period we speak of; flats had not been invented, and there were, of course, no trams or telegraphs, few, if any, omnibuses, and the new police were still called “peelers,” after the Minister responsible for their introduction.

The first great railway to enter London was the North-Western, to be followed at short intervals by the Great Western and the Eastern Counties. The age of steam was only beginning; that of electricity had not dawned. Despite the lack of means of communication and the length of time inevitably occupied in course of transit to the provinces, the impression is strongly borne in upon us that London in the early years of Victoria must have been in many respects a much pleasanter place to live in than it is in these latter days of hurry, noise, and unrest.²

¹ Gronow, who, contrary to general belief, was never in the best London society, was a minor celebrity chiefly remembered in connection with Almack's and Crockford's.

² The late Sir Henry Fetherstonhaugh, of Up Park (a boon companion of the Prince Regent), who died in 1846 at a great age, remembered the time when the journey by road to London from his home occupied two whole days, and lived to travel by rail from

The population of the greatest city the world has ever seen has nearly trebled since Delane was a young man, and even since his death in 1879 changes have taken place which have altered the face of London almost beyond recognition.

In 1840 some five or six theatres supplied the needs of West-End playgoers; at the present day the single street which so unworthily commemorates that great philanthropist Lord Shaftesbury contains a greater number, and by the irony of fate the best of its remaining sites are filled by music-halls and public-houses—a state of things which the London County Council would do well to avoid in the case of Kingsway. The music-hall as we know it had not been invented in 1840, but as much and more harm was caused to the morals of the young, then and for thirty years later, by the absence of any fixed hour for the closing of licensed houses.

For the purposes of outdoor recreation such places as Richmond, Hampton Court, and Epsom were in the early Victorian era delightfully rural, and quite unspoilt by the speculative builder. That municipal juggernaut the London County Council was undreamt of, nor had the much-abused Metropolitan Board of Works been created to harass the ratepayer.

Turning for a moment to the state of the Arts, the exhibition of the Royal Academy¹ was declared by the reviewer to be an average collection of English art, "though it is not likely to render the English school—if English school there be—of painting one single degree more eminent than it was before."

Petersfield in as many hours. A remarkable link with the past his life presents, for his grandfather, who was born in the reign of Charles II., only died in 1762, when he was himself a boy of seven years old.

¹ Noticed in *The Times* of May 6, 1840.

The deficiencies of a host of indifferent pictures were redeemed by one or two fine works from Clarkson Stanfield's brush. Turner, though still a contributor, was in his third and most incoherent period, and, owing perhaps to the fact that Ruskin had as yet written nothing about him, he was still misunderstood and underrated. The fantastic absurdities of Etty hung on the line, Sir David Wilkie and Maclise had established reputations, and Landseer was beginning to be appreciated, but it was not till many years later that the formation of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood gave a much-needed stimulus to British art. In the kindred field of Architecture the voice of Pugin was as one crying in the wilderness.

Looking back on the history of the years since 1840, we seem to be gazing, as it were, into the craters of extinct volcanoes.

The inflammable matter which fed the fire of debate in Parliament, and the fury with which each successive step of political progress was discussed by the great antagonists on either side, have been so utterly burnt out and extinguished that we in this generation, who dwell on the fertile soil of social and religious freedom formed by those convulsions, can hardly realise the bitterness of the political struggles of the Victorian era, or accurately gauge the ability and courage of the statesmen by whom each prize of our political liberties was gained.

One, indeed, of these great controversies has recently been revived, though so far the advocacy of the protection of British industries and the preferential treatment of our Colonies, as opposed to the tenets of Cobdenite free trade which have for half a century been predominant, has only resulted

in the shattering of one of the great parties in the State after nearly twenty years of uninterrupted power. It must, however, be admitted that the universal free trade amongst the great nations of the earth, for which Cobden strove, has never been attained or even approached.

When Peel became Prime Minister for the second time he was confronted by a lean and hungry people crying out for bread, and by an empty exchequer. Setting himself to remedy the second evil first, he reintroduced the Income Tax as a purely temporary measure, and paved the way for the repeal of the Corn Laws by successive sweeping readjustments of the tariff. Proceeding on the sound economic principle that remission of duty must lead to an increase in consumption, he reduced over seven hundred duties in 1842, and by 1846 he had increased the number of reductions to over a thousand and totally repealed six hundred others.

Before the close of 1841 Delane had become acquainted with Lord Lyndhurst, who had accepted the Great Seal for the third time. Living to the patriarchal age of ninety-one, he was probably the oldest man in public life with whom Delane was ever intimate. Born at Boston before America was lost to the mother country, he was of age at the outbreak of the Napoleonic wars. Shortly after he became editor Delane was admitted to the confidence of a Minister for whom he conceived an enduring admiration and respect. This was Lord Aberdeen, who, both in office and in opposition, addressed to him numerous letters of political import, some of which will be found on a later page. He also corresponded with Lord Canning when Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

From the first Delane set himself steadily to the task of improving the quality of the writers for *The Times*. He induced Roundell Palmer, whom he had known at Oxford, to join his staff, and so early as 1841 the future Lord Chancellor Selborne wrote articles upon Church Rates and upon the proposed Bishopric of Jerusalem. In October 1843 Palmer wrote to Delane that he found it "too harassing to a person of my constitution and habits to unite such a pursuit with so much professional work as I may now calculate upon as my regular lot, and as I fully believe that the old saying of Shakespeare, 'There is a tide,' etc., is true, I am determined to push my fortunes in the regular direction now that I seem to have a fair opening."

In September of this year Delane took a short holiday abroad, perhaps his first visit to the Continent, visiting the Rhine, Ems, Schlangenbad, Aix, Brussels and Ghent, but with the exception of one short letter of no public importance, no record of his journey has been preserved.

When we reach the year 1844 we find him corresponding with Disraeli, whose first letter was a complaint of what he felt to be an inadequate review of *Coningsby*.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI TO J. T. DELANE

GROSVENOR GATE,

Wednesday morning, May 15, 1844.

DEAR DELANE,

Since the receipt of your kind note, I have been awaiting with interest that more matured notice of *Coningsby* to which it referred. And I must say I have read the article this morning with pain and astonishment. I certainly should not take the liberty of saying so much, had not your letter in some degree authorised me, and at least shown that you took an

interest in the work. I cannot bring myself to think that the article is one "worthy of your journal"; and if it be "worthy of my book," I should have looked to your friendship to have prevented its insertion.

It calls public attention only to what it holds to be faults; it damns, and scarcely with faint praise. It indeed does not recommend the book for a single good quality. The notice in a hostile quarter, *The Morning Chronicle*, is conceived in a much higher spirit of appreciation: and certainly, considering the influence of *The Times*, and the generally understood sympathy of its columns with many of the topics treated in *Coningsby*, the review is one calculated to do the work very great injury.

This, whatever may have been the motives of the writer, could not, I am sure, have been your object.

Believe me, very faithfully yours,

B. DISRAELI.

In this same year Lord Shaftesbury (then Lord Ashley), who was attempting to restrict the hours of labour in factories, and especially the working time of children engaged in industrial occupations, first appears amongst his regular correspondents.

Dasent, as we have said, was an occasional contributor to the paper before he became officially connected with it, and the following letter from Delane, dated "Printing House Square, June 26, 1844," whilst it evinces an irritability rarely met with in his writings, is interesting as being the earliest which has been preserved of the long series of letters which passed between the two after Delane became editor:

I send you a proof of your letter, which, as you have so long delayed writing it, can scarcely be the worse for one more day's delay.

As I wish you to live long, and your eyesight, about which you used to be anxious, to be spared you, I would suggest that the next time you write for the Press you should use one side only of the paper.

Unilaterality (there's a long word for you) is an essential ingredient in a printer's happiness, and the want of it is apt to call forth a volley of kind wishes which, if all were attended to, would employ twice the present number of dogs in leading about the blind men they would produce. For the sake of both "eyes and limbs" don't forget this, or that I always am very faithfully your friend.

He again visited the Rhine in September 1845, and wrote the two following letters to Dasent during his absence from home :

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

BONN-ON-THE-RHINE,
Saturday.

As I have now been away exactly a week, I write, although with no especial news, to tell you how we have done, and to ask how we have fared during the first week of your empire. Our course has been a very smooth one. I can only hope your week has not seemed so long as ours has, for while ours has been extended, in appearance, to at least a month by all kinds of pleasant incidents, yours has only been made long by an extension in the opposite direction.

To begin at the beginning, we got out of Ostend almost as soon as we entered it, *tore* off to Bruges, spent this night week there, heard the Carillon, saw the Van Eycks—wondrous specimens of ill-directed and laborious ingenuity—laughed at the Belgian soldiers, pestered Walter about ravelins and counterscarps and then started on Sunday afternoon for Antwerp. And now I have to blow you up. *You* have been there, *you* knew what the place is, and yet you (the pun is too bad, or I would write Et tu "brute") conspired with Murray and the rest of the lie-writers to rob Antwerp of its fair due and never told me, what is undoubtedly the fact, that it is by very far the handsomest and most interesting town in Belgium. In the only strong point Brussels has, its streets and Places, Antwerp beats it hollow, and in everything else is as far superior to it as you are to John Marriott.¹ We

¹ A messenger in *The Times* office.

left it on Tuesday, with much regret, and came to another unjustly maligned town, Liège, thence ascended the Meuse to Namur on Wednesday, descended ditto on Thursday and came here, only stopping to dine at Cologne, yesterday. The Meuse is lovely, and either Huy or Namur well worth all the trouble. To-day we have been to Godesberg and *dined* on the Drachenfels (very good dinner, though highly anti-romantic), and to-morrow we go either to Nonnenwerth or Coblenz as we may then determine. . . .

J. T. D.

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

COBLENZ,
Tuesday.

I received your note yesterday, and, as "the smallest contributions are thankfully received," I was very glad to get it. You forget, however, that I know literally nothing of what has been doing in England. You tell me, for instance, that the Southwark Election has been a resource to you, when I don't know whether the Mole¹ or the Pilcher² has been the lucky man.

Pray send me a really good summary (not like Tyars') to Heidelberg. The governor's letters, if he has written any, have completely miscarried, and are probably performing a tour in the Hamburg neighbourhood. Until yesterday the weather has been splendid; even now I have hopes that we shall not have a break-up. Pray tell my mother that I mean to write her a long letter from St. Goar, whither we go in an hour's time.

You said truly that there was little need of German in this country, but the polyglot they speak is infinitely more puzzling than any one language. The following was the answer I had last night to a question in reasonably correct German:

"*La premier Dampschiff part à 6 o'clock, the second at neuf heures, the troisième à elf heures précise.*"

We were at Stolzenfels yesterday, a pretty place enough, but I should think quite maddening for a Gothic architect. . . .

¹ Sir William Molesworth.

² Mr. Pilcher was Molesworth's unsuccessful opponent.

In 1844 the staff of *The Times* was reinforced by the Rev. Thomas Mozley, Newman's brother-in-law, an acute thinker, a man of vast and varied information, and a very versatile and delightful writer. Being an older man than most of his colleagues he was affectionately called "The Father" in the office.

Thus far most of Delane's leader-writers had been drawn from Oxford, but probably from the fact of his having been up at Trinity with Mowbray Morris before he migrated to Jesus, Henry Annesley Woodham (1814—1875), who began to write for the paper a few years later, represented the sister University. Little known outside the walls of Cambridge, he exerted a powerful influence on the burning questions of the day by his facile writing and trenchant criticism.

Fifth in the first class of the Classical Tripos in 1839, Woodham became a Fellow of Jesus in 1841. He gained the Member's University Prize for the best dissertation on Latin prose three times, twice as an undergraduate and once when a B.A. Vacating his Fellowship on his marriage, he was re-elected an honorary Fellow of his college in 1862, by which time he had become a widower. Tall, stately, and straight as an arrow, his manners were charming and courteous. He was perhaps the best conversationalist in the University, holding his own with the pick of Cambridge resident Fellows such as Munro, Clark, the Shakespearean scholar, Thomson, and Bateson.¹ In choosing Woodham as a leader-writer Delane showed his true insight into character and power, for his self-control was so perfect that whatever might be his own feelings on a subject when writing an article for his chief, he invariably showed

¹ From information kindly supplied by the present Master of Jesus College, Cambridge.

himself absolutely fair and just in the views he expressed. Blakesley, Vicar of Ware and Dean of Lincoln, and George Stovin Venables, who joined *The Times* a little later, were also Cambridge men.

Dr. W. H. Russell, who was at the time of his death the last link with the early days of the Delane régime in Printing House Square, when the elder John Walter, who died in 1847, was the chief proprietor of the paper, joined the permanent staff fresh from Trinity College, Dublin, about the year 1843, while Reeve, who was for fifteen years Delane's principal adviser on Continental politics, had served for a brief period under Barnes.

Abraham Hayward, an older man than any of the above, occasionally contributed to *The Times*, and is aptly described by Bernal Osborne as the connecting-link between the political and the literary magnates of his time. Like Charles Greville, he never entered Parliament, yet few men knew more of the secret springs of government.

The exposure of the railway mania in 1845-6 by *The Times* was only effected at a vast pecuniary loss to the proprietors of the paper through the stoppage of advertisements, but the gain to prospective investors must have been incalculable. On November 17, 1845, an elaborate analysis of the competing schemes placed before a too credulous public was published in the paper, from which it appears that in addition to completed lines requiring additional capital there were over twelve hundred projected railways, many of them in direct competition with one another, seeking to raise in the aggregate over five hundred millions of money.

As far back as 1839 *The Times* had denounced the duties on imported grain, while nearly all the other

newspapers had supported them, and it offered a vigorous opposition to the sliding scale, thus agreeing for once with Cobden. The untiring exertions of the Anti-Corn Law League, headed by him and C. P. Villiers, had awakened the public conscience to such an extent as to overshadow all other questions of the day, but there was yet one other powerful factor in the political considerations of the moment which deserves to be held in remembrance.

The wet summer of 1845 caused a bad harvest in England and the potato disease to appear in Ireland. Thus in a sense the weeping skies "rained away the Corn Laws," and the causes which contributed to Peel's conversion to the policy of repeal may be said to have been climatic as well as economic.¹

The Whigs had only proposed to give up the Corn Laws when it was evident that the peril of the experiment would be the inheritance of their successors. Peel's sliding scale had been tried in every form, and every form had required a change, therefore the hour had struck when a final solution of the question must be attempted. On December 4 *The Times* created a profound impression throughout the length and breadth of England by announcing that—

Parliament is to be summoned for the first week in January, and the Royal Speech will recommend an immediate consideration of the Corn Laws, preparatory to their total repeal. By the end of January at the latest the produce of all countries will enter the British market on an absolute equality with our own.

At the Cabinet Council held on December 2, Peel had declared in favour of ultimate repeal, having

¹ Delane dispatched W. H. Russell and Thomas Campbell Foster to report on the agricultural situation in Ireland, and the admirable letters of the latter on the condition of the peasantry were republished in book form in 1846. See Greville's *Memoirs*, February 8, 1846.

previously received an assurance from the Queen that, in her opinion, the time had come when the removal of the restrictions on the importation of food could no longer be successfully resisted; but, being unable to carry Stanley and Buccleuch with him, he tendered his resignation to the Sovereign. Lord John Russell was unsuccessful in trying to form an alternative Administration, and, after a Parliamentary eclipse of little more than a fortnight, Peel was restored to official life.

The events of the crisis of December 1845 are skilfully summarised by Greville, and, as he frequently revised his Journal in after-years with a view to its posthumous publication, his account of Delane's action at this momentous period of his life is undoubtedly in all material points correct.

The communications which passed between Lord Aberdeen and the editor of *The Times* were verbal, and hardly a day passed without their meeting. Delane was no doubt misled to a certain extent by Aberdeen, in so far as he neglected to inform him in the first instance of the dissensions in the Cabinet which led to Peel's resignation, and the statement of *The Times* on December 5 that "the heads of the Government had agreed" on repeal was a more correct description of the political situation than the startling announcement of the day before, which led the public to believe that the Cabinet had come to an unanimous decision. The other London newspapers, which had, like the Cabinet as a whole, been left without any definite information, were struck with consternation, not unmixed with envy. Old-fashioned Tories like Lord Wharncliffe clung to the opinion expressed by *The Standard*, that the whole story was a fabrication.

The chief proprietor of *The Times*,¹ writing to Delane on Sunday, December 7, 1845, said :

You must have given Baldwin² an enormous sum to crown your triumph as he has done. If the plot had been ever so deeply laid, it could not have been more successful.

The market at Reading yesterday was but slightly affected, not more than a shilling a quarter. The denials of *The Standard* and *Herald* encouraged a certain number of sceptics ; but the great majority of the attendants were believers in *The Times*. Palmer was there, but I did not see him. I heard that he had expressed his disbelief as to Sir Robert becoming the mover of the repeal.

I think it will be the best policy for the Government to allow matters to go on as they have done for a little while longer, or as long as they can. Let the different newspapers assert and contradict as much as they please. . . . On the main topic, of course, your ground is taken. The papers from the manufacturing districts will be worth looking over to-night.

The wildest stories were circulated in town as to how *The Times* had obtained its exclusive information.

A false and malicious report to the effect that the news had been extracted from Sidney Herbert through the blandishments of Mrs. Norton, and communicated by her to Delane, obtained wide currency. Such is the inveteracy of error that many years afterwards this groundless insinuation was reproduced (much to the annoyance of Sheridan's descendants) by George Meredith in his novel, *Diana of the Crossways*, and from time to time paragraphs appear in the newspapers and magazines perpetuating the fiction. In the Autobiography of Sir William Gregory, published in 1894, the additional blunder is committed of stating that Mrs. Norton sold the information to

¹ John Walter, the second of that name, who died in 1847.

² The proprietor of *The Standard*

Barnes for £500, whereas the latter had been dead for four years.

Thus at a bound *The Times* achieved a supremacy amongst its fellows which no one amongst them could wrest from it; and though, when Parliament reassembled in January, the Queen's Speech contained no direct reference to the Corn Laws, in the course of the debate on the Address Peel declared that his opinions on the subject of Protection had "undergone a change," and that he could no longer undertake to direct the course of the ship of State by observations taken in 1842. Peel told Aberdeen that when he made his last Protectionist speech in 1842 he felt that it was the last time he should speak against Free Trade.

Immediately before the meeting of Parliament Greville addressed the two following letters to Delane, which are interesting on account of the evident sincerity of the writer, who was, like C. P. Villiers, a convinced free-trader long before Cobden associated himself with the movement:

CHARLES GREVILLE TO J. T. DELANE

GROSVENOR PLACE,

Monday Night, January 12, 1846.

DEAR MR. DELANE,

I have made some of my friends very angry by my defence of Peel, but I don't care, because I am sure I am right in giving him credit for publick-spirited motives and having the good of our country at heart. Whether I would have done as he did is another question, and I cannot deny that the Protectionists have a plausible case of grievance—in that there is plenty to say on both sides. You have no idea what trouble I have had to write this little paper on Lord Granville,¹ for when I set to work I found there really was nothing to say. What I have said, however, is strictly true.

Yours very truly,

C. G.

¹ An obituary notice of the first Earl Granville, who died January 6, 1846. He had been for many years British Ambassador in Paris.

CHARLES GREVILLE TO J. T. DELANE

COUNCIL OFFICE,
Saturday, January 17, 1846.

I return your article¹ with a great many thanks, and without having struck anything out. I do not think there is anything to object to, but I am not sure that I should not like it better if you could alter the paragraph I have marked, though it is hardly worth giving you that trouble, and I shall not care if you leave it as it is. I have a sort of feeling about it, that it casts a ridicule, and somewhat of a contemptuous ridicule, which falls on Sir Robert, the Protectionists, and the *pamphleteer* in different proportions. As you invite me to be candid, I am, but I must repeat that I am well content as it is. I am aware you could not very well go along with me in my defence of Peel; indeed I have often felt it very difficult to answer some of your assaults on him for the ambiguity of his conduct, but I think, whatever may be thought of the means he has employed, that he has a *single object* throughout, and that is to remove a bad law in what he thinks a safe manner. I think it only just to set his *motives*, and the end he aims at, in the true light, but my Whig friends will be very angry with me. I have just seen Lord Bessborough, who tells me there will be the greatest difficulty in keeping the Liberal Party together, and getting them to support any measure short of *total, immediate, and unconditional* repeal—that many will oppose anything else. He does not defend or affirm this course, but says he is sure it is so. There is, however, a great gathering at Woburn to-day, where John Russell will talk over the news with his staff. A split among the Liberals, after all, would be a pretty business, but I cannot believe in this till I see it. Lord Home moves the Address in the Lords. I don't believe they have got a seconder.

Yours very truly,

C. G.

Reeve stays at Paris for another ten days. I dare say I shall hear something on Monday or Tuesday from the Whig camp.

¹ On Greville's own publication on Sir Robert and the Corn Laws.

Disraeli attacked Peel with such vigour in the debate on the Address that he thenceforward became the recognised leader of a party—albeit a very small one—until the landed interest discovered one more to their taste in the person of Lord George Bentinck.

When Peel unfolded his scheme he laid stress on the argument that if England adopted the principle of Free Trade the other great nations of the earth would be compelled to follow her example; but, while Cobden fixed five years as the outside period which would be necessary to convert Europe to the principle of free tariffs, Sir Robert, with greater shrewdness, carefully abstained from assigning any specific time for the fulfilment of his prophecy.

A Coercion Bill introduced into the House of Commons in the same session proved the rock on which the Administration split.

On the same evening¹ that the Corn Importation Bill was passed by the House of Lords, Peel was defeated in the Commons by seventy-three votes on an amendment to the second reading of the Protection of Life (Ireland) Bill. This manœuvre, carefully timed as it was, reflects no credit on its authors, as they had supported the Government at an earlier stage of the Bill.

So fell, to rise no more, at the very climax of his power, the greatest figure in the Parliamentary arena since the days of Pitt.²

By carrying the abolition of the Corn Laws, Peel translated a sentence of the Lord's Prayer into an Act of Parliament, and Delane, in announcing it to the world, acquired the reputation, which he never afterwards lost, of being the best-informed man in England.

¹ June 25, 1846.

² Lord John Russell was called to office in his stead, and held it till two years after Peel's untimely death.

CHAPTER III

LORD JOHN RUSSELL SUCCEEDS PEEL

Delane visits the South of France—Lord Aberdeen on the Spanish marriages—Retirement of Mr. W. F. A. Delane from *The Times* on the advice of the Rothschilds—Death of Mr. Walter, sen.—His son elected at Nottingham—The Irish famine—Delane called to the Bar at the Middle Temple—Year of European Revolution, 1848—The Chartists—Delane in Ireland—Smith O'Brien's trial—Letter from Delane to Dasent describing it.

At the close of the memorable session of 1846 Delane took a short holiday in the South of France, during the course of which he wrote the following letter from Bordeaux, which it was then only possible to reach by the *diligence* :

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

BORDEAUX,
September 21, Monday.

I do think myself very hardly used. I wrote to you every day in Paris. I was most anxious to hear from you on a variety of matters, and yet when I got here, whither all letters were to be addressed, not one had arrived. I dare say you mean it, and my father means it, all for the best ; but there is nothing in the world more annoying when at the point where one must decide upon one's further movements, than to find none of the news upon which one ought to act. At the hotel where I write this, the best in the place, there is no other newspaper than those brilliant luminaries the *Mémorial Bordelais* and *L'Indicateur de Bordeaux*, and for aught I know there may be a republic established in England, with Mr. Walter as Dictator, or you may be standing for the West

Riding with John Marriott as a colleague. It is really too bad that while I am pining for a letter, every "John Smith" who writes to ask Vestris's precise age, or how tall the Queen is, or when the Prince of Wales cut his first tooth, gets an answer. It is quite the adage of the shoemaker's wife. However, though grievously disappointed, I can't be in a rage now, and will reserve the rest of my blowing-up till I get back, and act for the present as if all were going well—we go to Pau on Wednesday morning.

My dinner to *The Herald* man in Paris was apparently very successful: he was as reasonable as could be wished, and promised everything. You will probably have heard of him before this. The next day we went to Tours, and spent there a couple of days in visiting. I have spoken of divers châteaux which enabled me to understand what I have been all my life striving at, how Frenchmen live in the country. At one of them, the Comtesse de Bichemont's, I met a Madame de Peyronnet, of whom you used to talk years ago. She remembered you quite well, and is still rather a handsome woman. Her husband is a confirmed West Indian. From Tours we came here by all manners of dillies and steamboats, and find it a very fine but *rayther* dull place. To-morrow we go to see the great vineyards of Margaux and Médoc, and, as I have already told you, the day after we go to Pau. The weather has been charming. The vintage is in full operation—grapes by waggons-full in all directions, and, except that the dillies go slower every mile southwards, all goes well. We are to be on Wednesday twenty-two hours about one hundred and twenty miles! Think of the Great Western. From Pau we shall "bate our retrate by Toulouse" and Limoges back to Paris. There I hope to hear from my father and from you at last, and wait orders.

As ever, yours,
JOHN T. DELANE.

On his return to London he resumed his correspondence with the apostle of non-intervention, Lord Aberdeen, who was then living in retirement at Haddo. The long rivalry between him and Palmerston,

whose handling of foreign affairs was diametrically opposed to that of the other, is often revealed in Aberdeen's letters. While the latter was trusted on the Continent, he was not feared; Palmerston was not only distrusted, but hated.

I did everything in my power to smoothe the advent of Lord Palmerston to office (Aberdeen wrote in November), but I found that the apprehensions which existed at Paris were equally strong in every Court in Europe; and I believe that I may say in America also. This state of feeling might easily lead to mischief, and I never expected that the cordial understanding with France, which depended so much on personal confidence, could possibly have any long duration.

Had Lord Aberdeen remained in office, the Montpensier marriage would not in all probability have taken place, but the irritation which it undoubtedly gave rise to in this country caused the relations of England and France to become decidedly strained, an absurd and irrational degree of importance being attached to the Spanish marriages so far as English interests were supposed to be affected by them. They lost the Orleans dynasty the support of England—the only friend it had in Europe.

You have at this moment a great deal in your power (writes Aberdeen to Delane a little later in the same month). I may almost say that the question of peace or war is in your hands. A little more excitement may place it beyond control in both countries, and I need not tell you how much I incline to a pacific course.

One of Delane's correspondents at this period was that ill-treated patriot Lord Dundonald, and his letters are full of gratitude to the editor for his advocacy of

the admiral's claim to be reinstated as a Knight of the Bath. His banner, it will be remembered, had been unceremoniously kicked out of Westminster Abbey, to which it was only restored after his death. Lord Dundonald's letters, too long to be reproduced here, contain frequent allusions to that mysterious "secret war plan" for destroying the enemies of England which remains a secret still, and also to the introduction of steam into the Navy. This he was the first to advocate, and the machinery of the frigate *Janus*, which he persuaded the Admiralty to try in 1847, was constructed mainly from his own designs.

1846 closed, and the New Year opened somewhat inauspiciously for Delane. The financial state of the paper, consequent upon the exertions made in the two previous years to increase its efficiency by the development of a system of "express" messages from abroad, had afforded the proprietors an opportunity of criticising adversely the business management of their property.

In 1845 *The Times*, having made itself obnoxious to Louis Philippe by its strictures on the morality of French policy, the King and Guizot determined to prevent the paper from obtaining its information from India at the same time as the other continental mails. *The Times* courier having been detained in Paris through an alleged informality in his passport, the paper organised a special service of its own from Suez to Alexandria, thence to Trieste and *via* Ostend to Dover. Intelligence from the East thus reached London in time to be printed in the paper and read in Paris before the rest of the Indian mail had passed through that city.

After a further struggle the French Government

recognised that it was hopeless to overcome the resourceful energy of the second John Walter, and that it had not the power to dictate the terms upon which news should be conveyed to the Press of a foreign country.¹ But these great exertions meant also a vast outlay, and in consequence of a difference of opinion between the proprietary and the financial management, Mr. W. F. A. Delane severed his connection with *The Times*. This step was taken on the advice of the Rothschilds, to whom the matters in dispute had been referred for arbitration.

By retiring from Printing House Square and accepting a legal appointment he hoped to secure his son's position at the office, and also that of his son-in-law, as Dasent had now become.²

But the youth of both the editor-in-chief and of his assistant was in itself an element of danger, for the exercise of such great power as Delane had attained to created too much envy to be enjoyed with entire security. Uncertainty of tenure is proverbial in official life, and we gather from numerous entries in Delane's diary that he felt his position at this time to be a precarious one.

The chief proprietor, who was in failing health, retained feelings of gratitude to the young editor for having effected in 1844 a reconciliation, with Lord Aberdeen's help, between himself, Sir Robert Peel, and Sir James Graham, after a quarrel with them on the Poor Law question.

¹ *Notes upon the History of "The Times,"* by S. V. Makower, 1904.

² In 1848 Mr. W. F. A. Delane was invited to assume the management of *The Morning Chronicle* when it became the property of the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Lincoln, Sidney Herbert, and others of the Peelites. Mr. Delane died at Hellesdon, near Norwich, the residence of his eldest son, on July 29, 1857, and was buried at Easthampstead, Berks.

The course of events in Printing House Square was, however, determined by circumstances beyond human control. Mr. Walter's health grew rapidly worse, and on July 28, 1847, he died.¹

On the same day his son, John Walter (the third of that name), a contemporary of Delane's at Oxford, was elected at Nottingham, though absent from the borough in consequence of his bereavement. On this Delane remarked that he had done better than Cæsar, for *he* came, saw, and conquered, whereas Walter neither came nor saw, but conquered!

The Nottingham "lambs" were notoriously difficult to manage at election time, and it was customary to overawe the more turbulent of them by prize-fighters hired for the purpose, as Bernal Osborne was to find to his cost some years later.

In a witty speech he made at the commencement of the contest at Nottingham in 1866, Osborne said, "I come to ask your votes, not as lambs that are to be dressed with *mint* sauce, but as independent, reasoning Englishmen." Speaking of the same constituency on another occasion, he said, "The Nottingham lambs come very late into the market, and are very tough to digest."

The new proprietor of *The Times* was a man of liberal opinions, conspicuous common sense, and great business capacity, but the electors of Nottingham in 1847 appear to have had a fondness for contrasts, since they chose for their junior member Feargus O'Connor, the half-crazy creature who was responsible for the Chartist fiasco of 1848.

¹ "He was a strange man, and in many respects a hard one, but still by no means destitute of good. Towards myself his kindness was undeviating and extreme until these late unhappy troubles; but even then he appeared to experience a true pleasure in making up with me."—Delane's Diary, July 28, 1847.

Parliament had been called together early in 1847 on account of the horror excited in the public mind by the Irish famine as described from day to day in *The Times*. The report of the Devon Commission had shown that the people were worse housed, worse fed, and worse clothed than in any European country, but no action had hitherto been taken by the Government.

All too late the soil of Ireland was watered with English gold, but owing to a deplorable lack of organisation, thousands of the peasantry died before relief could reach them in their wretched cabins. The lingering seeds of disease produced in the course of the ensuing year a foul crop of disaffection and outrage, which required the utmost vigilance of the new Lord-Lieutenant (Lord Clarendon) to repress. To his credit be it said that for a long time he vindicated the law without applying for extraordinary powers of coercion, and in suppressing outbreaks amongst the Celtic peasantry he wisely declined the proffered services of the Orange lodges.

The few extracts from Delane's diary for 1847 which follow are given here because he did not resume the practice of keeping a full record of his movements until 1854.

In April he visited Woodham at Cambridge "spending the whole day, though a very wet one, in walking about and seeing the colleges."

On the 15th of the same month he wrote: "This evening the King of Prussia's speech arrived from Berlin, and as it was not translated Dasent had a long job at it. Unluckily we had agreed to share the express with the other papers, and so they claimed our translation. I gave it to them, but wrote a note to John Walter protesting against

our being thus obliged to confer upon them advantages which they did nothing for."

April 17, 1847.—Went with Mozley and Dasent to the new House of Lords and were much pleased with its magnificence and general effect. Went afterwards to Reeve, thence to Greville, where I saw the Solicitor-General, and thence to call on Lord Aberdeen, who was from home.

April 21.—Called on Le Marchant and had a long talk on all subjects, but principally upon the intentions of the Government as to the admission of Jews to Parliament, in which, on Rothschild's behalf, I am interested.

On May 1 Delane saw Greville and Lord Granville, and had a long talk with D. Salamons upon currency and banking. "Saw also Lord Clarendon, and talked about Portugal." The correspondence of Lord Clarendon with Delane, which lasted till the death of the former in 1870, would alone fill a volume.

May 3, 1847.—Called on Lord Aberdeen, whom I found, I think, a little tired of inaction, though constantly professing his relief at being out of office. His faith in Guizot is still unabated, and his desire to keep the peace with France as great as ever. In talking of Peel, he said that William IV. had pressed him to accept a peerage in terms altogether unprecedented between a sovereign and a subject, and that in the same manner he had been employed by the Queen to request his acceptance of the Garter, but that Peel had uniformly refused to receive any favour whatever. He praised the Queen greatly for her truly constitutional spirit.¹

The Government was beaten twice in the House of Lords on the Irish Poor Law, and on May 7 Delane went to see Le Marchant at the Board of Trade to learn the intentions of the Ministry upon their late defeats.

¹ Delane's Diary.

"Le Marchant had not much to tell, no decided course having being determined on."

The next day he writes :

Le Marchant called and told me a good deal, among other things that at the break-up of the Whig Government, upon Lord Althorp going to the Upper House, his impression was that Lord Morpeth was the only man to undertake the office of Premier, and told the Queen so. How he has tailed off since!

May 12, 1847.—Dined at the Mansion House to meet the Ministers. A large muster, and Sir Harry Smith as the lion.

In the course of the year he had made friends with Lord Brougham, and their intimacy continued unbroken till the latter's death in 1868.

May 23.—Dined in Park Place.¹ Met Lord de Lisle and Miss Sidney, Mr. Rogers, Macready, Meyer Rothschild, Miss Courtenay, and two or three foreigners. Sat next Miss Sidney, who has written a novel.

May 29.—After hurrying home, I had barely time to dress and go to the Temple, where, having been duly arrayed, I was in due form "called." J. Dasent, Foster, and Clark made my call party. G. Loch was called at the same time, and as Reeve was one of his party we together made one, and passed a pretty comfortable evening.

Precisely what object Delane had in view in being called to the Bar does not appear, but it is certain that he never practised. He may have been advised to join the profession by Lord Brougham, who had been in his younger days a leader-writer for *The Times* at a salary, it is said, of £100 a month. Brougham may also have told Delane of his versatility in connection with the press. Lawyer-like in earning a double fee he is said to have written an admirable article for *The Morning Chronicle* completely

¹ ? The Twisses.

demolishing one which he had written for *The Times* the day before.

About this time Delane went to live at No. 16, Serjeants' Inn, Temple, in an old house which had a certain quiet dignity of its own from its good panelled woodwork and well-designed staircase. The drawing on the accompanying page represents the entrance to the morning-room on the first floor, in which for thirty years Delane was in the habit of receiving his visitors. The house has been much altered in recent years, and some of the rooms, amongst them the 'dining-room, which has seen so many gatherings of wit and intellect, have been subdivided, but the seventeenth-century woodwork is for the most part still intact.¹

Sunday, May 30.—Went for an hour to a party at Macready's, where I saw Carlyle, Buller, etc.

June 18.—Called by appointment on the Rothschilds, who are very anxious about the City election and are pressing for support.

June 26.—Sat up late and went to Rothschild's house in Piccadilly to assist him in preparing his address. Saw there Sir Anthony and the Baroness. Having finished the address advised him to take Lord John Russell's opinion upon it.

June 28.—Saw the Rothschilds again to approve some omissions Lord John Russell had suggested in his address.

¹ The larger houses on the south side of this quiet court have also many interesting associations. Built shortly after the Great Fire of London, in most of them the interior fittings and decorations are of a high order, all the principal rooms having massive old mahogany doors with brass hinges. Lord Erskine lived at No. 11 when at the height of his fame, and after procuring the acquittal of Horne Tooke on October 20, 1794, his carriage was dragged here by an admiring crowd. At No. 10 is preserved a staircase of remarkable merit. Lord Chancellor Truro had a house on this side of the inn, and at the back were formerly pleasant gardens abutting on the Temple, of which Serjeants' Inn has always been reckoned as a limb.

The following letter from Lord Aberdeen referring to the possibility of Sir Robert Peel's return to office will be read with interest:

LORD ABERDEEN TO J. T. DELANE

HADDO HOUSE,
July 12, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR,

You are right in supposing that I should read with great pleasure the article in *The Times* which you had the goodness to send me. You have undoubtedly welcomed the Duc de Broglie, and bid adieu to M. de Ste. Aulaire, in the most friendly and cordial manner. But you have said no more than was well deserved by both of them.

Having expressed the real gratification I have received from the article in question, you must permit me to say that since I left London I have read a good deal in the same quarter which has produced a very different impression. Indeed, I cannot regard without serious apprehension the persevering and senseless rancour with which the French Government is attacked, and especially the personal hostility to M. Guizot, unquestionably the most friendly to England, and to English interests, of any French Minister since the Restoration. I believe his policy and sentiments to be still unchanged; but nations and governments, as well as individuals, will at length resent repeated insult.

We have some weighty matters now impending over us, which we are not likely to bring to any friendly issue, unless we get rid of much of that passion and prejudice by which we have recently been governed.

From the great influence which you exercise over public opinion, I have frequently told you that I thought the peace of the two countries would be materially affected by the course which you should think proper to pursue. I shall watch your language with interest, believing that it will do much to regulate the general feeling of the country; and I suppose that I shall not be wrong in regarding



THE STAIRCASE AT 16, SERJEANTS' INN, TEMPLE, DELANE'S
LONDON HOUSE.

[To face p. 66, Vol. I

it as some indication of the sentiments of the Government.

With respect to our domestick and Party prospects, I have no means of forming any very correct opinion; and you know that I feel little interest in these matters. The speculation you mention, according to which the result of the ensuing election is ultimately to restore Sir R. Peel to office, may possibly be well founded; but I confess that I see no probability that such should be the case. Neither have I the least reason to suppose that his own wishes and determination on this subject are in any degree changed.

Believe me, my dear sir, very truly yours,
ABERDEEN.

July 29.—To my great relief Rothschild, after several variations of the numbers, was this day returned for the City. I saw the Baroness afterwards in a state of almost frenzied delight and gratitude.

July 30.—Saw Rothschild with his brothers Anthony and Nathaniel in the City and was overwhelmed with thanks.

July 31.—Dasent and I went down to Oxford and voted for Gladstone there.¹ We dined with Johnson and saw Jacobson, T. Mozley, and many other old acquaintances.²

In September Delane was in Paris again, where he witnessed the funeral of Marshal Oudinot.

It was very splendid indeed (he wrote to Dasent), better worth seeing than anything of the kind I had ever met with. I have written a short story about the doings at the Invalides which perhaps may be worth publishing, but pray *read* it yourself, for I have written in much haste and probably very incorrectly. Perhaps, too, though the thing itself pleased me, the description will interest nobody.

¹ Gladstone was returned for the University after a sharp contest.

² Diary.

In this connection it has been stated in print that Delane wrote nothing in the paper which he edited for so many years. But this is not strictly accurate. He did not write much, but he knew how to write, and that better than most men. Much that appeared in *The Times* under the head of leading articles was so amended by his pen that it was in reality Delane's handiwork, and his ablest writers, instead of feeling impatient at his alterations and corrections, were free to confess that he had much improved their composition. In this he acted in his full right, for he alone was responsible for what was published.

In the autumn Delane was able to do his old tutor Jacobson a good turn. To Sir Charles Wood, who had written to ask him what were the latter's qualifications for the vacant Regius Professorship of Divinity, he wrote :

J. T. DELANE TO SIR CHARLES WOOD

16, SERJEANTS' INN,
November 21, 1847.

DEAR SIR CHARLES,

The best way of answering your question is to tell you all I know about Mr. Jacobson.

He is about forty years of age, and became Vice-Principal of Magdalen Hall fifteen years ago [1832]. He had before been fellow of Exeter. When he was appointed to the Hall, it was in the lowest possible repute. It had never borne a good character, and under Dr. Macbride had sunk into a kind of by-way to a degree for the convenience of country schoolmasters. Entirely unassisted and with very inadequate remuneration, he has made so good a College of it that in point of numbers it is the third or fourth in the University, and has been by no means undistinguished in the Class List.

Jacobson, however, has not, as most tutors do, by any means confined himself to tuition. His work on the Apostolic Fathers, of the *third* edition of which I enclose a title-page, is admitted to be of the highest

reputation, and has had a sale almost unprecedented among books of that character. He has also edited *Noel's Catechism*, an early liturgical work of high authority, and has published some sermons which have reached a second edition. He is decidedly Liberal in politics, and has always expressed opinions in favour of your scheme of education. I enclose a sermon which he preached on the Queen's last birthday, with a few marked passages, which may be worth your reading.

Besides any claims which his literary character may give him, he has the rare merit of having kept himself uncompromised to either of the Church parties in Oxford, and I believe that his appointment as Regius Professor would be acceptable on all sides.

Believe me, Sir Charles, your faithful servant,
JOHN T. DELANE.

Many years later Delane was instrumental in procuring, on Lord Palmerston's recommendation, a mitre for the same friend; Jacobson being elevated to the see of Chester in 1865.

The year ends with a letter from Charles Greville, mentioning the discovery of anæsthetics and an early instance of the successful use of chloroform.

CHARLES GREVILLE TO J. T. DELANE

GROSVENOR PLACE,
Friday morning (? December 24, 1847).

I send you a letter from my brother-in-law [Lord Ellesmere], on the Defence of the Country question, which I think will be read with some interest, as I have persuaded him to put his name to it. It was originally much longer, but I took it in hand, and by many corrections and excisions have worked it into a very tolerable article, as I hope you will think. The conclusion of Johnny's correspondence with the Bishop of Exeter is amusing. By the bye, I went yesterday to the hospital to see a chloroform operation. It was a good trial of it, and perfectly

successful. When do you mean to come and see the statue at Apsley House? There is nobody there now, however.

Yours,
C. G.

Although Delane accepted the principle of Free Trade, he was no admirer of the Manchester school, and if there was one thing he abhorred, it was what is now called a Little Englander. In a speech made at Manchester in January 1848 Cobden attacked the Duke of Wellington in unmeasured terms for having called attention, in a letter published in *The Morning Chronicle*, to the parlous state of the national defences.

Cobden's one and only idea of foreign policy was the promotion of trade, and that of the calico printers in particular.

No mention of this gross attack upon the Duke will be found, where we might expect to find it, in Mr. Morley's *Life of Cobden*, but from the newspapers of the day we see the mischievous nonsense which the apostle of Free Trade considered good enough for the cotton operatives of Manchester.

When suffering acutely from that political disease known as swelled head, he said :

I do not profess to have the veneration which some men entertain for successful warriors. . . . His Grace is tottering on the verge of the grave. Is it not a most lamentable spectacle that the hand which is no longer capable of wielding a sword should devote its still remaining feeble strength to the penning of a letter more calculated, in the present day, to excite evil passions and animosities in the breasts of two great and neighbouring nations? I do not claim for civilians a perfect knowledge of the horrid trade of war—I only stipulate for this, that while in a state of profound peace, it is for the taxpayers of England to decide whether you will run the risk of war and keep your

money in your pockets, or whether you will allow an additional number of men in red coats and blue jackets to live in idleness under pretence of protecting you.

And though this amazing utterance was greeted with cheers, for the credit of Manchester it should be added that the leading paper in the town¹ condemned the speech as unworthy of its author and an undeserved reproach upon the Duke. "We know of no right," it said, "that Mr. Cobden has to set himself up as a judge of other men's duty, or as the director of their conduct of public affairs."

A vigorous rejoinder was published by Delane in *The Times* of February 2, in the form of a letter from Charles Greville.²

Lord John Russell, following Peel's precedent of 1845, introduced the Budget in person, proposing an immediate increase of the income tax, but his references to France were considered injudicious, and a reaction towards retrenchment soon followed.

On February 23 Greville writes: "Delane had a long interview with the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Sir Charles Wood) yesterday, who told him that he had been driven to his present expedient³ by the deplorable effect of Lord John's speech."

But while the House and the country were still considering the increase of the income tax and the question of armaments, the Government of Louis Philippe collapsed like a pack of cards, and anarchy reigned in Paris.

¹ *The Manchester Guardian*, January 29, 1848.

² Reprinted in the *Greville Memoirs*; see also his *Journal* for February 8, 1848.

³ A proposal to refer the Army and Navy Estimates to a secret Committee. This was, however, speedily abandoned as impracticable, as indeed was the augmented income tax.

On Monday¹ a reform banquet had been prohibited by the authorities. On Tuesday and Wednesday open rioting prevailed in the streets, and the Bank of France closed its doors. By Thursday the King had abdicated, and on Friday the garrison of Vincennes and the detached forts around Paris surrendered to the people and declared for a Republic.

The Times received news in advance of the Government, notwithstanding the interruption of the postal service, and announced it to the world. In an extraordinary issue of the paper on *Sunday* morning² it brought its record of events down to the evening of the previous Friday, in a separate sheet, issued gratis to subscribers.

A copy of this issue lies before us as we write, and must now be very rare, since no copy of it exists in the file of the paper at the British Museum :

THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE

Our Paris letters of Friday evening continue briefly the narrative of events passing in the metropolis of France.

"I announced to you this morning," says our correspondent, "the surrender of the Fortress of Vincennes to the people. I ought to have said that the garrison has declared for the Republic. Since then the Military School and, I believe, all the other dépôts of artillery, army, and ammunition have equally been occupied by the people. The detached forts will all have been taken possession of in the course of the day.

"You will readily believe that all is agitation and excitement here. There is not the slightest tendency to ill-humour visible. The streets are filled literally with the inhabitants of Paris and its vicinity, who proceed to visit the various points at which occurred one or other of the memorable events of the last three days.

"The Château of the Tuileries is naturally the prin-

¹ February 21.

² February 27.

cial object of attraction. Much of the furniture has been removed or destroyed, but little or no plunder was perpetrated. In this respect the people of 1848 have worthily imitated the conduct of the men of July, 1830. All who presented themselves yesterday were allowed to view and visit the Palace; and, on leaving, all were searched and deprived of every thing that they might have been tempted to purloin for *souvenirs*. One man caught in the fact of plundering was shot instantly; two others were found dead drunk in the cellars.

"Than this nothing more honourable for the national character could be adduced. Throughout the whole of the troubles of France, and the series of sufferings inflicted on them by distress, pillage of private residences has never been committed. 'War to the Château' was proclaimed and acted upon, but sheer positive robbery never took place. I am induced to dwell on these facts because of the feeling of alarm abroad lest the city be pillaged by the malefactors known to be present in the capital. There is a romantic, and what is better a genuine, sense of honour in the hearts of the people, that will this time, as hitherto, distinguish them.

"The Provisional Government has ordered the formation of 24 battalions of National Guards, to be composed of the citizens whose circumstances would not enable them to clothe themselves and give their service gratis. They are to receive the moderate pay of 30 sous per day. This will be a beneficial measure at a time when so many are out of employment. Fortunately the Treasury is rich, and well able to bear that expense, and others contemplated for the amelioration of the condition of the people in this season of distress.

"The formation of two *corps d'armée*—one on the Rhine, the other in the departments of the Alps—is seriously entertained. In short, the Provisional Government is energetic, and determined to exert themselves for the benefit of the country.

"I refer you to the papers for details. It is said that the printing presses of the *Moniteur* have been destroyed.

"All business is at an end.

"The Bourse is closed.

"The Syndicate was to meet to-day to agree that all the time bargains of the month be settled at the medium price. Most of (I believe all) the banks are closed, and money, of course, not to be had. This is very deplorable, but let us hope it will not long endure."

A telegraphic dispatch from Dover informs us that the Duke of Nemours and part of the ex-King's family have arrived.

They may, we believe, be momentarily expected in London.

In the course of Friday several proclamations were published by the Provisional Government. One of them offered to dress and arm the citizens who wished to enlist in the National Guards, and to pay them at the rate of 30 sous per day. Another decreed the formation of 24 battalions of movable National Guards to march to the frontier. A third, addressed to the army, invited the soldiers not to desert their banner, France standing in need of all her children. A fourth proclamation announced the surrender of the Castle of Vincennes and the detached forts round Paris, the garrisons of which had recognised the authority of the new Government, and the receipt of numerous adhesions from the departments.

The annexation of Belgium to France, and the extension of the frontiers of the Republic to the Rhine, appear to be the main objects of the new Government.

There had been only a very trifling disturbance at Boulogne, and a few windows were broken.

There was no embargo at the port of Boulogne upon ingress or egress to or from France.¹

Delane communicated the news he had received to the Duke of Wellington, and his reply, marked "immediate and private," thanking him for a copy of the "intelligence received this day from Paris," is dated from Apsley House, "Sunday, February 27, 1848, at night." The same evening Greville wrote him a few additional particulars received from Lord Normanby:

¹ The correspondent in Paris who communicated this intelligence to Delane was John Palgrave Simpson.

CHARLES GREVILLE TO J. T. DELANE

TRAVELLERS',
Sunday Night.

You shall have every scrap of intelligence I can give you. Normanby writes word that it is *reported* at Paris that Guizot is taken. He does not know it for certain, but appears to believe it. The people who came to-day are Mons. and Madame Delessert (Préfet de Police), the Duc de Nemours and his sister the Princess Clementine (I forget her married name, she is a Duchess of Coburg of some sort); yesterday, the Duc de Montebello and Duchesse de Coigny. Duc de Nemours and Delessert were both disguised, and so well that they did not know each other. Nobody knows for certain where the King and Queen are, but it is believed they went to *Dreux*—not to stay there probably—neither is it known where the Duchesse de Nemours or the Duchesse d'Orléans is; the latter was taken from the chamber of D. to the Invalides; it is said (but nobody knows how true) that when Vincennes was summoned, the Duc de Montpensier, who was governor of it, wanted to resist, but as the troops would not, and insisted on submitting to the Provisional Government, he offered his own adhesion likewise. You must take this for what it is worth, but to-morrow will no doubt confirm or contradict it. The more one hears of the details the more extraordinary and unaccountable the conduct of the principal actors appears, and the more marvellous the revolution—nobody seems to have shown the least wisdom, resolution, firmness, courage.

Yours truly,
C. G.

Of course the report of Guizot's being here must be fabulous.¹ I had never heard a whisper of such a thing.

Much uncertainty prevailed as to Guizot's fate, but he contrived to escape arrest, and reached England on the same day as Louis Philippe.

¹ He arrived in England on March 3.

LORD ABERDEEN TO J. T. DELANE

ARGYLL HOUSE,
March 3, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR,

Your note last night was most welcome, and I rejoiced at being wakened to receive it. The contents, however, are unfortunately not confirmed this morning; and I cannot but think it highly probable that M. Guizot is still in Paris. If he should be able, by a temporary concealment, to prevent himself from being torn in pieces by the mob, it would accord with his character and resolution to remain and meet his trial. I hope he may be better advised; but even if he should attempt to escape, it must be admitted that he would incur great danger.

Should you hear anything *certain*, pray have the goodness to inform me.

Very truly yours,
ABERDEEN.

The Vicomte de Jarnac has just told me that the King and Queen are arrived at Newhaven.

It will be unnecessary to trace in detail the disorders which broke out in other foreign countries—in Hungary, in Italy, and in Germany—in this year of European Revolution. At home the Government had to deal with the Chartists and Feargus O'Connor, and in Ireland with Smith O'Brien and Mitchel, agitators of a less formidable type than Mazzini and Kossuth.

Threats were freely made that London would be sacked and burnt some time in the month of April, and Delane received notice that *The Times* office was marked out for destruction.

The harmless explosion on Kennington Common¹ ended, however, not in smoke, but in ruin, so far as Chartism was concerned.

¹ April 10.

In Ireland Lord Clarendon had greater difficulties to contend with. In March the situation had become threatening, and, waxing bolder by the immunity enjoyed from prosecution, the treasonable Press of Dublin, headed by *The United Irishman*, exhorted the people to sweep the country clear of British butchers and plant the green flag of liberty on the Castle.

After the death of O'Connell the Young Ireland party, which did not endorse the Liberator's aversion to physical force, got the upper hand.

Mitchel, the editor of *The United Irishman* during its brief journalistic life of three months, having openly incited his countrymen to rebellion, was arrested in May, and Smith O'Brien's insurrection was suppressed in July, after the Habeas Corpus Act had been suspended. The House of Commons passed the Bill through all its stages at a single sitting.

The following letter from the Lord Lieutenant to Delane, besides giving a vivid account of the disturbed state of the country, sufficiently explains the promptitude with which he acted so soon as Parliament entrusted him with the necessary powers:

LORD CLARENDON TO J. T. DELANE

VICE-REGAL LODGE [DUBLIN],
July 27th, 1848.

MY DEAR MR. DELANE,

You have done us right good service here, and I am much obliged to you. The clubs here are in a state of rout, and the manner in which the Bill passed both Houses, the proclaiming Dublin, the search for arms, and a proclamation not of a very mild character I issued last night, together with an arrest or two to-day, have disconcerted the rebels, and inspired confidence among the classes who have anything to lose. Even the Ulster Repealers had begun to understand the real object of the movement, and to see that

the "three infamous days" of Paris were in store, not for Dublin only, but every city in Ireland, ending in a red Republic.

In the country, however, things are not going on so well. I have just heard (half-past 11 a.m.) that Smith O'Brien has at length taken the field, and in a fine uniform, armed with pike and pistols, and at the head of 2,000 armed men, had summoned the Police Station at Mullinahone (borders of Tipperary) to surrender. The force had been withdrawn fortunately, as there were only a few men, and we have called in all the small and outlying military and constabulary detachments. I don't vouch for the truth of the statement, but I think it must be true, for the Government reporter is just returned from Kilkenny, and heard it there from the County Inspector (of Constabulary).

Meagher and Dillon, who had been going about with O'Brien (eluding the warrants out against them all), had separated from him, each to bring up their respective forces.

If ever there was an utterly inexcusable traitor it is Smith O'Brien.

Every day brings to light fresh proofs of the extent to which the conspiracy has been carried, and the enormous preparations that were making to ensure the success of the Rebellion. If it had been allowed to go on till after the harvest, we should have had to reconquer the country—the amount of assistance received from America appears to be considerable, and sympathisers with whole cargoes of arms and ammunition are said to be on their way—a pretty outcry there would have been in the United States if an Englishman had taken any part against their abominations in Mexico, which did not belong to them!

I fear we have little chance of getting a bold jury to try Dillon and Co. on the 8th of next month. The Mitchel jury have been exposed to every species of insult and annoyance, and some of them have been seriously injured in their business. The most atrocious threats are now circulated against those likely to be on the next juries, and the shopmen who are members of clubs (and they all are) tell their masters the horrible fate in store for those who *permit the prisoners to be convicted*.

I think you might with excellent effect give a little advice to these men, and tell them that they are in the position of the National Guard of Paris, who, if they had flinched from their duty, would all have been *égorgés*. Some appeal to the courage they are destitute of, to the honesty they are deficient in, and to the sense of duty they laugh at, might make them act as if they were endowed with those qualities. If their vanity is flattered, too, by *the eyes of all honest men in Europe* being turned upon them, as the cause of order is the same everywhere, and all nations are now fraternising upon that desiderandum, they might be perjured into doing their duty.

The next fortnight or three weeks will be critical here. If I was a glutton for responsibility and anxiety I should have my fill.

Mr. Macdonald, I hear, is gone into the country. He was introduced to Mr. Redington, the Under-Secretary, and I shall at all times have great pleasure in being useful to him.

Believe me, my dear Mr. Delane,

Very truly yours,

CLARENDON.

Throughout the session *The Times* had been none too friendly to the Government, pointing out with equal force and truth that the prestige of Whiggery had been destroyed by the inevitable recourse to coercive measures in Ireland. Whig principles were at an end when a Whig Ministry was compelled to repeat the tactics of Addington and Pitt.

On the prorogation of Parliament *The Times*, in reviewing the blunders of the Government, asserted that it had only "limped through" the longest session of Parliament known to any living Member, that it had produced a four-fold Budget, each antagonistic to its predecessor, and a thrice-altered West Indian scheme which meant ruin to some of our oldest Colonies. Quoting Disraeli, the paper said that Parliament had treated the Ministry as the villagers

treated Don Quixote ; it was aware of their weaknesses, but at the same time it respected them.

On this, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Charles Wood, wrote the two following letters to Delane in defence of his colleagues :

SIR CHARLES WOOD TO J. T. DELANE

DOWNING STREET,
Wednesday evening [September 6th, 1848].

Having packed up all my papers preparatory to being off to-morrow morning, I have half an hour to spare, and I am encouraged by your friendly disposition to spend half an hour in writing to you on the tone of the article in this morning's *Times*, which is, I think, undeservedly bitter and hostile to the Government in more than one point ; and not only to the Government, but to the *party* now in Government. It is true that the Arms Bill of 1846 was thrown out : but that is in no degree inconsistent with the Bill of 1847. The first was, in the opinion of the Chief of the Police in Ireland, utterly inefficient, and the Curfew clause most unnecessarily arbitrary, useless for the purpose of preventing open and midday murder, and vexatious to the innocent. The Bill of 1846 would not have prevented any one of the murders of 1847. The Act of 1847 is confessedly perfectly efficient, and has answered its end.

The Incumbered Estates Bill is altered for the better, by introducing in the House of Commons enactments stronger than the House of Lords and the lawyers would stand. In no sense has it been mutilated. Then your article repeats over and over Lord George's nonsense of *four* budgets. The single alteration was the abandonment of the additional 2 per cent. Lord John stated the original intention of imposing that addition, the House and country, after a lapse of three or four days, repudiated, and this intention was abandoned, with an intimation, as Mr. Henley very fairly admitted the other day, which told everybody that I must borrow temporarily or permanently to cover past expenditure. In answer to a question from Gladstone I subsequently stated generally, what I afterwards repeated more at length, the reductions

which had been made, and the improved state of the revenue, but there was no alteration of purpose or intention from beginning to end except the abandonment of the 2 per cent. Income Tax. It was impossible in the state of Europe in March to say whether peace would be preserved, and I stated that I must reserve to the Government the option of proposing other additional taxation if necessary. When the prospects of peace were confirmed, I stated that I should not need the addition permanently, but the sole and single difference between the proposals of the beginning and end of the session is in the giving up the 2 per cent. Income Tax, and the reductions or postponements of expenditure which that entailed. I do not see in this "four antagonistic budgets." Nothing could be fairer than your article on the statement which I made on Friday se'nnight, but in to-day's there is, I think, an undeserved bitterness of censure.

We should have avoided interminable difficulty if we had done less for the West Indies. I do not defend the arithmetical blunders; there were several, though not as many as Lord George [Bentinck] maintained, because he was wrong in his assumed basis of calculation, but I have nothing to say for the inaccuracies which the persons employed to do simple rule-of-three sums fell into.

It is true that the Navigation Laws were given up. It was practically impossible to pass them, and it really would have been too ludicrous to waste time on an Irish Franchise Bill, in the middle of Irish insurrection. I agree that nothing is worse than a weak Government, but it is easier to blame a weak than to make a *strong* one. Sir Robert Peel made a strong one in 1841, and carried measures disapproved of by his own supporters, *thanks to our aid*. He destroyed his own child, and has succeeded very much in breaking up the party. But a strong Government never exists without party. All Governments make blunders—strong party attachment carries their supporters with them even when wrong; but when no strong party feeling exists, Governments are constantly exposed to risks, and the very feeling that the Government cannot easily be replaced encourages people to vote against it.

We made blunders enough and have a great deal to

reproach ourselves with ; but it is unjust to put upon the Government as a fault much which arises from the state of circumstances, and which in similar circumstances always has occurred, and always will occur.

It is quite true that the state of Europe has rendered opponents forthcoming. It is equally so that the state of Europe induced us to act as we might not have done but for the risk of changes at such a time.

I do not see the policy of discrediting the Government at the present time ; and I give you full credit for the most public-spirited views. I understand the *Chronicle's* writing us down if it can, because the spirit of its movers is to weaken the Government, and force themselves in. As far as I go, they are most welcome to our places whenever they can take them ; but as you truly say that a weak Government is a bad thing, surely to discredit it (except with a view to replace it by a better) is to make what you call a *bad* matter *worse*. In this point your practice is contrary to your precept. Turn us out if you will, and replace us by a *better* Government, but if that is not in immediate prospect don't injure the country by weakening the hands and damaging the character of the Government of the day, which, for the present at any rate, must remain where it is. This seems to me bad policy for the sake of the country.

I will not bore you further, but I think you will forgive me for writing frankly and openly to you on this matter.

Yours,
C. W.

SIR CHARLES WOOD TO J. T. DELANE

HICKLETON,
September 13th, 1848.

I am very much obliged to you, not only for your letter, but for its contents ; and for taking so kindly my comments on the article in *The Times*. The Whips have been called squeezable ever since Lord Melbourne's Government—why ? They have never commanded a *strong party majority*. Peel came in on a party struggle, and for a time his party adhered to him, almost in spite of their own opinions. He united from the most liberal conservative to the most bigoted

tory against a government branded as radical and free trade. He tried his party too high, and outbid his predecessors in free trade. He thus broke up his own party, and has left the free trade party broken into sections: (1) Peel's own friends; (2) the Government; and (3) Hume and Cobden—the first and last never unwilling to vote against the Government. Nothing but unerring wisdom could prevent scrapes with such materials of support, and then, instead of flourishing trade, general peace and speculation running wild, which for a time gives fictitious prosperity, come times more troubled than any since the war. This, I think, fully accounts for the present state of things. I am not insensible to the blunders we have made, but I think it required more wisdom than ordinarily falls to mortal men to steer clear through such a sea.

I do not think that anything wrong has been done in Italian or German politics. I think that it is very doubtful whether the guarantee of 1720 applies to the present state of things in Schleswig. It was directed mainly against claims by a rival branch, which have long since been extinguished, or relinquished. I am not much surprised at the Frankfort proceedings. I never had a good opinion of the new scheme of German policy, which is like many other crude German notions; but, on the other hand, they had much better come to their senses, or fall to pieces by themselves. External pressure is very apt to consolidate rickety concerns. We have now the Prussians embroiled with the empire. It is difficult enough, as you truly say, to foresee anything when the management is in the hands of such people, but I cannot think that any Frankfort Government can really carry on hostilities in the north. They can hardly be fools enough to provoke Russia, Sweden, England, and France—with half Germany not agreeing with them.

It seems to me, therefore, that after much bullying and bragging things must end peaceably. If Russia is sick of the war, nobody else can carry it on. You are quite right to speak of the Germans as you do—they deserve all the ridicule which can be thrown upon them, besides the severest censure for most unjustifiable conduct.

The greatest possible security for peace is the inability to maintain any serious war on the part of

most of the continental nations. A propagandist war is the only thing possible and to be dreaded; but Cavaignac seems determined, if possible, to avoid that. If Austria acts wisely that will be avoided, and if France quarrels with the Empire, it cannot be a war of principle.

Your West Indian article is very friendly. I feel very much for the West Indians, and can bear a great deal from people who are suffering so severely as they are. They are, however, unwise, I think, at present. They might in May have thought that they could get better terms from others. They can hardly think so, *now*, after Graham's declaration, and the speeches of Peel's friends. Cobden and Co. say to us, "You closed our mouths by giving way; if you had adhered to the Act of 1846, we would have fought your battle, and carried you through." Suppose we had resisted any change. We should, as you truly say, have had a much easier game. We might have gone out on a principle, and I much doubt whether even if a government had *been formed* to give greater protection, that it could have gone on. I should like to know if you hear anything from the West Indies that can be depended upon.

As for Irish railways, I am inclined to think that it would be a good thing to open the Western Railway to Galway, but I much doubt the wisdom of advancing public money. If the security is so good they ought to be able to borrow in the market. But there is the same objection that was felt so strongly in the City in 1847, that Government ought not to aid particular lines. I do not think that it is an effectual mode of relieving distress, for it does not reach the worst districts. Of course, any great work does good which furnishes employment, but I think John Bull has made up his mind to do nothing beyond what is indispensable for keeping body and soul together in the most helpless districts. That we must do to some extent, but beyond that they must find their own means. It is melancholy to see how all our efforts to aid them are perverted, and I am coming fast to the opinion that they must be left to struggle through on their own means chiefly. The more we help them, the more helpless they become. I can hardly conceive a line to Galway paying, as far as I can judge. That to Cork and Limerick probably will; but I should doubt the

extent of traffic from Galway and Mayo. It would bring fresh fish, and might civilise those western Celts, if it is in them.

It is a real pleasure to drive or ride through this country, and see fields of *green* potatoes.

Yours truly,
C. W.

Shortly after the prorogation the titular leader of the party, whose watchword had long been "A bloody war and a wet harvest," died suddenly in Clumber Park.

In estimating the character of Lord George Bentinck, Delane remarked that it is extremely difficult to gauge the ability of a public man who never held any official position whatever. Though for a brief space of time he blazed like a comet in the political firmament, he left no achievements behind him, and, at the present day, his name is perhaps chiefly remembered by his exploits on the turf.

In this connection we may add that when Disraeli was writing his *Life*, he consulted Delane as to the advisability of describing the racing side of his career, but was dissuaded from attempting it.¹ Delane well knew that Disraeli was wholly unacquainted with the simplest technicalities of the turf, and he was anxious to save his friend from falling into the many pitfalls which beset authors who will write of what they do not understand. At the same time a few judicious extracts from his stable accounts and betting books would have thrown some light on the interesting fact that, in an arena where simple-minded gentlemen almost invariably lose, Lord George was a considerable gainer!

When Delane at last got a holiday, he went to Ireland to attend the trial of Smith O'Brien at Clonmel.

¹ This deficiency has since been in part supplied by his trainer, John Kent, in *The Racing Life of Lord George Bentinck*, 1892.

In the first of two letters which he wrote to Dasent during his visit, it will be noticed that he refers to an earlier visit to Dublin. But of this no record has been preserved.

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

"EVENING MAIL" OFFICE, DUBLIN,
Saturday [?] September 30, 1848].

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I duly arrived here yesterday morning, having done the land journey at an average speed of thirty-six and the water at sixteen miles an hour. One is used to the express train, but an express steamer was an agreeable novelty to me. Fancy sixty-four miles of sea in rather less than four hours.

There is nothing to say about Dublin. It is just what I remembered it to be, except that it is now almost as full of troops as Paris. These and the desolate look of the place, the poverty of the shops and the heaps of idle people, are the only characteristics.

I had a long talk with Lord Clarendon to-day, much in the style of his letters. He anticipates all manner of calamities for the winter; the potatoes having indubitably failed as much as ever, and the grain crops being less than half an average, while the people are, he says, so thoroughly disaffected that many, even in the highest ranks, hesitated for a good while before the rebellion broke out to see which side would be the stronger, and would certainly support a republic or join an invading army if they saw a chance of its success. He expects a verdict in the O'Brien case, though the whole jury panel was regularly canvassed by the O'Brien family, just as if they were asking their votes for an election. The Catholics who were summoned all made excuses. Of course, however, he is glad to have an exclusively Protestant jury, and O'Brien, as a strong Protestant, has no right to complain. He has a scheme of Irish measures for next Session, which I have not time now to describe, as the post closes at half-past three. It does not strike me as particularly feasible.

There are two things in the O'Brien trial as reported in *The Freeman* which I think would be worth a little notice—one of Knox's half-columns. First, O'Brien's

attack upon Hodges, the Government reporter, for having acted as a spy, though it afterwards appears that he told O'Brien and the rest that he was sent to their meetings on the part of the Government; and secondly, Hodges' own insufferable stupidity in coming into Court without any of the documents which were necessary to render his evidence valuable.

There is great talk here of the universal mismanagement of Government business, and it might be as well to notice these Hibernicites.¹ It is said, too, that the man, Captain Somebody, to whom Macdonald gave the papers found on O'Brien, is wanting, having been despatched with his regiment to Plymouth, under the impression that his evidence would not be required, whereas it is evidently indispensable. This, however, may be a lie.

I dine with Sheehan, the proprietor of this paper (*The Evening Mail*), to-day, and with Lord Clarendon to-morrow. On Monday I think of going to Clonmel, and thence to Carrick, etc. The country is said to be quite safe except for the aboriginal squires.

I will write again in a day or two, and I hope in less extreme haste.

Ever yours,
J. T. D.

I see Brougham is going to publish a letter to Lord Lansdowne on the French Revolution. It would be a good subject for Tom [Mozley].

Please send a paper under cover to Tyrrell. The Irish papers would drive me mad if I had to read them regularly.

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

BESSBOROUGH,
Sunday [October 8, 1848].

MY DEAR GEORGE,

Instead of adding one to the Protestant congregation at Piltown this evening, I reply to your last (and only) letter, which reached me at Clonmel yesterday. I came over here directly after the verdict was delivered.

I think you managed the article about Irish taxation

¹ Word indistinct.

and the returns of stock transfers I sent you capitally. I like also the article on the O'Brien trial very much. In fact, *The Mail* of Friday, which I have just been reading here, is one of the very best papers I ever saw. Both the Irish articles are very good, and Tom's about France, or rather Parisian prosperity, capital. What a terrible bore that you cannot make some arrangement with your successor in No. 22. I wish we could hang him like Smith O'Brien.

One incident in this fellow's trial yesterday was almost theatrical in its effect. The Chief Justice was going on steadily in his summing-up when first one and then another of the prisoner's counsel left the court, until at last only one was left, and this one soon got up and begged the Chief Justice to suspend his charge. All the Court had observed what was going on, and the curiosity was most intense, the Irish imagination supplying at least one lie a minute in explanation of what was going on. At last the counsel returned, and then came a formal application that the Attorney-General should retire with them for a conference. They were absent half an hour, during which everybody was in suspense almost as painful as that of the prisoner, until at last all returned, and it was announced that a new witness was to be called by consent of the Crown. You will read what followed. Never, even in Ireland, was there such unflinching perjury. The "student of Trinity College" who was produced looked about as much of a gentleman as W. Marryatt (Caliban), and was about as clean and as well dressed. He had never really seen the informer whose evidence he was brought to invalidate, and so they smuggled him into court that they might point out the man he was to swear to. I saw it myself. The High Sheriff told me afterwards that the whole story was true, *except* that it was with another man that the conversations sworn to took place!

This is a very magnificent place: a fine old stone house strong enough for a fortress, beautiful terraced gardens, an immense park, and the finest mountain views imaginable. It was one of the places most menaced, and five hundred men are still under canvas in the park and a troop of artillery with two guns in the stables. Curraghmore, about six miles off, is yet more strongly protected.

I shall go there to-morrow on my way back to Clonmel, and proceed thence to Limerick and then by way of Galway and the Connemara country back to Dublin. I think, however, I shall be out at least a week longer if the weather continues fine.

Ever, dear George, yours very faithfully,
J. T. D.

With this exception Delane seems to have taken no regular holiday this year. He managed to get an occasional day's hunting, sometimes with the Old Surrey and sometimes with the Queen's staghounds in the forest country he loved so well.

Both he and Mowbray Morris were well-known followers of both packs, sending down their horses overnight in charge of their grooms, and travelling by rail themselves on the morning of the meet. "There goes the leading article!" was a frequent remark when either Delane or Morris was out.

One of the staunchest supporters of the Old Surrey foxhounds was Tom Hood, the Army contractor; and from him Delane learnt casually in the hunting-field that arms had been sent to the Sicilian insurgents with the connivance of Lord Palmerston, but unbeknown to the rest of the Cabinet.

In the autumn of 1848 the Foreign Secretary, who was fast becoming the idol of the middle classes, thought himself undisputed master of Sicily, Woolwich, and Downing Street; but when his colleagues became aware of the facts early in the Session of 1849, through the disclosures of *The Times*, Palmerston was compelled to apologise to King Ferdinand II. for what amounted to a breach of international law. This was one of those not infrequent occasions on which Downing Street trembled when Printing House Square thundered.

CHAPTER IV

THE RISE OF PALMERSTON

The Queen's visit to Ireland in 1849—Delane in Italy, 1849—No Popery (1850)—The Great Exhibition, 1851.

THE year 1849 was, on the whole, an uneventful one at home. Save for the extension of the principle of Free Trade to the merchant shipping industry, consequent upon the repeal of the Navigation Laws, and a full-dress Protectionist debate of two nights on a resolution moved by Disraeli but defeated by a majority of nearly two to one,¹ the Parliamentary session was not exciting; but Delane's private correspondence at this period affords increasing evidence of the growing ascendancy of Palmerston and his antagonism to the more pacific methods which had been employed by Lord Aberdeen in dealing with foreign affairs. Delane endeavoured, though without much success, to bring about a better understanding between the two, and deprecated the attacks upon Lord Aberdeen which appeared in the organs of the press controlled by his successor at the Foreign Office.

Writing on June 30, Lord Aberdeen says:

The Foreign Office have been rather tardy in making their attack, in answer to my speech on Monday, and altogether it is a strange jumble. My "violent temper" and "subserviency to all foreign Governments" do not accord very well together.

¹ July 2, 1849.

"Administrative incapacity" is a matter of course; but a comparison with the vigour, "discretion," and "success" of Lord P—— was scarcely to be expected.

Again he says :

The *success* is surprising, and I know not where it is to be found. In Portugal, Costa Cabral, officially proscribed by us, is made Prime Minister! In Spain, Narvaez, to overthrow whom every mode of attack was employed, is stronger than ever! The King of Naples is in possession of Sicily; and the refugees whom we have betrayed come here to curse us! Austria still holds Lombardy; and Charles Albert is dying at Oporto!

On another occasion Lord Aberdeen writes that "the business of the House of Lords is reduced to cross-questions and crooked answers."¹

From a friend in Dublin Castle Delane learnt all the details of the Queen's first and highly successful visit to Ireland. It was an anxious time for Lord Clarendon and those behind the scenes. The visit had been strongly opposed by some of the Cabinet, and looked coldly on by others. All threw the whole responsibility upon the shoulders of the Lord Lieutenant, and to him must be accorded the praise for this bold step.

It was a most exciting and laborious week, but its success of which was more than a reward for ten times as much toil. The visit has brought out all the best feelings of the people, and all the best qualities of the Royal pair. It is not unlikely that the events of 1848 all over Europe and in Ireland may

¹ Two very entertaining letters from Charles Greville to Delane, written in June 1849, referring to the Montemolin scandal, which was then agitating high society in Paris, are suppressed for the present, from a desire not to cause pain to the descendants of the English family concerned in it. In numerous instances throughout these volumes passages in letters are omitted for similar reasons, often without the use of asterisks.

have had a strong influence upon them, and have induced them to correct certain points of manner and general demeanour which had made them somewhat unpopular in former Scotch and German progresses; but whatever the cause, it is impossible to conceive anything more conciliatory and more judicious than their bearing throughout their Irish invasion. The Queen naturally was really delighted and overcome, for the feeling towards her increased hourly in warmth; and on the day of the review in Phoenix Park the outpouring of the national voice was quite unmistakable. Prince Albert, in his visits to public institutions, saw the right things in the right manner, and put his questions *en savant*; in fine, never was the rôle of Royalty better played.

In the autumn Delane paid his first visit to Italy, and, as usual, during his absence from England recorded his impressions in a series of letters to Dasent:

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

28, RUE DE RIVOLI, PARIS,
Wednesday [September 1849].

MY DEAR GEORGE,

We arrived here on Sunday night after a voyage which was absolutely agreeable and a very pleasant journey. The Woodhams came with us from Dover. The weather is most delightful and this place as charming as ever. We were at Versailles yesterday, the only piece of mere lionising I mean to attempt. We think of going southwards to-morrow, and, if so, shall probably be at Marseilles on Sunday. The rail and the rivers now carry us all the way, except about seventy miles of diligence. If there is no quarantine, we shall go to Rome; if there is, probably to Genoa, Florence, and returning by Switzerland and the Rhine. This place is, however, so delightful that it costs me a sad pang to leave it at all, and if I find that going to Italy involves any sacrifice of comfort, I shall return here without scruple.

O'Meagher¹ and his wife are great improvements

¹ *The Times* correspondent in Paris.

upon Mr. and Mrs. King. They dined with us at the Trois Frères on Monday, and she went with us to Versailles yesterday. His Spanish stories are among the best I ever heard.

How about the Grafton Street plate and my horse? If the latter is sold he ought to pay for the plate. A letter will find me either at O'Meagher's or at Mitchell's of Marseilles.

Ever yours,
JOHN T. DELANE.

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

MARSEILLES,
September 26, 1849.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I received here yesterday your two letters of Wednesday and Thursday last, and am truly glad to hear that all is going on so well with you. As to your bits of news, I lament John Walter's purchase of more land, am quite indifferent as to N.'s resignation, and think myself well rid of the horse at so good a price. Pray tell Tom Hood I am quite satisfied and much obliged to him. I have not seen a paper since I left, and am therefore profoundly ignorant of all except the little that the French papers vouchsafe us.

Our own movements since I last wrote are soon told. We came a hundred miles south last Thursday by an excellent railway to Tonnerre in four hours, went then seventy miles to Dijon in an execrable diligence in fourteen hours, thence by railway on Friday to Châlons, and by steamboat on Saturday down the Saône to Lyons. On Sunday we left Lyons at 5 a.m. by steamer down the Rhône to Avignon, left there yesterday by railway, and arrived here last afternoon. We are both delighted with this southern climate, and pleased with the easy and comfortable mode of travelling. For the last three days we have had Hardwicke, the Marlborough Street magistrate, with us, an old acquaintance and a very pleasant man.

We had hoped to find a steamer here which would have taken us without delay to Civita Vecchia, but it so happens that the cholera is raging here, and so both Sardinia and Tuscany have laid on quarantines which

derange all the communication. We have therefore to wait until Saturday morning for the French post-office boat, which goes straight to Rome, where the French have prohibited the Pope from imposing a quarantine. In the meantime, to avoid both cholera and mosquitoes, which are in high season here, we go to-morrow to the Iles Hyères by Toulon, and only return in time to embark on Saturday. This may seem as if I meant to outstay my time, and in truth the delay is very provoking, but I will so shorten my stay in Rome as to make all pretty nearly right.

Of course, it is hot enough here, but the town is a very striking place, and the Mediterranean, which I now see for the first time, delightful. It is pleasant to see a harbour which is always full, and actual olives and cypresses and canes growing.

I am, my dear George, ever yours,

JOHN T. DELANE.

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

MARSEILLES,
September 28, 1849.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

We are here again, having been compelled by that cursed quarantine to wait for the *Lycurgue*, a Government packet which sails to-morrow morning. In the meantime we have been at Toulon, Hyères, etc., all well worth seeing, the first for its arsenal and the French fleet which was lying there, and which we inspected; the second for its strangely southern climate. We were there yesterday and actually saw palm-trees flourishing and healthy in the open air, as well as all the large ferns, canes, etc., which one sees at Kew. The orange-trees were literally in orchards like apple-trees in England, and as full of fruit.

But—those d—d mosquitoes! I have seventeen large bites on my face alone and Fanny is even worse off. However, they don't go to sea.

The cholera has been very fatal both here and at Toulon, and the panic it has caused beyond imagination. More than 60,000 people are said to have bolted from here, and at Toulon they were shutting up their shops and leaving the town in swarms.

I hope you are going on all well. I wrote you a long letter on Tuesday, so I have the less remorse in making a short one now.

Always yours,
J. T. D.

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

ROME,
October 4, 1849.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

We embarked from Marseilles on the 29th and arrived at Civita the day before yesterday, after a very pleasant voyage. We stopped six hours at Genoa and at Leghorn, but the abominable quarantine farce was in full operation, and we had to lie in harbour all the while, tantalised with the lovely prospects which Genoa especially affords.

As to Rome, you will not suspect me of any very classical enthusiasm when I tell you that I don't think people generally have said enough about it. They have surfeited one with descriptions of the antiquities, but have not, so far as I have heard, done justice to the magnificence of the modern buildings and the beautiful combination of the two which every moderately extensive view affords.

Outside, St. Peter's is a humbug, not nearly so good as St. Paul's; the colonnade would dwarf the Tower of Babel and the great facade hides the dome, and is itself spoilt by being broken into three stories; *but* the interior beats all I had ever conceived of splendour and beauty. Its details are as perfect as if in a Dutch picture, while the proportions are too colossal to be realised in one visit. The arches of Titus, Constantine, and Antonine are all smaller than one expected, the first and last not apparently higher or larger than our Marble Arch, and not so well built. In that of Severus the pillars are of brick bound with iron, and faced with stucco on the most approved Grissell and Peto pattern.

Yours,
J. T. D.

His correspondence for the year is closed with a long letter from Lord Clarendon defending his administration of the affairs of Ireland:

VICE-REGAL LODGE, DUBLIN,
December 2, 1849.

MY DEAR MR. DELANE,

I send you the newspaper which contains the Monster Indictment against me, for as so much has been said lately of the "revelations" by which I was to be overwhelmed you may perhaps think it worth while to notice the matter in *The Times*.

It is now nearly a fortnight ago since the Northern Railways were benefited by the journeying up to Dublin of Orangemen of every degree to attend the Grand Lodge at Dublin, and publish the catalogue of crimes that was to consign me for ever to ignominious retirement.

Two or three days afterwards the town began to laugh at these gentlemen, who had the *naïveté* to make known their disappointment at finding a mare's nest instead of a Newgate Calendar, but as they were obliged to do *something*, and it took them some time to settle what it should be, they announced every day in their newspapers that they were examining witnesses, carefully preparing documents, and collecting all the circumstances of a case that would make the Queen ashamed of having such a representative.

After this protracted labour the mouse, though a *long* one, is exceedingly small, and consists altogether of accusations against me for having put any trust or confidence in such people as themselves. To a certain extent they prove that part of the case, as they show that their loyalty was only conditional and only proffered in exchange for arms, or money, or political status, or permission to abuse the late and present Government and the Roman Catholics, and it further appears that they ejected from their body a gentleman, Colonel Phayre, upon the mere suspicion that he had given information to the Government that might be useful for putting down rebellion.

The time at which I am accused of showing confidence in these persons was during the two months which succeeded the French Revolution, when *The Nation*, *The United Irishman*, and *The Tribune* newspapers were exciting the people to imitate the glorious example of the Continent, when instructions for throwing vitriol and hot oil upon the troops and strewing the streets with broken glass, and preparing

soda-water bottle grenades, were daily issuing from the press, when upwards of fifty clubs and several war committees met every night, and fresh shooting galleries were opened every day, when preparations were known to exist for setting fire to the town, and hordes of peasants from Wicklow and Meath were to come in to share in the plunder of Dublin, and when Smith O'Brien and his associates went as ambassadors to Paris to solicit French aid for the liberation of the Irish people. Now when all this was occurring and each post brought the news of some fresh and unexpected catastrophe on the Continent, when all England was in a state of excitement and London itself not safe until after April 10, but constant correspondence was kept up between the disaffected of the two countries, it was natural that I should not wish to increase the number of my enemies, and that fair words should have been given either by myself or those about me to any men who came forward in support of law and order.

There were, however, two things that I determined steadily to adhere to: (1) to give arms to nobody until the necessity for it was proved by actual and undeniable danger; and (2) to allow of no exclusive claim to loyalty, nor tolerate any insult from one class or party to another. Both of these the Orangemen of Dublin required at my hands, and both were peremptorily though courteously refused. They now affirm that both were more or less granted, and cite as their witnesses Major Turner, who is dead, and Captain Kennedy, who is in India, but they at the same time commit the blunder of quoting Lord Enniskillen (who was here with them last week), who applied to me himself and could get no satisfaction. This is quite true, and I may also add that he was so angry and impertinent at my refusal that if I had not known him to be a foolish, wrong-headed man, and he had not been dining with me, I should have desired him to leave the house.

It was then that Captain Kennedy advanced money, for the purchase of arms, which I never heard of till some time after, and not having made any inquiry on the subject before he left England with Sir C. Napier, I give you my word that I have no more idea than you have where that money came from, though I have some

reason to think that it was partly his own and partly Sir C. Napier's, who was in the habit of placing sums of money at his disposal for any useful purpose in Ireland. However, I have no *proof* of this, but in 1847 he gave £200 towards the Agricultural Instructors, which he told me was a balance of money from Sir C. Napier to dispose of as he liked.

Captain Kennedy is an able engineer and very enthusiastic in whatever he undertakes. He was at that time employed (voluntarily) in preparing for the defence of Dublin, and all his arrangements were regularly submitted to the Commander-in-Chief. When he found that no arms could be obtained from the Government he informed Colonel Phayre that he would be responsible to the extent of £500 or £600 (I forget which), but not for Orangemen only, according to a published letter of Colonel Phayre's, but for the well affected generally, and Colonel Phayre adds that Captain Kennedy distinctly told him the money did not come from the Government.

These Orangemen, however, would now have it supposed that they alone were loyal and that they alone were favoured by or in communication with the Government, but it was my constant endeavour to rouse every class of persons to a sense of duty, for all were at first panic-stricken and as if prepared for their throats being cut without striking a blow in their own defence, and I was constantly in communication with Liberals and red-hot Tories and staunch Repealers just as much with Orangemen—the colour or creed or politics of a man was nothing to me provided he had anything to lose and was prepared to defend it. I suggested a division of the city into different parts, that places of rendezvous should be appointed, that the gentry and shopkeepers should know beforehand upon whom they could depend, and that arms should be deposited in various parts of Dublin under charge of the military authorities, who would deliver them only in the event of an outbreak to persons responsible for their proper use and safe return. To all, however, I said that if these arrangements were conducted for party or sectarian objects, or that anything beyond mutual defence and protection was looked to, it would not only be discountenanced by me, but the Association would receive no protection from the Government.

The consequence of the Government assuming a firm and perfectly impartial attitude was that the evil-minded were scared from their purpose, and that, although Dublin was in as great danger as any town in Europe, it was almost the only one where during those three or four months there was neither a broken head nor a broken window, and the proofs of confidence were manifested in the most extraordinary and satisfactory manner. Addresses with thousands upon thousands of signatures came pouring in daily, expressive of loyalty and offering service of every kind. Every such offer was respectfully declined. It was stated that the Government relied upon its own ample resources to put down revolution, and felt strong in the assurances of support from the well affected of all *classes, creeds, and denominations*.

On all sides, however, by public bodies and private friends, by addresses and letters, by threats and entreaties, I was assailed for *arms*. It was the universal demand, while, on the other hand, I was urged by some of the highest authorities upon such matters to call out the Yeomanry. To all I said that *I* was responsible for the peace of the country, and that I would maintain it in the way I thought best; that if rebellion broke out or foreign invasion was apprehended, I should not hesitate to adopt extraordinary measures, but that no danger then justified them; that I looked beyond the present moment, and that after tranquillity was restored I hoped not to leave behind the seeds of rancour and sectarian animosity, which must be the case if one class was armed against another. At the same time, I took care to have arms throughout the country under the charge of military authorities, with proper instructions as to how and when and by whom they were to be used. But not a musket or a cartridge was given to *anybody* at *any time*.

Tranquillity *was* restored, and the events of last year were forgotten, because no party had been called on to act against another, and no vengeance remained to be satisfied. The Orangemen now claim the whole credit of the victory, as they call it, simply because they did not join in rebellion. The people of Cornwall might, upon the same grounds, boast of having preserved order in London on April 10. In point of fact, they were not particularly forward in the

north, although, no doubt, if called upon they would have done their duty ; but at the greatest meeting, that of Belfast, the requisition for which was signed by 130 persons, including all the leading men of the town, there were only nine who were even likely to be Orangemen. Of the sixteen speakers at the meeting, only one, the Vicar of Belfast, was an Orangeman. Four gentlemen were appointed as a deputation to the Lord Lieutenant, and not one of them was an Orangeman. I quote this from *The Northern Whig*, which adds that what it states respecting Belfast is substantially true of Ulster.

Because, however, an illegal procession takes place, that idiots and old men are slaughtered and old women are stabbed in their beds, and that in the performance of my duty I remove the magistrates who did nothing to prevent, but, on the contrary, promoted the disgraceful collision, I have been assailed with a ferocious malignity that, in order to believe, one must be in Ireland to see and hear it for oneself. I am accused of violating religion and loyalty in the person of Lord Roden, and this fine manifesto is issued in return for insult, injustice, and menace of which I am as guiltless as of conspiring to overthrow the Protestant religion, however manifest that appears to be to those who think the affair at Dolly's Brae a lawful triumph over a Papist foe.

I have inflicted an unmercifully long story upon you ; but I wished you to be *au fait* of certain facts, in case you should notice the Orange indictment.

If you have any curiosity about the working of the Encumbered Estates Commission, C——, who goes to London to-morrow, can give you some rather interesting information.

Believe me,

Very truly yours,

CLARENDON.

Delane seems to have preserved but few of the letters addressed to him in the first half of 1850, or it may be that by the accidents of time they have been lost since his death.

In ministerial circles he kept close relations with

Sir Charles Wood and with Lord Granville; but the icy manners of Lord John Russell precluded any approach to intimacy between the head of the Government and the editor of *The Times*.

Sir William Napier now first appears among his regular correspondents, and, from a number of letters which he wrote to Delane at this time, we gather that he did not hold a very high opinion of the native Indian Army:

You are quite right in supposing that the Madras and Bombay sepoys are better than the Bengal, and certainly my brother made them all fight well at Meanee and elsewhere. I will now tell you, however, that Lord Hardinge said to me very openly a few weeks ago: "After the battle of Sobraon I reviewed a native regiment and they cheered me, whereupon the commanding officer came forward and said, "Sir Henry, don't mind those cheers; these men are cowards." Before Sobraon the officers and soldiers of the European regiments entreated of me to let them do the business alone, and keep the black troops in the rear, for they were more hurtful than useful in a fight. I was told also that they fired over each other's heads and without looking at the enemy, and to prevent that I placed myself in front of their line as they advanced, and my staff rode along the line telling them they would kill the Governor-General if they fired without orders.

Delane constantly attended the House of Commons during the session, and was no doubt present at the great Don Pacifico debate in June,¹ when a contest of giants was waged for four nights, and Palmerston, with his back to the wall, rose to the greatest height of oratory he ever attained, speaking in his own defence for nearly five hours by the clock. Having been censured by the Lords, the Government was

¹ Initiated by "Old Tear'em," J. A. Roebuck, the independent Member for Sheffield.

half inclined to resign, Sir Charles Wood telling Delane that he was personally in favour of such a course, but that he allowed himself to be over-ruled by his colleagues.

The debate, which took the form of an exhaustive review of the whole foreign policy of England, brought the leading men of every shade of opinion not immediately connected with the Administration down to the House of Commons to condemn, with all the weight of their eloquence and experience, the foreign policy of the Ministry for the preceding four years.

The Peelites, in a solid phalanx, condemned Palmerston. Peel made his last speech in the House just before he was stricken down in the plenitude of his powers, and Gladstone one of the first of his greatest oratorical efforts.

Sir James Graham, who specially represented the views of Lord Aberdeen, having openly accused Palmerston of bringing about the overthrow of Louis Philippe, the Foreign Minister retorted :

It was my dislike to M. Guizot, forsooth, arising out of the Spanish marriages, which overthrew his administration and with it the throne of France ! What will the French nation say when they hear it stated that it was in the power of a British Minister to overthrow their Government and their Monarchy ? Why, sir, it is a calumny on the French nation to suppose that the personal hatred of any foreigner to their Minister could have this effect.

Striking the popular and personal note, which never fails to arouse the sympathies of the House of Commons, he went on to say :

The French are a brave, a generous, and a noble-minded people ; and if they had thought that a foreign conspiracy had been formed against one of their Ministers—I say, that if the French people had thought that a knot of foreign conspirators were

caballing against one of their Ministers, and caballing for no other reason than that he had upheld, as he conceived, the dignity and interests of his own country ; and if they had thought that a knot of foreign conspirators had coadjutors in their own land, why, I say that the French people—that brave, noble, and spirited nation—would have scorned the intrigues of such a cabal, and would have clung the closer to, and have supported the more, the man against whom such a plot had been made.

The Times, in reviewing the debate, remarked that, "with the exception of two or three expectant lawyers¹ and such statesmen as Monckton-Milnes and Bernal Osborne, not a single independent member of Liberal principles cared to do more than pay to his party the reluctant tribute of his vote."²

Some eight or ten Protectionists voted for Palmerston either from personal regard, or because, though they distrusted him much, they disliked Peel and Graham more.

The majority (of forty-six), continued *The Times*, "is probably just sufficient to enable Ministers to retain office without disgrace ; but they have received such a lesson on the conduct of the foreign relations of the Crown as the boldest of them will not readily forget."

From a letter of August 14 we trace the beginning of a long and honourable connection with Printing House Square, and the earliest germ of a friendship which endured to the end of Delane's life :

Mr. Lowe presents his compliments to the Editor of *The Times*, and regrets that his presence on the

¹ Presumably Page Wood, afterwards Lord Hatherley, and Cockburn, who was rewarded next year, for his defence of Lord Palmerston, with the post of Solicitor-General.

² Leading article in *The Times* of July 1, 1850.

Northern Circuit should have caused so much delay in answering his letter. Mr. Lowe will be very happy to undertake to write for *The Times* on any subject on which he possesses sufficient information.

About the same time Roebuck, who had been an occasional member of the staff, ceased to write regularly for the paper.¹

At the close of the Session the President of the Board of Trade (Henry Labouchere, afterwards Lord Taunton) wrote :

I cannot leave town without saying how much I feel obliged to you for the great share which you have had in the success of the Mercantile Marine Bill during the session which is about to close. It could not have been accomplished without the concurrence of men of all parties and the general approbation of the merchants and shipowners, and I am sure that the support you gave to the measure went a great way in producing these results. I am very sanguine as to the effects which it will produce upon our merchant service, and I believe that this Bill will ultimately outweigh many more specious measures in the degree of benefit which it will confer. I have selected the two best men that I could find to carry it into operation.

Delane remained in town throughout the hot season during Dasent's temporary absence in North Wales, and towards the end of September he took a house at Sandgate for a few weeks. In a letter of instruction on the policy to be pursued in his absence, he wrote to Dasent on September 24 :

Of course, nobody has very much love or respect for Louis Napoleon, but *there he is*, a political necessity for the time. The French have chosen him, and may, if they like, depose him ; but it is no business of ours to do so, nor is any English interest involved either in his downfall or the elevation of any other chief.

¹ Letter to Delane in the autumn of 1850.

During his absence from London was issued the Papal Bull, creating a Roman Catholic hierarchy in England. In the course of the next few months it gave rise to a wave of intolerance almost incomprehensible when viewed in the light of subsequent events. So bitter, and we may add so ignorant, was the feeling against Rome, that the Low Church Party, in its haste to denounce the Pope and all his works, professed to believe that the fires of Smithfield were within measurable distance of being relighted. But before commenting on the action of the Government in the next session, when "No Popery" was chalked on every dead wall in London, it will be necessary to revert to the attitude of *The Times* towards Palmerston, and to the remarks of Lord Aberdeen upon his conduct of foreign affairs.

On November 8 *The Times* in its first leading article said :

We have no doubt whatever that Lord Palmerston will eventually recognise the restored German Confederation, but it will be with this difference, that he will be compelled by the force of events to accept with reluctance what he might have promoted with eagerness ; for if the part he has taken in the affairs of Germany had been as far-seeing and practical as it has been blind and petulant, we should not now have to regret the humiliating extension of Prussian ascendancy over the whole of Germany, nor should we have any reason to deplore the means by which even this pacification has been effected.

We are persuaded that the Emperor of Russia owes a great portion of his ascendancy in Germany to the eccentric and unfriendly attitude of England. Lord Palmerston courted, it is true, the revolutionary party and its leaders with incredible eagerness and credulity.

This fresh attack upon Palmerston was very embarrassing to the Government and irritating to

the friends of the Foreign Minister, but Delane was, we think, acting within his right when he pointed out the menace to the peace of Europe caused by the prodigious diplomatic advance of Russia. The visionary schemes of Prussia had received a check from Prince Schwartzenberg, whose high-handed and absolutist policy in Austria at this time closely resembled the predominance of Bismarck's influence in Prussia in later years.

Lord Aberdeen, as might have been expected, was well pleased with Delane's attitude on foreign affairs.

On November 10 he wrote to the editor as follows :

LORD ABERDEEN TO J. T. DELANE

HADDO HOUSE,
November 10, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,

I need not tell you that I have been a careful reader of *The Times* since we parted ; and I am happy to say that in those subjects which specially interested me it has always been with pleasure and generally with entire concurrence of opinion. I may occasionally have felt some slight misgiving, but on the whole I think your French, German, and Danish politics have been perfect.

I write to you now in consequence of an excellent article in the paper of Friday last, upon which I am desirous of making some observations.

The substance of the Warsaw Conferences appears to be pretty well known to the public, and indeed must be obvious from the result we have witnessed ; but I think you may like to be accurately informed of the precise engagements entered into, an account of which I have just received from the very best authority.

Prussia renounces the project of unity, and Austria agrees to the Free Conferences for the purpose of adopting improvements and modifications in the system of the Confederation. These conferences are similar to those which took place, I think, in 1820, and imply the recognition of the Federal Union as

established in 1815. Many important measures were adopted at the former conferences.

Russia acknowledges the Diet of Frankfort, and the right of the Diet to interfere in Hesse on the demand of the Elector. The Emperor contests the right of Prussia to oppose the action of the Federal troops thus legitimately entering the country; but as the question is purely German he contents himself with giving his moral support to the policy of Austria, as a party to the Treaty of Vienna, but will take no further step in the affair, leaving it to be settled by the German states. Should any other foreign Power interfere he will at once take part also.

The case of Holstein is different. Russia is bound by treaties, as well as other Powers, to maintain the integrity of the Danish provinces, and might in consequence interfere for the purpose of restoring peace; but the Emperor is willing to abstain from this, and to allow the Confederation, as the party primarily interested, to accomplish it. If the Federal troops should be opposed in executing this duty, either by Prussia or any other Power, his forces will immediately advance to their assistance.

These are the main decisions which have been adopted at Warsaw, connected with these questions, so long the subject of alarm to Europe.

In treating of this matter I think you have scarcely done justice to the Emperor Nicholas, and to the great moderation and prudence with which he has acted. I really do not know if I had to chalk out a line of policy for him to pursue in what respect I should wish it altered. He has chosen the course most consistent with justice and the faith of treaties, and has followed it with singular forbearance and disinterestedness. I trust he will finally succeed in rendering those great services, for which the civilised world will have reason to be grateful.

Although not so much alarmed as many at the increase of influence which Russia will justly acquire in Europe, I confess that I should willingly have seen these services performed by other hands. It cannot be denied that the German Powers must be greatly humiliated; for however just and reasonable the settlement of their affairs may be, it has been imposed upon them by the intervention of a Power from whom they

have as much to fear as to hope. Had we filled our proper station, and followed our ancient policy, this was precisely the case in which our influence would have been predominant. Had we not been detested by some, and distrusted by all, we might have shared the honours and influence of Russia, or even have been the sole arbiter, and the decree would not have been attended with the humiliation of knowing that it was supported by the presence of two hundred thousand men. Instead of this, we have been mainly instrumental in producing the increase of Russian influence. It should never be forgotten that by our encouragement of the unprincipled attack upon Austria by Piedmont, we paralysed the Austrian forces in Italy, and rendered necessary the entrance of the Russians into Hungary.

We might have checked the Schleswig-Holstein war at its commencement, by a plain and intelligible language addressed to Prussia, consistently with our own guarantee and the interests of Europe, whereas our useless and ineffectual mediation has been the chief means of continuing the war for nearly three years. If ended at all, it will really be ended by Russia; for although an Austrian Commissioner, as the organ of the German Confederation, will ostensibly restore peace, his success would be very improbable without the support of Russia, in case of need.

This is really a great moment for the Emperor. As yet he has shown no signs of a disposition to abuse the power with which he is invested, and I hope we may see a continuance of the same wisdom and moderation.

I heartily rejoice at the defeat of the grasping and reckless ambition of Prussia, which has been too apparent to allow any impartial man to be deceived.

The death of Count Brandenburg is a great misfortune. The King was much under the influence of his high character and firmness; but weak as he is, he may now more readily listen to desperate advisers.

It seems to me that the great practical measure to which our Government ought to be driven is the immediate recognition of the Diet at Frankfort. This has already taken place by Russia, and the Confederation is exhibiting unequivocal proofs of its

vitality and force. It must be done before long, and the earlier the better, as it may encourage Prussia to follow our example. I apprehend there can be no hesitation on the part of France. You have already adverted to this subject, and I am sure it is one on which your exertions will prove eminently useful.

Believe me, my dear sir,

Ever truly yours,

ABERDEEN.

While Europe remained at peace, it had only seen war averted by the intervention of Russia. Prussia, temporarily surrendering her ambition to be at the head of a new German unity, left Schleswig-Holstein to fight its own battle, and France was enjoying a feverish repose.

The Times was filled¹ with letters of alarmed Protestants consequent on the issue of Cardinal Wiseman's celebrated Pastoral.

With a view to stem the tide of intolerance Delane inserted a letter² from the able pen of Charles Greville deprecating the revival of sectarian animosity so alien to the true spirit of Christianity.

At the same time Disraeli, the would-be appropriator of new-found political capital, endeavoured to turn the wrath of the people from the Pope to the Government of the day³ by calling public attention to Lord Clarendon's treatment of the Catholic hierarchy in Ireland, though, as a matter of fact, as stated by Delane, Sir Robert Peel had recognised the status and precedence of the Roman Catholic prelates long before Lord Clarendon took office.

The following letter, written immediately before

¹ At the close of 1850 and the beginning of the new year.

² December 9, 1850.

³ Letter to *The Times* published, appropriately enough on Guy Fawkes' Day, 1850.

the meeting of Parliament, sufficiently explains the views of the Lord Lieutenant on Papal aggression :

LORD CLARENDON TO J. T. DELANE

DUBLIN CASTLE,
February 2, 1851.

MY DEAR MR. DELANE,

You of course know all the row that has been made about my letter to Dr. Murray, in which I violated the law by giving him an illegal title, and my submitting the College Statutes to the sanction of the Pope, and how I thereby insulted the Crown and dignity of England, and induced the Pope to condemn the colleges, and was the cause of his re-establishing the Roman Catholic hierarchy in England, etc., etc.

I have written to Lord Lansdowne stating that I never addressed a line to Dr. Murray, and therefore did not give him an illegal title; that I never asked the Pope's sanction to the Statutes at all, but after they were completed and agreed to I accepted the offer of Dr. Nicholson, Archbishop of Corfu, to take with him an extract respecting religious instruction and discipline in order to show the complete falsehood of the reports upon which his (the Pope's) condemnation was founded. Dr. Nicholson fell ill in London, and Dr. Murray dispatched a clergyman from hence to Rome, who took with him a copy of my private letter to Dr. Nicholson (given at Dr. Nicholson's request to serve as a guarantee that the extract was genuine), and prefixed it to the memorial he addressed to the Propaganda; but thought himself justified in changing the address from Dr. Nicholson to that of Dr. Murray—Nicholson being still absent. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*

Lord Lansdowne will read my letter in the House of Lords if the matter is brought forward there, and in that case I shall be greatly obliged by your noticing it, as a most absurd importance has been given to the letter, and it is still the staple commodity at all the Protestant and anti-Papal meetings here.

Lord Roden (who will never forgive or forget his removal from the Commission) published the letter in *The Evening Mail* two months ago, and attacked me most malignantly at the Belfast Protestant meeting,

pretending he had never seen the letter before, whereas, having been circulated at Rome, it was republished in the English and Irish newspapers, and was made the subject of a question by Grogan, M.P. for Dublin, on August 16, 1848, and Lord John answered him at some length; but the fact is that at that time Roden and Co. thought they were about to have their throats cut, and instead of quarrelling with the Government they were begging for arms and to have the old Yeomanry called out for the suppression of rebellion.

Things are changed now, however, and there is the double object of revenging Dolly's Brae and of making it appear that I am concerned with the "aggression" by using my letter at this particular moment and pretending that I now feel towards the Pope as I expressed myself at the beginning of 1848, when everybody throughout Europe was singing his praises as an enlightened reformer who in the face of great difficulties, foreign and domestic, was acting on his conviction of what was right.

Pray excuse my troubling you with such a long story at this busy moment.

Very truly yours,
CLARENDON.

But the fear of Rome was so instilled into the public mind that when the Queen opened Parliament she was received with angry cries of "No Popery." Lord John Russell sank to the occasion, and introduced the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill.

But while nothing can be more complete as a demonstration of opinion than the gigantic majority¹ [438 to 95] in the House of Commons, it must be fairly admitted that we have not advanced a single step towards the ultimate settlement of the question. Although the Second Reading was so triumphantly carried, the Ministerial Bill has really no supporters.²

¹ For the Bill.

² Leading article in *The Times*, March 27, 1851, on the second reading of the Bill.

It tendered a false issue, not whether the Pope had any right to found bishoprics and create bishops within the realm of another sovereign, but whether British subjects ought to be allowed to bear the titles derived from such bishoprics.

This was also the view taken by Gladstone, and though the Bill passed into law, it was allowed to be a dead letter from the day it was placed upon the Statute Book.

Before the question of Papal aggression was disposed of, Disraeli made his annual assault on the Free Trade settlement of 1846, and obtained at least his annual success. He showed that he could command a force only fifteen short of a majority against a Ministry which, except by temporary alliances with the Peelites, could scarcely secure a majority at all.

Defeated on Mr. Locke King's motion to introduce a Bill for assimilating the county and borough franchises, Lord John Russell made up his mind to resign. Writing to Greville, he said: "*The Times* has passed sentence of death on the Administration, and it is most likely that it will be executed speedily." He endeavoured, but without success, to form an alliance with Lord Aberdeen and Sir James Graham.

At half-past four Delane came into my room, straight from Aberdeen. Aberdeen told him that he was still engaged in this task, but, he owned, with anything but sanguine hopes of success. Delane said he hoped if he did succeed he would not overlook the numbers and importance of the Liberal party.¹

As Lord Stanley was unsuccessful in forming an alternative Administration, Her Majesty's former Ministers resumed their places. It will be noticed that this attempt at a fusion between the Whigs and

¹ Greville *Memoirs*, February 25, 1851.

the Peelites, which might have succeeded but for the objections of Lord Aberdeen to the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, was the direct forerunner of the coalition effected a year later.

Public interest in the further legislative attempts of the Government was impeded by the holding of the Great Exhibition of 1851—the first of the World's Fairs which were to bring about universal peace and amity.

Delane, who attended the opening, remained in Serjeants' Inn throughout the summer. Writing to Dasent in August, he says :

The town is less like London than you could imagine—a wonderful mixture of English smock frocks and the blouses of every European capital.

In September he wrote :

There is literally no news out of the office and the other papers are most wretched. I was riding in the Park to-day, one of six, of whom Mowbray Morris and Jackson were two, and Karslake and Barker two others. In fact, at six o'clock on a fine evening there was only one stranger in the Row. I confess I rather like it, though the streets are as full of strangers as ever.

The only piece of news is that Sydney is discovered to be a kind of Californian Main—twice as much gold and twice as pure. One would have thought that all the pick-pockets we have sent there would have found out even base gold long since. Perhaps it was the purity that deceived them !

You will see the Spaniards have been doing some real Spanish justice at Havanna. I respect them for being the only European people who would have the courage to perpetrate such an enormity.

Dasent took over the direction of the paper in October, and Delane went abroad, visiting, in the course of a six weeks' holiday, the Rhine, Munich,

Innsbruck, Venice, Vienna (where he had an interview with Schwartzberg), and Dresden.

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

HEILBRONN,

Wednesday, October 8, 1851.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I am stuck up here for a few hours and so improve the occasion to tell you of our progress thus far. We had a rough but quick passage to Calais this day week, went on next day to Liège, and thence on Friday to Cologne. The weather was nothing less than perfect—just what we had in London a month since—and so, instead of hurrying onwards, we dawdled a day at Königswinter and Coblenz, whence we came straight through to Heidelberg on Monday. Yesterday was our first wet day, and now it seems likely to clear up again. I never saw the Rhine or Heidelberg in greater beauty, and perhaps enjoyed it the more as the great stream of travellers has passed and all the places are comparatively empty. There are literally no English, and I fancy the hotel people have made a very poor harvest. In fact, on the Rhine the trade is altogether overdone. It would require a whole nation to fill all the hotels. There were plenty five years ago, but now there are at least twice as many; all I have seen more cleanly than before but decidedly less liberal in their *tables d'hôte* and general arrangements. The towns are all improved; Cologne has widened some of the narrowest streets, greatly to the detriment of the picturesque, and the shops both there and at Frankfort are much more splendid. Another symptom of improvement is that there are fewer priests and fewer soldiers. Of course there are plenty of the latter at Coblenz and Mayence, and a sample of every German army at Frankfort; but one hears less drumming, and does not see so many about the streets as before. John Walter thought our "Exposition had not made much sensation." My impression is quite the contrary.* Almost every respectable person I have met has been to London, and, strange to say, they all declare themselves pleased not only with the show, but with their treatment there. One little German, who had spent

two hundred thalers on his trip (which he seemed to think about equivalent to the National Debt), declared that it was worth twice the money to see London and drink "pale ale." We hope to get to Ulm to-night, and to Munich to-morrow, where I shall hope to find time for another letter or two, as well as to receive one from you.

It would be absurd of me to write about things in England, for I have seen no paper so late as the one I brought with me.

I am always, my dear George, as ever,

Yours,

JOHN T. DELANE.

The German is tolerably prosperous, and it need be, for here they speak not one word of French and much faster and less distinctly than on the Rhine.

You will find a *short* review of Samuel Phillips' on my dressing-table in an india-rubber band, if you are in want of something spicy. Murray's republication makes a pretty book, and I have read over two or three of the articles with much pleasure.

* I have just seen in this out-of-the-way place a book of London cab-fares and a German guide to the Exhibition.

VENICE,

Thursday, October 23, 1851.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I yesterday received your two most welcome letters, and thank you heartily for them. I am rejoiced to hear you are going on so well, and now that we have reached the limit of our wanderings I am beginning to feel a little impatient to return. I am sorry for poor old Reventlow. Will not Bielke have a chance of succeeding him? I have not even yet seen a paper, so that your letters give me all the news I receive except a little *table d'hôte* gossip now and then. As to Kossuth, I am glad he has been damaging himself, for there has certainly been for some time a reaction in favour of the Brummagem heroes of '48 and '49. Here, everything is perfectly quiet, and a proclamation on all the walls gives amnesty to political offenders of, so far as I can

see, every class, and declares the liberation of all confined or under sentence since or during the siege. Radetsky, however, was here yesterday and has ordered a new fort right in front of the Mole on the island of St. George's, which will rather interfere with the picturesque. Certainly of all people in the world none are so timorous as these Austrians. They have a huge garrison here, and indeed everywhere, principally Hungarians and Croats, but are as busy with ramparts and ditches as if one of the 12,000 here was not more than enough to overpower the whole city. It is the same at Verona, and indeed everywhere.

You would have been amused to see the exercise of the censorship on Tuesday upon my rather miscellaneous collection of books. The censor did not understand English, and so suspected them all to be dangerous. At last he selected for seizure a couple of Railway Novels, Lord Mahon's "45," and your German grammar! At this last everybody laughed so much that with many misgivings he gave up the whole.

The first aspect of Venice from the railway station, or, indeed, as seen for the first time from a gondola along the canal, is not encouraging. Besides its natural air of desolation and the almost supernatural quiet which an exclusively water traffic produces, all this side has been a good deal marked by the Austrians in the siege, and we were decidedly disappointed until we got to the port, when, indeed, the effect was much more splendid than anything I had expected. Every step I have since gone has added to my admiration, everything I have seen has surpassed my anticipations. But the mosquitoes !!!

I can't tell you how delighted we were with the Tyrol, especially the Italian side of it. The published descriptions give no idea of its beauties, and I say this though we were compelled by the lateness of the season to come by the Brenner instead of by the Stelvio, which was choked with snow. The difference of climate is remarkable. At Innsbruck the evenings were so cold that we even thought of having the stoves lighted, and actually went to bed to get warm, while here the temperature is that of our July, and I dodge about the Place of St. Mark to keep in the shade. But for the mosquitoes the place would be another

Paradise, but it is clear that Byron, Moore, and Rogers had all thick skins. How can one admire this glorious climate and transparent atmosphere when that very atmosphere is full of such venomous monsters? I almost hate the lovely green water which is rippling some sixty feet below my window because I fancy that the mosquitoes flourish about it. Certainly they are worst near the water, but one does not come to Venice to live on land.

Except for these small plagues, however, we are both very well, and so may not, perhaps, earn so large a share of your compassion as we deserve. I am glad to hear all is well in No. 10. I suppose there are no pens there or that everybody forgot how to write in Norfolk. I am, as ever, my dear George,

Yours,

J. T. D.

VIENNA,

Monday, October 28, 1851.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I came up here from Trieste, *viâ* Laibach, yesterday and only learnt this morning from *Galignani*, and since then from Bird,¹ of the row which Kossuth's arrival has created in England and of the row against us.

I am afraid all this has annoyed you sadly, but I hope you have made Reeve, on whom the burden justly lies, come up and bear it. If not, send for him at once and peremptorily.

I can scarcely hope to hear from you here, though I most anxiously desire it. I feel inclined from what Bird says to start off home at once, but perhaps I may be of more use here in cross-examining him. Like all people who have lived long abroad, it is hard to get *particulars* from him, but I will do my best.

Don't be cast down by the abuse of the other papers; they can't hurt us materially, and the interest is manifest to everybody. Besides, how few see them!

Bird tells me frightful things of some pamphlet which I have not yet seen, accusing us all of bribery.

I am, as ever, my dear George,

Yours,

J. T. D.

¹ *The Times* correspondent in Vienna.

Once more, don't let the bullying of *The Daily News* annoy you. It is Reeve's battle; let him fight it.

Take, however, Mozley into your counsels; I am sure you may trust him entirely, and let him write on the English passion for foreign refugees, reminding him of the enthusiasm in 1808 for the Asturian deputies and the small sympathy or thanks we found in Spain for our interference. We have interfered everywhere and been thanked nowhere. Bird professes confidence, but his charges against Kossuth are all of a private nature.

VIENNA,
November 1, 1851.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I saw Count Zichy this morning and heard his story, which is certainly precise enough, as to the abstraction of his jewels by Kossuth. These jewels formed part of a most magnificent set of ornaments for a Hungarian dress, and he showed me not only a casket from which the biggest of some immense diamond buttons had been taken, but the empty sockets in a belt and other ornaments from which large emeralds had been forced, all these things having been, as he alleges, in Kossuth's personal possession, and the missing stones having been since, in one way or other, traced to his hands. This Zichy is the brother of the one whom Görgey hanged, on whose death this one came into possession not only of all this finery, but of very large estates.

As Bird has probably informed you, there was a project for collecting a number of great Hungarian names to a repudiation of Kossuth, but this scheme has now dwindled down into a proposal that old Paul Esterhazy, who was a kind of Lord Grey in the first Hungarian Cabinet, should write letters to the Duke and Lord Melbourne stating the reasons of his separation from Kossuth, and expressing very disadvantageous opinions of Kossuth's private and political honesty. I am to see the old man to-morrow, but I don't think much will come of the scheme, although Bird and Zichy and the rest of them make no doubt of their ability to get the letters written. If

they are sent, we must make Greville get copies of them, unless, indeed, I can get them here.

I am amused at Kossuth's proposed intention to return to the United States. The American Minister here told me this morning that he had offered to pledge himself that Kossuth should go straight to the States, and that the Americans would not have sent him a dollar or lent him a cock-boat if they had thought he was to return to England. With such a reception as our fools have given him I should not wonder if he refused to cross the Atlantic at all.

However, you have more than enough of all this at home, so I will bore you no more about it. Only take care that Reeve is not too reactionary. We get no good by it either here or at home—not here because there is nobody to read us, and not in England because our own dear public likes to see discord and revolution abroad, however little it may care for liberalism itself.

We leave here on Monday for Prague and Dresden, and hope to be on the following Sunday at Cologne. If so, we shall be at Ostend on Monday night and in town on Tuesday, so as just to fill up the six weeks. I am a little disappointed in Vienna, but in fact Venice spoils one for everything else, and, though I have not been able to do much, this Kossuth business has prevented me from working hard at sightseeing. The weather, too, looks damp and dismal after Italy, so that altogether I shall not be inconsolable when my holiday is over.

I am, as ever, my dear George,

Yours,
J. T. D.

LEIPSIK,
Friday, November 7, 1851.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

You will have heard from Bird how little all that business in Vienna came to, so I will only tell you that I had a long interview with Esterhazy, and one yet longer with Schwartzberg, neither of which produced any result. So, as the weather was detestable, and Vienna itself rather a failure, we left it last Tuesday in a snowstorm which lasted all day, and

got to Prague that night. On the following day we reached Dresden, and after devoting all yesterday and the little daylight till this evening to the galleries, we came on here. To-morrow we go to Hanover, on Sunday to Cologne, on Monday to Ostend, and on Tuesday, the last day of my six weeks, I hope to have the happiness of seeing you again.

It will look odd that one should be within so few miles of Berlin and not go there, but the weather is such that folks stare to see people travelling at all. The country is covered with snow, and the air so thick with it that there are scarcely more than eight hours of what can be called daylight. You may fancy how cold it is except close to the stoves, and yet it is barely a fortnight since I could not stand a waistcoat at Venice. I rejoice hourly that I turned to the left instead of the right there and had not the Alps to cross. It makes me shudder to think of the Simplon in such weather.

I have been more delighted than I can tell you with Prague and Dresden—the one for its galleries, the other for its situation—but Vienna is certainly disappointing, as any city must be five-sixths of which is permanently out of town. What remains is dirty, noisy, and narrow; the suburbs are separated from it by lakes of mud, and are like overgrown watering-places. Altogether, I like it less than any capital I have seen.

I shall hope to find the Kossuth excitement on the wane. All the articles I have seen in *Galignani* have been excellent, but the row seems to have been serious. I only hope you have been resolutely backed.

Yours,
J. T. D.

N.B.—It's all stuff about Austria and passports. I never had so little trouble or paid so little money.

The Italian correspondent of the paper, writing in October, sent to the editor a very interesting account of the views of the Czar Nicholas on the European situation. Speaking to Nesselrode, he said that he would not allow the blood of a single foreign soldier

to be shed within French territory, but that, supported as he was by Prussia and Austria, he would spare no effort to restrain the revolution within that limit. A large Prussian army was in readiness to march on the Rhine, and the Swiss and Piedmontese frontiers were guarded by an even larger Austrian force. Speaking of Louis Napoleon and his supporters, the Czar said, "France of 1851 is not the France of 1792. Let the rascals stew in their own gravy."

Throughout the autumn *The Times* maintained its independent attitude towards the Government. It especially blamed Palmerston, though at the loss of some popularity, for his encouragement of Kossuth.

Often, however, as Lord John found himself out of sympathy with his Foreign Secretary, no open rupture had yet occurred between the two. But when, in its second edition of December 2, *The Times* announced—in a message received by the new electric telegraph, which had just been laid between England and France—that Paris was in a state of siege, and that the President had re-established universal suffrage and appealed to the people, it soon became evident that the popular belief in Lord Palmerston's invulnerability was about to receive a severe shock.

An anxious Christmastide was in store for Delane, though the catastrophe which he had so long confidently predicted could not have taken him by surprise.

At a Cabinet Council held on December 22, it was remarked with surprise that Palmerston was not present. "We are enabled to announce that from the day on which that Cabinet was held, Viscount Palmerston ceased to hold the office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, or to be a member of Her Majesty's Government."¹

¹ Leading article in *The Times*, December 24, 1851.

The paper went on to insist that from one reason or another (principally from his recognition of the *coup d'état* and the consequent establishment of a military despotism in Paris), his administration of foreign affairs had left him without an ally in Europe, and as some thought without a friend.¹

But at the very moment of Palmerston's fall, which many shrewd judges deemed to be final, Delane called attention to the indefatigable activity he had shown in the public service, the vast capacity for work, the courage in presence of danger, and that charm of social manner which had made him, in spite of his errors, a prime favourite with the House of Commons and of one great party in the State.

Returning to Delane's ever-increasing private correspondence, we find that Disraeli, as on the occasion of the publication of *Coningsby*, was prepared to be dissatisfied with the treatment which his Life of Lord George Bentinck might receive from *The Times*. He wanted to select his own reviewer, and though Delane's answer to the Hatfield letter is wanting, we can see from Disraeli's second communication that his suggestion had not met with the editor's approval.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI TO J. T. DELANE

HATFIELD,
December 8, 1851.

DEAR DELANE,

We shall be in town on Thursday (on our way back to Bucks) for a few days, when I hope I may see you and have some conversation. I was going to call on you as we passed through, but the French Revolution arrived the same day, and I knew too well how

¹ For a valuable summary of the events of the month, see Mr. Herbert Paul's *History of Modern England*, vol. i. pp. 234-6, and for a flood of light on the subject of the *coup d'état*, De Maupas's *Mémoires sur le Second Empire*.

you would be engrossed to trouble you with speculations, then, on domestic politics.

Why I trouble you with this note now is with reference to a very minor affair.

Mr. Phillips has applied to Colburn for an early copy of a book I am about to publish, called *Lord George Bentinck*, on the plea that he is the critic of *The Times*. I don't grudge Mr. Phillips his volume or wish to depreciate his critical powers in *rebus litterariis*, but in that confidence which has always prevailed between us, and which, I trust, under all circumstances, will never falter, I venture to observe that I do not think that Mr. Phillips's pen is exactly the one suited for the contemplated operation. The book is the parliamentary history, and perhaps something more, of three eventful years, written, I would fain hope, with the impartiality of the future, as well as some knowledge of the subject. It requires for its critic a man *up to snuff*; a man of the world and learned in political life—such a man, for example, as Charles Greville.

I have no interest in mentioning him, as he had a feud with his cousin Lord George, and my acquaintance with him is not intimate, but he understands the subject, and would take the right tone.

On my return to town, I shall take my chance of finding you at home, probably Friday; two o'clock is, I think, your hour.

Yours sincerely,
D.

HUGHENDEN MANOR,
Christmas Day, 1851.

MY DEAR DELANE,

I am afraid my stupid suggestion from Hatfield annoyed you, and perhaps justly, though that could hardly be the intention of anything written in so unreserved, and so thoroughly friendly, a spirit.

So comparatively trifling a topic ought not to have been obtruded on you at a moment when, between *coups d'état* and cabinets in confusion, your brain and time must have been alike taxed.

I should be really vexed to annoy you, because you so frequently, and so judiciously, aid me from your own impulse, of which, believe me, I am very sensible.

I was unfortunate in not finding you at home when I went through town, or I would have explained all this, and talked over other matters.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely and obliged,

B. DISRAELI.

Delane characterised the book as "a pamphlet run to seed," calling public attention to the fact that the author had failed to fill up that terrible gap of eighteen years between the "murder" of Canning and the crowning "treachery" of Peel.

Delane must have received early intelligence of the selection of Palmerston's successor in office, and probably from Lord Granville himself, as the Duke of Newcastle wrote from Clumber on December 24 :

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE TO J. T. DELANE

CLUMBER,
December 24, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am greatly obliged by your thinking of writing to me at the last moment yesterday evening to inform me of the important change in the Government. Several letters which I received this morning mentioned the fact of Lord Palmerston being no longer Minister, but none of them seem to have been aware of the further fact which your letter communicated, the appointment of Lord Granville as his successor.

If the reasons for Lord Palmerston's retirement be indeed what I am told, the course which you and others have steadily pursued in opposition to his policy will be more than justified.

I am, my dear sir,

Yours sincerely,

NEWCASTLE.

With Lord Palmerston in a state of suspended animation, Delane closed his review of the year with the expression of an earnest hope that with the advent of

a new Foreign Secretary (Lord Granville) England would "preserve her boasted neutrality without either compromise or petulance ; without offering the right hand to rampant despotism, and the left to democratic conspirators," a sufficiently obvious allusion to Palmerston's ambiguous attitude towards Louis Napoleon on the one hand, and Kossuth and Mazzini on the other.

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CHAPTER V

THE COALITION GOVERNMENT

Annus mirabilis of English politics—Three Prime Ministers within one year—Lord Hardinge on the national defences—The letters of “An Englishman”—Death of the Duke of Wellington—Formation of the Coalition Government.

THE following carefully considered letter, although undated, seems to have been written early in January 1852. It is the first of many which Delane received from old “Bear” Ellice, who was so nicknamed, we believe by Brougham, not from any acerbity in his nature, for he was the most genial of men, but from his connection in early life with Hudson’s Bay and the fur trade.

An expert in electioneering, and as one who had spent huge sums upon parliamentary contests, his opinion was always valued, and, in the years which were to come, Delane was in constant communication with him, and a frequent visitor to Glenquoich on his autumn holidays in the Highlands.

EDWARD ELLICE TO J. T. DELANE

(*Confidential.*)

HECKFIELD,
Thursday.

MY DEAR MR. DELANE,

As I read my letter to you, I send in great confidence the answer for your perusal. Pray have the goodness to enclose it to Arlington Street, where I

shall be all Saturday if you like to call upon me. Only pray say, in returning Lord Aberdeen's letter, at what hour.

Pray don't mention to Lord Aberdeen that you have seen his letter, as I have no permission to send it you, but as we have all the same desire to assist in helping the country out of the scrape in which we are involved, I am sure he would have no objection to my communicating his opinions to you. Everybody agrees in the course to be adopted, and with every objection, and *there are most serious ones*, to be urged against it—a new Ministry and a dissolution before our present divisions and distractions are aggravated by discussion upon, or a recommendation in the Speech from the Throne of a new Reform Bill.

Here are two other letters which the post has brought me—one from Germany, and another from a very sensible person, albeit a woman, on our own affairs.

We are governed somewhat unluckily at such a conjuncture by a great little man [Lord John Russell] instead of a little great man [Lord Palmerston]—whose qualities are more fitted for leading in Parliament than for guiding the councils and managing the complicated machinery of the administration of a great nation. He thinks, if his part is played to his own satisfaction, his whole task is accomplished, whereas it is scarcely begun.

He has only at last quarrelled with his colleague at the Foreign Office from higher pressure, and because it was impossible to reconcile the higher power to the state of isolation and danger, so evident and so much felt by it.

He may be reduced by necessity to admit some Brutus near the throne, to concur in the formation of a new Cabinet, with another party on terms of equality in the first instance, but he will avoid the necessity as long as he can.

While the precious time passes, he endeavours to enlist stray recruits, who are afraid to take his shilling; and when too late—on the eve of the session and when reflecting on the responsibility of engaging the Crown in a policy which he has neither power to guide nor the prospect of bringing to a safe solution—he will be brought to the con-

viction, that his case is not one to be remedied by half measures!

Yours very faithfully,
EDWARD ELLICE.

We have been shooting, and I have asked the Speaker to send you some game. He also is of my opinion.

I shall be in town to-morrow, Friday, and at home between four and five, if to-morrow suits you better than Saturday.

I take it for granted the Cabinet to-day will decide to go on.

Sir William Molesworth, another friend of long standing, as was that famous social entertainer his wife, wrote from Paris, taking a somewhat similar view.

SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH TO J. T. DELANE

HÔTEL WINDSOR, RUE DE RIVOLI, PARIS,
January 13, 1852.

MY DEAR DELANE,

I thank you much for your last letter, and return you the enclosed. I did not expect that Lord John would consent to break up the family compact, but thought it likely that he would meet Parliament with his present forces. It is difficult to anticipate what will be the consequences of his doings till the Palmerston explanation is over, and the feelings of members, and especially of the Radicals, be ascertained. My impression is that the opinion will be, even amongst those who were adverse to Palmerston's policy, that in dismissing him he was sharply dealt with, and that if he were wrong in his conduct towards France, he had been more wrong in many other instances, and that the men who backed him so *strenuously* in 1850 were not entitled to trip him up in 1851 for conduct similar to that which he had always pursued. If Palmerston succeed in proving that there was a court intrigue against him, and give plausible reasons for the belief that Lord John was the instrument of that intrigue, I think you will find that most of the Liberals and a large portion of the

country will rally round Palmerston and throw Lord John over. The latter has no personal friends, and many of his followers are disgusted with his exclusiveness. The most likely consequence of the Palmerston explanation will be that both he and Lord John will be damaged, and if the Tories are ready to take power, the Government will immediately fall into their hands, they will go to the country, the country will decide against any return to Protection, and the Tories will make use of that decision to give up the cry of Protection. If the Tories are not prepared to take office immediately, I presume Lord John will have to continue in office till they are ready; which will be whenever they can make terms with Palmerston. I think in the present state of affairs that it is of the utmost importance to us that there should be a strong Government; and I think a strong Tory Government (supposing Protection abandoned) would be a less evil than a weak pseudo-Liberal Government. I despair of a strong Liberal Government at present, for to make such a Government there must be a combination of Whigs, Peelites, and Radicals, but where is the leader to bring about such a combination? Lord John will never agree to it, Graham has not courage for it, Cobden has not had that administrative experience which would enable him at once to be the head of a government. Palmerston alone has courage and ability for anything, but the Peelites won't have anything to do with him. In short, to me the future (as far as the question of the Ministry is concerned) is a mystery and a puzzle, about which I should trouble myself but little were I satisfied with the state of this country, or convinced that my *friend* (as you call him) the President would pursue a wise and prudent course. I must observe that the President is no friend of mine, and that since his usurpation I have not attended his court. I am obliged to finish this letter in a hurry to save the post.

Ever yours,
WILLIAM MOLESWORTH.

Delane's own opinion at this juncture seems to have been that, though the continued disorder in the Whig camp must once more open the path to Lord Derby,

Conservatism, as then understood, was better fitted for playing the part of guard than coachman.

When a few weeks later Palmerston took his revenge on Lord John Russell,¹ and brought about the downfall of the last purely Whig Administration, he predicted but a short life for the new Government.

On the day of Palmerston's triumph Delane received a long and interesting letter from Lord Hardinge on the state of the national defences, suggested, as will be seen, by recent articles in *The Times*.

The Naval estimates in 1852 amounted to less than six and a half millions, and those for the Army to but little more, and this at a time when the bugbear of a French invasion haunted the minds of military men! Lord Hardinge, whilst grieving over the fatal policy of disarmament pursued in the past by Pitt, and to a lesser extent by Peel, as well as by the Whigs, was clear-headed enough to see the dangers ahead of such false economy.

LORD HARDINGE TO J. T. DELANE

15, GREAT STANHOPE STREET,
Friday [? February 20, 1852].

MY DEAR SIR,

I have been out of town. The article very truly stated the principle on which our defences against invasion ought to be founded, and I observe in the Navy estimates brought to me this morning that there is to be a *Reserve* of 5,000 able seamen, cost £38,000 a year.

What the conditions may be, will I suppose be known before the estimates are discussed. I presume an annual sum paid quarterly as a *retaining fee* to trained gunner-seamen, liable to serve when wanted, and when not wanted pursuing their seafaring vocation in the Channel.

¹ The division on a preliminary stage of the Militia Bill on February 20 found the Government in a minority of eleven.

There may be objection to the detail—but the principle is in the right direction.

I perceive there is no addition to the marines on shore—5,300.

Deducting the staff, orderly-room establishment, recruiting, and drilling, etc., etc., I imagine this number of soldiers trained as naval gunners, and including the Marine Artillery, could not send 4,000 trained men afloat, and is too scanty for the occasion.

I saw a well-informed gentleman yesterday, who convinced me that at *this moment* the French have in their ports from Brest to Calais steam vessels and sailing vessels quite sufficient to take on board and land 50,000 soldiers at one trip, without encumbering their men-of-wars' decks with troops, or bringing a single vessel from the Mediterranean! The soldiers being *permanently* placed within twenty-four hours' march of the ports, would escape observation if ordered to close in to the coast for embarkation.

The seamen and marines for handling their vessels are ready to step on board, and the ships (steamers and sailing vessels) have their *lower* masts in—their guns, ammunition, and water on board. 20,000 men could embark at Brest at a short notice; from Cherbourg 10,000; the smaller ports 10,000 more; and from Lille by railroad in a few hours 10,000 men could be at Calais, with the field guns, ammunition, and field equipages, always ready in the French frontier towns for any sudden operations—three hours from Lille to Calais! This is one of the dangers to which we are now exposed—that the invading force can be prepared 100 miles *inland*, ostensibly for continental purposes, and in a few hours brought rapidly by railways to the coast.

For instance, we could send (if we had them) two divisions of infantry, 10,000 men each=20,000 infantry, and thirty-six field guns, with their horses, from London to Liverpool at one trip *in eight hours*! distance 200 miles—and steamer by electric telegraph being prepared—our 20,000 men could be in Dublin with ease in forty-eight hours.

What we can do by rail, the French doubtless can equally perform.

Assume that the attempt be made with the celerity and ability of the *coup de main*. How are our 5,000

coastguardsmen to assemble in the Thames, Portsmouth or Plymouth, from a great number of dispersed stations, or the 5,000 Naval *Reserve*, the great proportion of whom are on board ships employed in commercial pursuits?

After the first month of war our Channel would swarm with steamers, and no great attempt would be made to invade us in England. In Ireland the case would be different.

Baron Meurice and French writers of eminence frankly admit that their chance of success depends upon imitating our conduct at Copenhagen; the packet from Calais which brought the declaration of war would be followed by the expedition the next day.

We must, therefore, have a large military force ready prepared to meet a landing of 50,000 men.

We could at present barely concentrate 20,000 infantry on any point of our coasts!

We ought at this moment, if the law of the land had been enforced, have 52,000 trained *Regular Militia* in Great Britain, dressed, accoutred, and brigaded with the troops of the Line; but the law of 1802 is suspended by an Order in Council each year.

This 50,000 *Regular Militia* force would cost, for twenty-eight days' training, £160,000 a year, and on the old constitutional system we should be able with the Line to bring 40,000 infantry in the field.

Peel in 1845 on the Tahiti alarm had 75,000 *Regular Militia* in contemplation. The Bill was printed for the use of the Cabinet—5,000 men were actually added to the artillery regiments—but the discussions ended peaceably, and in 1846, when the measure was to have been brought forward, his Government was in the agony of dissolution.

If there was an insurrection in Ireland, 30,000 *Regular Militia* could be sent in a few days to Ireland. This *Regular Militia*, trained for twenty-eight days, costs the public no more than an equal number of local *Militia*, but it is in every respect more efficient, and the country, in vulgar phrase, gets more for its money than by the other mode. The Army wants a force for defensive operation which will be valuable the nearer it approaches *it* (the Army) in arms and organisation.

Volunteers of young men from seventeen to thirty years of age would do good service as regular troops; but to occupy ground on the defensive, or to move in military array on the offensive, the regular troops of the Line want regular associates. I have seen the French stand boldly against Portuguese and our own riflemen dressed in *green*—and turn their backs the instant a regiment in *red* came in view.

This reminds me of our friend Sir Charles. He is quite wrong about muskets—but I have occupied too much of your time.

If you would like to see Thiers, he dines with me on Monday, March 2. Bunsen, "the Bear,"¹ Graham, and others are of the party.

Yours very truly,
HARDINGE.

Whilst the Cabinet, which was mainly composed of untried men, was in process of formation, Delane was in constant touch with Disraeli, receiving no less than four letters from him in forty-eight hours.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI TO J. T. DELANE

GROSVENOR GATE
[February 1852].

MY DEAR D.,

I have just come from Anthony Rothschild's, where we have been dining. Forbes McKenzie, according to my directions, told me that he had sent a list last night, but that its accuracy, however limited, was disturbed by *on dits* being mixed up with it.

All I can recollect now of news is that Mr. G. F. Young (*secret*) (as anticipated) having refused (though highly gratified), on account of health, the V.P. of Board of Trade, Lord Colchester, an excellent working man, is to represent the office in the House of Lords. John Neeld is to be a Lord of the Treasury; Lord Seaham, Vice-Chamberlain *vice* Lord Worcester; Cecil Forester, Comptroller of the Household.

These are little things, and I have no greater news, excepting that the world seems to begin to think that

¹ Ellice.

everything goes very well, and that we (certainly I and Lord Derby) are very sensible of the admirable tact and great effect of your articles.

The Bear and Charles Villiers, both of whom dined at Anthony's, evidently thought that the Liberal game was quite up, provided we had *discretion* and *fortune*, as you and I settled.

I think we shall have both.

Adieu,
D.

Your Lords-in-Waiting, copied, were wrong. I can't give the right names, except Galway is one, who being in the House of Commons I naturally remember.

You will have my address *first*.

The Cabinet is formed, and is not contemptible. I think it will not be received with disfavour by the country. Lord Derby will present the list of names to-morrow and kiss hands. It cannot appear in the evening papers, and I hope, therefore, that it may be seen for the first time correctly in your journal on Tuesday morning. If it be possible I will send it you for a second edition to-morrow.

The following undated letter relates to the issue of Disraeli's manifesto in the month of June :

BENJAMIN DISRAELI TO J. T. DELANE

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
Thursday night [June 1852].

DEAR DELANE,—

You asked me some time ago when I intended to publish my "manifesto." I did not think the occasion was then ripe for it. It is, I think, now; and I propose to send it you to-morrow evening. No one will have seen it except one or two of my colleagues, and it will not be otherwise known until Monday. I hope you will be able to back me, as the movement is *my own*, but if you can't, we must take the fortune of war without grumbling; sensible as I am of much kindness on your part.

Yours sincerely,
D.

The ship of state rode well at anchor. Yet through faulty navigation it was fated to be wrecked on its maiden voyage. Disraeli's address distinctly spoke of establishing at no distant period a policy in conformity with the principles which the party had maintained in opposition, and thus, within three weeks from the re-assembling of Parliament, a celebrated harlequin, with a wave of his wand, had changed the whole scene. *The Times* found occasion to speak of "the pantomimic changes at St. Stephen's," as well it might, for just before the inevitable dissolution the same great conjuror told his constituents that "the time had gone by when injuries which the great producing interests endure can be alleviated or removed by a recurrence to the laws which, previously to 1846, protected them from such calamities." At the same time, he continued to hold out hopes of a revision of taxation.

But this *annus mirabilis* of English politics was destined to bring in its train another kaleidoscopic change within that brief space of time which coincided with Palmerston's absence from office.¹

Lord Derby and his friends committed a grievous error in judgment. When they had once made up their minds to a renunciation of their former economic tenets, they should have renounced them entirely without ambiguity or reserve. This they could not bring themselves to do, but they unwisely retained just so much as might damage them without in the slightest degree helping the cause of which they had lately shown themselves to be the most vigorous advocates.

¹ Three distinct changes of leadership within twelve months are without a parallel in our political annals. The case of 1868, though somewhat similar, is not analogous, as Disraeli then merely succeeded Lord Derby without an entire reconstruction of his Cabinet.

After the *coup d'état* in Paris, Delane published in *The Times* a series of letters by "An Englishman," which, so far as we know, were the only anonymous letters ever inserted in the paper. Directed against Louis Napoleon, they seldom rose above the level of penny-a-lining, but they happened to hit the popular taste. With every one of the published letters the writer sent a covering letter to the editor. No payment was ever asked for, and the identity of this mysterious correspondent was never revealed. The first of the series appeared on December 20, 1851, and during the whole of the next year these anonymous contributions, the best of which only found their way into print, poured into *The Times* office. Then the "Englishman" entirely ceased to favour Delane with his diatribes against the Emperor.

Throughout the session Lord Aberdeen, the safe man in opposition, as distinguished from the opportunist seeking to regain office, continued to confide to Delane his views on the questions of the day, though he can have had no idea of the prominent part he was soon to be called upon to play in the conduct of public affairs.

On March 31 he wrote :

Undoubtedly the most satisfactory part of Lord Derby's declaration was the assurance that we should have an autumnal session of the new Parliament. To this he adhered last night : but I am bound to say that he also conveyed the impression of his intention to dissolve at a much earlier period than he now proposes to do. I was induced to say a few words on the night in question, in consequence of a strange speech of Lord Redesdale, who said that he saw no reason for an early dissolution, and hoped that it would not take place before the usual time. I said that this speech rendered it necessary to come to a clear understanding with Lord Derby on the subject, and repeated that

after proposing the measures of primary importance to which he had alluded, I took for granted that he intended to dissolve Parliament. I added that we might possibly differ in our estimate of the importance of these measures, and should act accordingly. To this he assented. The impression in the House of Lords yesterday was decidedly that there had been a material variation from the spirit, and even the words of the declaration. Had the declaration been less satisfactory, the vote for the Army would certainly not have passed so easily.

Amongst correspondents who now appear for the first time in Delane's papers were Henry Lytton Bulwer (Lord Dalling), our Ambassador at Washington, and Bernal Osborne, on the occasion of his second return for Middlesex.

The former evidently did not hold an exalted opinion of American diplomatic methods :

Diplomacy here is electioneering [he wrote from Washington on May 6]. There appears in the papers here a letter from me as to the St. Lawrence, by which I hope to secure what we have long been desiring—the markets of this country for the agricultural produce of Canada, without a greater sacrifice than allowing persons to traffic and pay toll on a highway which is of little use without such traffic and toll. One must, however, deal here as if one was always making a bad bargain, and the Americans, I mean the mass, only value a thing if they imagine you have given it up with great reluctance. What is the state of England and parties there which look so strangely? You will answer me by your sibyl leaves, which I don't peruse with less interest than heretofore on this side of the Atlantic.

The general election, about the date of which Lord Aberdeen was so concerned, took place in July with disappointing results to the Government, which again found itself in a minority without the aid of the

Peelites, on whom, of course, they could not count if they brought forward Protection.

Lord Derby was at Goodwood [Greville writes to Delane in August] more *sedate* than usual, not chaffing and laughing all day long, as is his wont, but still not out of spirits. The Government will be strong, and I hope no attempt will be made to bowl them out at first, which would not answer, but they seem to me to have prepared difficulties for themselves by the enormous expectations they have held out, which never can be realised, and the failure of which will produce a great reaction and angry disappointment. They ought to have the most unlimited opportunity of developing all their plans, and putting their case before the country.

Towards the end of August Delane started on an extended driving tour in the West of England. Sending his horses by rail to Southampton, he drove from there to Weymouth through the New Forest. Starting in a thunderstorm, he made the first stage of his journey to the accompaniment of lightning and hail, "much as Partridge in *Tom Jones* might have done. A fire-ball which fell close to the black mare's head fortunately did no harm. Our road lay through the forest (Lyndhurst, Lymington, etc.), of which I will only say that *quâ* road it is capital, but, as regards scenery, timber, or any of the ordinary attributes of a forest, it is a profound humbug."

He was much pleased with the Bath Hotel at Bournemouth, then only a newly discovered watering place. "Imagine the Bedford at Brighton, the Star and Garter at Richmond, with a cross of the farmhouse, all in good order and the best of servants, and even then you will do less than justice to the Bath." Perhaps it was because his coachman, a most devoted servant throughout his career, highly ap-

proved of the loose boxes and the oats, that he halted there for a day or two.

Well, on we came, through Poole and Wareham, and reached here [Weymouth] about the hour of high Esplanade. The Inn (Royal) is but a poor substitute for the Bath, but the sea is clear, the view of the coast striking, and Portland, where we have spent the day, very wonderful indeed. Of course, I can't do particulars, but you shall have one bit of that antediluvian loyalty which still reigns here. Beside a most hideous monument of the Jubilee, there stands on the sands a much more characteristic effort of British art. In the midst of a cluster of modern bathing machines is carefully preserved one of primæval form surmounted by a crown bearing the following inscription: "The machine of the great and good King George III., the friend of the poor, the patron of Weymouth." Fancy preserving for sixty years such a trophy of his prowess! I have seen no paper since I left London, and am therefore in utter darkness; pray lighten it, and believe me

Yours ever,
J. T. D.

At Exmouth he learnt the news of the death of the Duke of Wellington.

I have just read over for the twentieth time both the article and the biography. I think they are both capital, and I shall be surprised if anybody has anything as good. I have no doubt you will have for a month or two a heap of correspondence upon almost every paragraph, and in such a case I would find room for all that will in any way pass muster. He will be *the only topic*, and I would let the public have its say.

The next question will be the Command-in-Chief, and I think we must go for Hardinge as the only means of averting the Prince. I see in Tuesday's paper another article of Lowe's upon Louis Napoleon. I think we have picked that bone pretty bare, and shall do ourselves instead of him injury if we continue to abuse him. We arrived here last night from Charmouth by way of Lyme, Sidmouth, and then over longer and steeper hills than I ever saw in any

Alpine road. There they avoid them ; *here* the object of the road-makers seems to have been to take travellers over the highest peaks and through the lowest valleys, and if so they rarely fail of their purpose. But horses and carriage do well in spite of cruel bad weather, and the country is charming.

From Exeter he sent Dasent a hasty note (written in a pastrycook's shop) to say :

I have no choice between Longman and Murray as to the publication of the biography.¹ Woodham [who wrote it for the paper] would, I daresay, prefer the former from his old *Edinburgh Review* acquaintance.

I suppose there will not only be a public funeral, but a public mourning. Of course he will be buried in Westminster Abbey. The Queen and Prince ought to attend, and so I suppose would the two Houses if they were in session.

He wrote from Plymouth on September 20, 1852 :

All the country papers I have seen are full of our biography of the Duke, some taking it bodily, others diluting it to suit the weak stomachs of their readers. I am surprised the public don't write more ; but I should think the French and German papers would be worth notice both for their own comments and for the opportunity their repetition of some of the old continental stories against the Duke would afford Woodham of effective replies. The Prussian papers ought to come out with some good military criticism if they are capable of so sudden an effort. Besides "Death of the Duke of Wellington" posted everywhere in large letters, I see "Arrest of Lord Londonderry" placarded. What in the world does it mean ? Has he claimed the title and challenged Douro ?

Since I last wrote we have been through Dawlish, Teignmouth, and Babbacombe to Dartmouth, and yesterday we came on here. I don't in the least regret not having gone abroad, for this country is really very well worth seeing, and nothing can surpass the comfort in which we travel and the constant variety of scene it affords.

¹ Of the Duke of Wellington.

The horses do capitally, and are in better working order than when we started, in spite of stages so long as to astonish people here, and roads which seem intended for any purpose than means of communication. Every day I wish that some Devon Rebecca would arise; for while eighteenpenny tolls occur every five miles, no one ever seems to think of expending any of the money thus collected on the roads. Yesterday I paid eight-and-sixpence in tolls in twenty-eight miles, only four of which was better than an ordinary lane. We had a sail up the Tamar yesterday, and are now just off to the Breakwater. We shall stay over tomorrow to see the Dockyard, Keyham, etc., and then go on by Fowey, St. Austell, and Falmouth to Penzance, where I hope to hear from you again. The hotel here is at least three times as large as the Russie at Frankfort. I had meant to write a great many letters; but after driving all day and walking up many hills, I generally go to sleep after dinner, and can only be waked to go to bed.

The food has been generally good; pale ale everywhere to be had, and the inns on the whole well conducted except as regards wine, which from considerations of health as much as economy I have been obliged to give up. It is *very* noxious and about the price of Tokay.

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

PENZANCE,
Sunday [September 26, 1852].

MY DEAR GEORGE,

We were so delighted with Falmouth and the whole district between this and Plymouth that we only reached here this morning, and only got your letters at nine o'clock this evening.

There is so much to answer that I scarcely know where to begin. Oxford is certainly lamentably off for heroes;¹ but when Jacobson mentioned at Easter who were to be the candidates (for they were all named even then), I thought Ellesmere the least objectionable. Such occasions show the advantage of having Royalty as an institution. If Albert had been

¹ The Chancellorship of the University was vacant owing to the death of the Duke of Wellington.

disengaged, of course he would have been the man, and all would have acceded; if his son were old enough, he would have been better still; but when Princes are excluded we have not only to choose from among subjects, but from among subjects who are not party men. The object ought to be to find some one sufficiently illustrious from other than political considerations, and it seems to me that neither Derby nor Newcastle can be elected without either giving an unintended victory to a party or playing over again the last University contest. Of course, if there were such a poll, I would vote for Newcastle against Derby; but half the University would be no better pleased with either as their Chancellor than we should be with Bullock Marsham as our representative, with the additional disadvantage that they would be tied to him for his life. It is evidently much better, then, to take a respectable mediocrity. Harrowby is so far disqualified as representing a party in the Church; and though the choice is a very poor one, I don't see how we can mend an Ellesmere. Haven't the Whigs thought of the Duke of Bedford or Carlisle?

I am delighted with *all* that has been done about the Duke. The articles I have seen have been most excellent and in the best taste. Macdonald, too, did his work capitally. I should have come up for the funeral; but am all the better pleased, of course, not to be hurried from my tour. I have not yet had time to read your article upon precedents; but it is plainly absurd to set up objections about the Guards. The Duke was their General, and it is their duty to attend his funeral, wherever it might be—that duty overriding all other etiquette.

Greville's first two paragraphs are indeed excellent, but the matter afterwards shares the falling-off in the subject. It is easy to be zealous against the Dons, but hard to be more than lukewarm for Ellesmere.

Since I last wrote the weather has become lovely—cool in the mornings and evenings, but so blazing hot at midday that I am more sunburnt than in Italy. You may fancy how everything improves under such genial influences, and will not wonder that we like Cornwall even better than Devon. We went from Plymouth first to Looe—a most primitively strange place—and thence by way of Truro to Falmouth, whence we came

on Friday to Helston. From there we went yesterday to the Lizard, and have to-day been to St. Michael's Mount. To-morrow we go to Land's End, and probably on Wednesday we shall turn homewards by the north coast of Cornwall and Devon.

I will inflict another letter on you when I have read the papers, and am always, my dear George, as ever,

Yours,
J. T. D.

PENZANCE,

Tuesday [September 28, 1852].

MY DEAR GEORGE,

Since I last wrote I have carefully read through all the papers up to last Friday, and certainly never read any better. The articles are all good, and the papers generally interesting; but my old grievance against the readers is as strong as ever, and I see Simonds has returned to the odious practice of taking out the leads from the end of every I.P.I. or M.I. letter or article. He saves a quarter of a column (you know the old Griff *always* could) at the expense of disfiguring the whole paper.

I fear Derby will succeed at Oxford, though there can't be two opinions as to the gross indecency of the Dons' conduct. The article upon them was capital; but they are wise in their generation and practised in electioneering, so that with a Prime Minister for a candidate I fear they will be too strong for us. However, I shall be ready to vote against them and him on the 12th.

Now that we have done so well with the Duke, I begin to be anxious about Brougham, and the more so as I can't think of any one who could do him justice. Ten years since he would have been handed over for Tyas to slaughter without remorse; but we have improved upon that feeling, and his life ought to be generously written, not without a sufficient mention of his many failings, but with a handsome recognition of his great merits and greater aspirations. I am by no means sure that Phillips would not do him best; he did that Orleans family so well. Just turn the matter over in your mind, and write me a line to Launceston about it.

We were at Land's End yesterday, and it is as

effective a point as can be desired—the country for ten miles inland wasted by wind and spray, but singularly full of ancient monuments of all sorts; the sea more furious than can be well imagined, and traces of still greater fury everywhere in a promontory reduced by its action to a skeleton of the hardest granite, and even that worn and riven wherever a vein of softer material exists into the strangest and most fantastic forms. There is not a particle of beach for miles, and as even at low tide there is deep water at the foot of the cliffs, you may imagine with what force the breakers dash against them, and how the surf rises almost to their very summits in a gale.

I send you a bit of moss from the very outermost stone of the outermost cliff—the only memorial I could get of the place, for everything less than a block of granite would be swept away in even ordinary weather. To-morrow we start homewards by way of Launceston, Ilfracombe, etc.

I am, my dear George, always yours,

J. T. D.

Before returning to London for the winter Delane paid a hurried visit to Paris to see for himself what hold Louis Napoleon had obtained on popular favour by his contemplated assumption of empire. He wrote Dasent two letters describing what he saw and heard, and returned with the impression that notwithstanding the Prince President's lavish promises of public works in Paris (which resulted in the ultimate expenditure of about twelve millions of money), there was no great enthusiasm for him, at all events in the capital of France.

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

PARIS,
Saturday, 4 o'clock
[*October 17, 1852*].

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I have just come back from seeing the procession and write to assure you that though a very pretty

show indeed, it was worth nothing at all as an indication of public opinion. *That* may have manifested itself in other and less unmistakable ways; certainly there was none to-day. The weather was most lovely, the shops all shut at noon, the troops and music as fine as could be—especially the cavalry—and the people came out in swarms, just as ours go to the Derby, not because they care for the favourite or the result of the race, though they applaud him when he wins; but to see each other and to enjoy a fine sight on a fine day.

I walked about all the morning till nearly one o'clock and then went into an *entr'acte* for which Boulée got us tickets, which commanded a good view of the Place de la Concorde. The scene was beautiful, enlivened by every variety of uniform, and the crowd constantly increased by the arrival of deputations with banners and music, and headed generally by a score or two of girls in white, with bare heads and bouquets. (By the bye, I never saw such ugly ones—your ex-Anne would have created quite a sensation.) People and deputations continued to pour in until the place was quite full, until at 2.45 the defile of the cavalry began and went on at a trot, until, as I reckoned, about 4,000 had passed. There were in all forty squadrons of 200 each and I counted twenty-one when the *Guides* began to appear, and the cheering, such as it was, to begin. After about a squadron of *Guides* came a batch of general officers, and then the President a little ahead of his staff on a dark chestnut horse, bowing to either side. The people crowded to see him and there was much confused cheering but no distinct words that either I or anybody near me could make out. He then turned down the centre walk of the garden and went on, still rather fast, to the Tuileries. There, of course, the people crowded after him, and after a while he began to receive the deputations, who, one after another, scrambled into the Palace, and were then huddled out. At 4.15 he came out on the balcony where old Louis Philippe used to stand, and said a few words, and since then I have seen no more "deputations" admitted. There are to be illuminations in the evening, but I don't see much preparation for them.

I dare say you will think I have given reasons

enough already to account for the assemblage of a crowd, but I ought not to omit the ingenious idea of the deputations. Everybody likes being an actor as well as a spectator, and in this way many thousand people were interested in the show who would have been perhaps indifferent as spectators. There must have been at least 1,000 girls in white frocks with flowers—the representatives, of course, of as many proud mothers—the fish-women, fruit-women, porters, bakers, and every other trade and every market were represented, and each one of them thought himself a large part of the show. Then there were all the national guards, cavalry as well as infantry, in their new dresses with new eagles, and as vain as peacocks. The troops alone seemed to think the thing rather a bore, especially the cavalry, who, both men and horses, seemed a good deal knocked up with a long march into town and too many hours in saddle.

The cuirassiers and *Guides* were particularly splendid. Among the infantry the Vincennes boys were the favourites of the crowd and ran to admiration. There was a great show of artillery, but they were too far for me to see more than that all the guns had six horses.

Altogether it was a beautiful sight, *but no more*. I have talked to lots of people in the crowd and elsewhere, and the one word in all their mouths is *travail*. They regard Louis Napoleon as “making good for trade” and do not see that the money to pay for it comes from their own pockets. They have even put up in huge letters on the triumphal arch by which he entered *Réparation du Louvre, Continuation de la Rue de Rivoli, Travaux-Publics*—as if all these works of mere embellishment, effected at the public expense, constituted any claim to the gratitude of the people. He gives them indeed “Bread and Shows,” but it is they that pay for both.

However, you don’t want a lecture on political economy and so I will finish my first impression of the Empire.

4.50.—They are now shouting for him to show himself again—just as they used to do for Louis Philippe.

Monday [October 18, 1852].

MY DEAR GEORGE,

Since I last wrote I have seen the illuminations, which, though poor in themselves, set off this beautiful city to great advantage; and yesterday a more wonderful procession than that of the day before, of people who were missed in the previous procession, but who came now to see the arches, inscriptions, etc. I also yesterday met the President on his way to St. Cloud. I am more and more convinced that he has no hold whatever upon the people, except that derived from the recollection of their losses and sufferings under the Republic. He is now realising the Irish conceit—he is feeding the hungry dog who might otherwise be dangerous with joints of his own tail in the shape of costly but unproductive public works, and he has the luck of a good harvest. When the works are finished or the money runs short, especially if either of these coincides with a bad harvest, he must either make war or follow Louis Philippe.

I have heard this idea repeated a dozen times. He and his army give present security, and anything which ensures "order" will be tolerated so long as the tradesmen still think of their empty shops, and the workmen the days of Ateliers Nationaux. But that, like all other impressions here, will soon fade, and as soon as either scarcity or natural fickleness causes the masses to tire of the idol of their creation, the intelligence of the nation will again make itself heard and upset this most stupid despotism.

I find I underrated the troops yesterday. I hear the cavalry reckoned at 10,000 and the guns at 80. Bowlby, whom I found here yesterday, asked a man in the crowd if he had ever seen such a show? The answer was "Yes; a much better one." "When?" "Lorsque Louis XVIII^e est rentré."

But I won't tire you by writing this, and much more as I hope to be with you to-morrow night.

Ever yours,
J. T. D.

On November 11 he saw the Queen open Parliament in person, receiving on the same day the

following letter from Disraeli relating to an unauthorised version of the Speech from the Throne which appeared in a contemporary :

BENJAMIN DISRAELI TO J. T. DELANE

DOWNING STREET,
November 11, 1852.

MY DEAR DELANE,

I was very sorry that I did not see you yesterday. I shall be glad to talk over affairs at your convenience.

I thank you very much for the support which I have received from *The Times* since your return to England.

I am much disgusted at the appearance of a quasi-authentic version of the "Speech" in *The Morning Herald*. *The Morning Herald* is not my organ, and I trust never will be; in fact, I never wish to see my name in its columns. But I am bound to tell you, because I know it, that the version in question proceeded from no member of the Government.

It is the wish of the highest quarter that the words which Her Majesty uses from the throne should not be cheapened by previous acquaintance with them, and the most strict injunctions were impressed upon our guests both by Lord Derby and myself to respect this feeling. Nevertheless, a guest of Lord Derby I suspect to be the traitor—not, however, a traitor in office.

Yours sincerely,
D.

On the day of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington in St. Paul's, Greville wrote to him as follows :

CHARLES GREVILLE TO J. T. DELANE

BRUTON STREET,
Monday [November 18, 1852].

I have just been at St. Paul's, and there I met Gladstone and some others. The former told me this—that a large meeting took place in Downing Street,

when Derby himself addressed them to this effect—that if beat on Villiers' motion he should not resign, but that he reserved to himself entire discretion of opposing it or not as he thought best; if anybody objected to that course, or had any remarks to make on what he proposed to do, he begged they would then and there make them, and not find fault afterwards (hear, hear, hear); he said he accepted that cheer as signifying assent to his proposed course. Nobody gainsaid him, and so it ended. All the Protectionists surrendering themselves to his implicit guidance, there will, I think, be neither debate nor division on Villiers' motion. This is all I know, and I heard the same story from somebody else.

Yours,
C. G.

Granville wants to know if you will dine here on Saturday.

On the defeat of Disraeli's Budget¹ in the fullest House ever known, Lord Derby resigned, and once more Palmerston's star was in the ascendant. But the hour of his predominance was not yet. "I never thought of Aberdeen," he is said to have exclaimed, much as a politician of our own generation is reported to have said, "I forgot Goschen" when he resigned the Chancellorship of the Exchequer in 1886.

The columns of *The Times* at the close of the year

¹ Greville has a curious note on Disraeli's conduct of the financial business of the country at this time. Writing on January 24, 1853, he says: "Yesterday Delane called on me and gave me an account of a curious conversation he had had with Disraeli. Disraeli asked him to call on him, which he did, when they talked over recent events and the fall of the late Government very frankly, it would seem, on Disraeli's part. He acknowledged that he had been bitterly mortified. When Delane asked him, 'now it was all over,' what made him produce such a Budget, he said, if he had not been thwarted and disappointed, he should have carried it by the aid of the Irish Brigade whom he had engaged for that purpose. . . . Delane asked him what he would have done with such a Budget if he had carried it. He said they should have remodelled their Government. Palmerston and Gladstone would have joined them."

1852 are instructive as showing Delane's share in preparing the national mind for the advent of a real Coalition Government, which, as we have shown, had been within an ace of being a *fait accompli* at the time of the negotiations between Lord Aberdeen and the Whigs in the February of the previous year. The political situation was well summed up in the paper on December 22 :

Whig traditions, indeed, hover about a few Whig families ; but the very names of Pitt, Fox, and Peel have no living significance or representation. It is a matter of common remark that there are now many Conservatives more Radical than professed Reformers, many Whigs more Tory than the professed Conservatives, and many Reformers more so than either. In such a state of things it becomes impossible to govern by parties ; and nothing suits the people to be governed and the measures to be passed so well as a good Coalition.

But if the pages of *The Times* are interesting, Delane's private correspondence at this crisis is not less so.

On December 19¹ he wrote to Dasent :

The Sunday papers are all wrong in saying that Aberdeen went down² yesterday. He was only summoned by telegraph this morning and went down at once by the 10 o'clock train. I shall see him this evening on my way from Higgins's. This may make me a little late at the office, but everything is arranged. Reeve will come here about eleven o'clock, and both Mozley and Lowe have got their subjects. All the lists are, of course, nothing more than conjecture.

As it was a matter of common knowledge that Delane was an intimate friend of Lord Aberdeen, claimants for office and friends of prospective Ministers

¹ A Sunday.

² To Osborne.

lost no time in the attempt to enlist Delane's good offices. Sir William Molesworth was desperately anxious to be the new Colonial Secretary. Nothing less than Cabinet rank would satisfy him. "I must say that I consider that I should make a great sacrifice in accepting any office, except that of Secretary of State for the Colonies."¹ But though he considered no one else so well qualified for the post, he had in the end to put up with the less onerous post of First Commissioner of Works.² In that capacity he deserves the grateful remembrance of Londoners for having thrown open Kew Gardens to the public on Sundays.

But Lord Aberdeen had a far more difficult task to surmount in considering the respective positions to be filled by Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell. Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton) bombarded Delane with letters pointing out the dangers which would ensue if Palmerston were left out.

You will be asking more than human nature is inclined to give, if he does not, in case he is excluded, put himself at the head of the opposition and bring back the Conservatives in six weeks. But what is to be done with him? I really don't think he would again desire the Foreign Office in his relations with the Court. But there is really no exaggeration of the importance of his inclusion. The opposition, as such, will date from the day he takes his seat on that side of the House. The offers of submission to him are complete, and he will find himself at the head of three hundred men ready, like the Duke's army at Bayonne, "to be led anywhere and do anything."

Whilst Lord Aberdeen yielded to Delane's persuasions to include at least one philosophic Radical

¹ Sir William Molesworth to Delane.

² In 1855 he realised the dream of his life by becoming Colonial Secretary, but died almost immediately afterwards.

in the Cabinet,¹ he showed consummate tact in retaining the services of Lord John until such time as he could conveniently replace him by Lord Clarendon, and in assigning the Home Office to Palmerston; a post in which he no doubt considered his patriotic daring would not have quite so much scope as the Admiralty which it had been his first intention to offer him.

Whilst these delicate negotiations were still in progress, Aberdeen wrote to Delane:²

Difficult as it is, everything is going on favourably and will, I trust, be speedily completed; but do not allude at present to the positions of Lord John or Lord Palmerston.

Five days later he adds:

We go to-morrow to Windsor, and in the evening³ I hope to have the list for you. It may surprise you to hear that I have not yet got a regular secretary. I have not forgotten your alarming predictions respecting the Income Tax; but I cannot help thanking you for an excellent article on the subject this morning.

Ever truly yours,
ABERDEEN.

With the formation of Lord Aberdeen's Ministry, the first period of Delane's career as editor of *The Times* comes to a close. He had now been twelve years in Printing House Square, during which time he had raised the circulation of the paper fourfold. From a return made to him in 1852 of the comparative number of London papers printed daily, we gather that the normal issue of the journal he edited was over 40,000. *The Morning Advertiser*, mainly a trade organ, came

¹ Sir William Molesworth.

² December 22.

³ December 28.

next with a daily circulation of 7,000. *The Daily News* was 3,500; *The Morning Herald* 3,200; *The Morning Post* and *The Morning Chronicle* both under 3,000. There is this difference between the position of the editor of a great organ of public opinion and prime ministers and statesmen—the consideration of continuity. Whilst they endure but for a while to vanish, eclipsed it may be by greater geniuses, or by accident or impolicy, he goes on for ever; so long at least as he has strength and ability to meet the demands made upon his energies, whilst a cabinet, even of all the talents, is liable to be tripped up by intrigue or by insubordination within its own ranks. The permanency of his office gave to a man of Delane's capacity an enormous and preponderating advantage in dealing with political pieces so often swept off the board, and replaced merely to begin the game of government anew.

Whilst statesmen on either side were bent on check-mating their antagonists, he may be said to have played the part of a moderator, to whom sooner or later they must all come for assistance and advice. He regarded the fall of one administration and the formation of another with quite other feelings than those of the wire-pullers of parties—those parasites of government who deemed the end of the world was at hand if Whig ousted Tory or Tory Whig in the struggle for political ascendancy. If Delane thought at all of prime ministers or cabinets when these changes, inseparable from the cause of constitutional government, occurred, it was perhaps with a feeling of personal regret that this or that friend had fallen, but always with the reserve and conviction of what was due to a sense of his own vocation.

SECOND PERIOD OF DELANE'S CAREER:

1853—1865

CHAPTER VI

DELANE AND THE CRIMEAN WAR

The national defences—The Eastern Question—Delane's preparations—Laurence Oliphant's *Shores of the Black Sea*—Ultimatum to Russia forestalled by *The Times*—Delane's correspondents in the East—Sir C. Napier in the Baltic—Delane recommends the invasion of the Crimea—*The Times* and the Army—Delane leaves for the Crimea—Russell's letters—Battle of Inkerman—Defeat of the Government—Palmerston succeeds Aberdeen—Fall of Sebastopol.

WHEN the second Ministry of All the Talents, presided over by the statesman who had been Delane's mentor when he was new to his work, came into power, Europe had been at peace for nearly forty years; and if the English people thought of war at all, it was of possible conflict with their nearest continental neighbour, and not with that great upholder of treaties and recognised arbiter of European disputes, the Czar Nicholas.

Delane, who had been over to Paris in January to attend the marriage of the Emperor, returned more convinced than ever that in order to retain his precarious hold upon the French people, and especially upon the army, Louis Napoleon, having climbed to power by corruption and bloodshed, was resolved upon a forward foreign policy. This, though it might and probably would lead to war in the near future, was to make him, and not the Czar, the real master of Europe.

Before many months had passed, the same crafty

adventurer, without abating one jot of his pretensions, had so far modified his aims as to desire the co-operation of England, if it could possibly be obtained, knowing as he did the distrust of Russia entertained by his former patron, Lord Palmerston. Lord Clarendon, who seems to have foreseen the trend of events as clearly as any member of the Cabinet, was not responsible for the return of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe to Constantinople. He had been sent back there a few days before Lord John Russell vacated the Foreign Office. As the "great Elchi" disliked the Czar quite as much as did Palmerston, his presence at the Porte, where he was far more powerful than the nominal Sultan, was not conducive to the maintenance of peace when once the Eastern Question entered upon an acute phase.

Averse on principle to foreign wars, which he regarded as a waste of our national resources, Delane knew from Lord Hardinge that England was wholly unprepared to put a properly equipped army into the field should peace be broken. Almost alone in speaking out boldly on the neglect of the national defences, *The Times* continued to call public attention to the subject, and to urge an immediate increase of our armaments in view of possible conflict with one or other of the despots who aspired to be the ruler of Europe. Delane had the most elaborate statistics prepared as to the readiness of the French Navy for war, and correspondents detailed for the express purpose made careful reports to him of the actual condition of Cherbourg, Toulon, and every naval and military arsenal in the country.

But while the precious time passed little or nothing was done beyond the formation of the camp at Chobham, and the transport service, which had been allowed to

get into a most deplorable state, was utterly neglected. A beggarly increase of 346 men was all that the Government proposed in the Army Estimates for the year, though a slight addition was made to the number of men borne in the Navy. The Army which the Duke of Wellington had built up in the Peninsula to be thoroughly equipped in all the requisites for war, had been so much reduced since the final overthrow of Napoleon, and his famous waggon-train so broken up and disintegrated, that when war came the commissariat and land transport services were practically non-existent.

It is usual to speak of Gladstone's Budget of 1853 as a financial triumph, and as an oratorical effort it has probably never been surpassed; yet in reimposing the income-tax (of the necessity for which Delane had warned Lord Aberdeen in the previous December), he was only reaping where others had sown; and though, according to their wont, our politicians claimed all the credit for the period of prosperity through which the country was passing, the happy accident of a substantial surplus was possibly quite as much due to the creative and inventive genius of Brunel and Stephenson and to the recent discovery of gold in Australia, as to Free Trade.

In complaining of the unjust system of levying the income-tax, Delane had pointed out¹ that the principal saving clause in Disraeli's late Budget had been his proposition for remedying the inequalities of the method of levy, and his endeavours to introduce a practical mitigation of the acknowledged injustice of the tax. At a crisis such as confronted England in 1853-4 the greatness of the issues involved demanded the comprehensive grasp of such a resourceful mind

¹ Leading article in *The Times* of December 30, 1852.

as Delane's, which saw, as if by inspiration, a truth hidden from his contemporaries. Whilst such a man is nearly always doomed to find more vexation and misunderstanding in the world than ordinarily falls to the lot of those who profess to safeguard the national interests, he is repaid in the end for his foresight by a surer immortality.

There were rival factions and strong divergences of opinion in the Cabinet from the first, and even a stronger Government than Lord Aberdeen's might well have found it impossible to surmount, without a resort to war, the foreign complications which Louis Napoleon so sedulously strove to turn to his own advantage. A Coalition Ministry made up of forces and intellects which obstinately refused to coalesce could not but cause Delane considerable embarrassment in his endeavours to guide public opinion from day to day. Accustomed, as he had been, to give a hearty support to Lord Aberdeen and to oppose Lord Palmerston in his dealings with foreign affairs, he now saw that the Eastern Question required bolder handling than the Peelite section of the Cabinet was inclined to give it.

The period immediately preceding the reassembling of Ministers in the autumn was a time of exceptional strain and difficulty for the editor of such a powerful engine for the expression of the national will as *The Times* under Delane had become. Expert as he now was in political meteorology, the outlook which presented itself to his watchful eye, if calm and hazy one day, might be clear and stormy the next. Even the well-informed Greville was obliged to confess himself puzzled at the attitude of Ministers. He endeavoured to account for the apparent inconsistency of *The Times* on the Eastern Question by the rapidly

alternating influences of the peace and war parties in the Cabinet.¹

When on the brink of war Lord Aberdeen hoped for peace, and his public utterances on more than one occasion may have led the Czar Nicholas to suppose that the well-known pacific sentiments of the Prime Minister would prevail over his colleagues.²

If Delane thought Lord Stratford too anti-Russian in his diplomacy, the following important letter of reproof addressed by him to the correspondent of the paper at Constantinople, shows that he would not allow the interests of Turkey to be put before those of England, and that the policy of *The Times*, as edited by him, was to labour unceasingly for the preservation of peace without the loss of national prestige in this great crisis.³

J. T. DELANE TO "THE TIMES" CORRESPONDENT AT
CONSTANTINOPLE

"THE TIMES" OFFICE,
September 5, 1853.

DEAR SIR,

As your private communications with this office have hitherto been principally upon money matters, I, as Editor, have scarcely had occasion to write to you, and have left any necessary correspondence in the hands of my excellent colleague, Mr. Morris.

The tone which you have recently taken, however, compels me to address you, for it is impossible that you should remain our correspondent if you persist in

¹ See *Greville Memoirs*, July 12, 1853.

² Lord Palmerston, writing to Lord John Russell on July 7, said: "I tried to again persuade the Cabinetto, send the squadrons [which had been at Besika Bay for a month] up to the Bosphorus, but failed. If they had been, the Czar might have been induced to pause; but Lord Aberdeen was labouring for peace, and though he was perhaps hardly strong enough to enforce his own policy on his colleagues, he was still able to withstand the counsels of those who would have made ready for battle."

³ This was one of those fortunate occasions when Delane considered the questions at issue to be of such importance as to require him to keep a copy of his instructions.

taking a line so diametrically opposed to the interests of this country. As it would seem that you never take the trouble of reading the opinions of the paper with which you correspond, I must begin by informing you that whatever concern it may have in the well-being of Turkey, it owes a higher duty to the people of the United Kingdom, who are willing to support Turkey so far as they conceive it to be for their interest, but acknowledge no obligation, either by treaty or by implication, to shed their blood or spend their money in its behalf.

You seem to imagine that England can desire nothing better than to sacrifice all its greatest interests and its most cherished objects—to support barbarism against civilisation, the Moslem against the Christian, slavery against liberty, to exchange peace for war—all to oblige the Turk. Pray undeceive yourself. For political purposes we connive at the existence of the Turk: he fills a blank in Europe, he is a barrier to a more aggressive Power. We had rather have the Straits in the hands of King Log than King Stork; but we have no love for the Turk. We suffer him, and will not permit the Russian to dispossess him; but we are not blind to the fact that he is rapidly decaying, and if we were slow to fight for him when he had more vitality, we are less than ever inclined to do so when he is visibly fading away and when no amount of protection can preserve his boasted “independence and integrity.”

Now, as you see by this explanation that we in this country are not such Quixotes as to fancy it our bounden duty to sacrifice ourselves at the pleasure of the Turk, and find that our own interests and those of our Colonies all over the world give us quite enough to do and to protect, you will perhaps understand that our statesmen here, looking rather to England than to Turkey, consider themselves at least as good judges of what their country requires of them as you and the small English clique at Constantinople. No doubt the Turks would willingly involve the whole world in war—it is the natural resource and occupation of barbarians. No doubt the British Ambassador and the handful of English and refugees¹ at Constan-

¹ Doubtful word in MS.

tinople would find their importance much increased by the exertions their countrymen might make and the millions they might spend in behalf of Turkey. But English statesmen have at least as much reason to consider Lancashire and Yorkshire, Kent and Middlesex, as Moldavia and Wallachia, and owe their allegiance to the Queen and not to the Sultan.

I trust, therefore, that in future you will have the modesty to forbear from off-hand censures upon English policy, to devote your whole attention to collecting and truly describing facts, and, if you must give opinions, to take care that they are not Turkish but English.

I trust to see you in the course of the autumn, and am,

Faithfully yours,
JOHN T. DELANE.

The Vienna Note with the Turkish modifications was rejected by Russia on September 13, and owing to the fact that Dasent was laid up in the country by an accident, Delane's letters to him in the early autumn supply us with much valuable information as to the course of events at this period.

On September 26 he wrote: "There is no fresh news to-day, but in the City the excitement has not subsided and the Funds go up and down just like the 'buses to which old Weller compared them."

On October 2: "There is no real news as to the East, but lots of rumours: one that Aberdeen would retire—rot; another that the House was to meet directly—ditto. Everything is unsatisfactory enough, but that is all."

But, writing at four o'clock in the morning¹ only two days later, he says:

There is an end of negotiation, and it is war at last. So says Clarendon at least, and very distinctly. The

¹ Delane seldom left *The Times* office for Serjeants' Inn much before four o'clock in the morning, in order that he might see the whole paper in print before he went to bed.

orders¹ were to go to-night, and were resolved on by a Committee of the Cabinet, comprising Aberdeen, Clarendon, Newcastle, Palmerston, Granville, and Herbert. The others will meet immediately, and then probably the House.

This is a very important statement of Delane's, for in the biographies of those members of the Aberdeen Cabinet which have been published hitherto there is no mention whatever of this inner circle of Ministers having come to regard war as inevitable at this date.

On October 7 the full Cabinet met, and Lord Clarendon informed Delane that "a very harmonious spirit and perfect agreement on all points with France" prevailed at it.

At this time, though the Cabinet knew that the Supreme Council at Constantinople had determined in favour of war,² Ministers were unaware that an actual declaration of hostilities had been made by the Porte, though Lord Clarendon observed that the remarkable silence which had been preserved since his last advices induced him to think that the Sultan and his Ministers might have delivered their ultimatum to Russia.

Through a mistake in the Foreign Office, Sir William Molesworth, who had now become one of the most warlike of Ministers, was not summoned to the Cabinet meeting of October 7, though had he been present he would undoubtedly have sided with Lord Palmerston.³

Some idea of the strain which the crisis entailed on Delane may be gathered from a letter of his to Dasent, written on October 6. He was short-handed at the

¹ ? To the Fleet.

² On November 26.

³ Lord Clarendon to Delane on the same date.

office, since, in addition to his assistant editor, both Lowe and Reeve were absent from London.

I have made Macdonald sift the letters for me. I don't let him give out any, of course, but only sift some of the corn from the chaff, so that I have only twenty or thirty, instead of pretty nearly two hundred, to read. You will easily fancy from the topics we have had "up" that the public has been writing. I think Woodham has done very well indeed,¹ though there is of course waste of time in having to send to Cambridge. He positively can't, or won't, write even a line here or after 3 p.m. We have no news either of Lowe or Reeve. The former is either laid up somewhere or very indiscreet to stay away so long. Charles Wood is in town, and has never been out of reach. He will not admire a new-made "sub," who deserts his work altogether for seven weeks at a stretch. They have never heard of him at his office since August 15, and you may fancy the arrears. As to the war, I still don't believe it will reach us. I look forward rather to a kind of armed negotiation like that in Holland and Belgium in 1832. Neither Turk nor Russ will be fool enough to cross the Danube, and spring will find them without change of position, but fewer and weaker.

Nevertheless, during the winter and early spring he quietly made his preparations for representing the interests of the paper in the East on a scale quite unparalleled in the history of journalism.

On October 6 Greville wrote in his diary that Lord Aberdeen and Delane had been in consultation prior to the meeting of the Cabinet, and that the Prime Minister was resolved to be no party to a war with Russia on such grounds as then existed, but, as we have shown, at the time that Greville was persuading himself that the Cabinet was on the eve of breaking up, Lord Aberdeen was in full accord with those of

¹ In Reeve's absence he was entrusted with the leading articles on the Eastern Question.

his colleagues who advocated a forward policy, though personally he continued to hope for a pacific solution. Rumours were current in London during the month that troops were being hurried to the East, whereupon Lord Aberdeen wrote to assure Delane that such military movements as had taken place had no reference to the state of affairs in Turkey.

LORD ABERDEEN TO J. T. DELANE

ARGYLL HOUSE,
October 15, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR,

Of course there is not the least truth in the report of a land force being sent to the East. Some regiments may be relieved in the Mediterranean by other troops; but if so, it is without the slightest reference to the Eastern Question.

I am glad to hear of the improvement in public opinion which you describe; but I cannot think that you have turned the Edinburgh meeting to the best account. Without supporting the absurdities of the Peace Conference, or even while ridiculing them as much as you please, I think that both the principal speakers uttered so much truth as to deserve a different treatment, by which the cause of peace might have been further advanced.

I should say that *The Times* this morning contains an article as *practically warlike* as any that has appeared.

Ever truly yours,
ABERDEEN.

In December Delane paid a flying visit to Brussels, writing thence to Dasent the following:

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

HOTEL DE SWÈDE, BRUSSELS,
Sunday [December 4, 1853].

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I came here last night from Ghent, having spent the intervening days between Boulogne, Calais, and Bruges, with a look at Tournay and Courtrai, places that I had seen often enough before from the railway,

but never landed at. The weather is most delightful, a bright sun and a strong frost, moderated here by coal fires, and there is a succession of Van der Neer views on every canal and pond, that is, as I need not tell you, whichever way one looks. I shall roam about here to-day, go to Antwerp to-morrow, and come back by Ostend either on Tuesday or Wednesday, though I shall not hesitate to stay a day longer if anything worth waiting for occurs.

With one exception I have seen every paper since I left. They have been all very good, the articles capital and plenty to read, but those villains of printers continually spoil the look of the paper by taking out half the leads from every article or letter in which you leave them any discretion. For instance, Locke King's letter the other day, which fully deserved some prominence, they had stinted to half a dozen leads. I like the look of m.l. as well as l.p., but then to look well it must have *all* the leads in, which the printers will never leave if it will save them a moment's trouble to take them out.

I thought the long letter from the "Traveller in Italy" very good indeed, although opposed to us, and I wish we had him for a regular correspondent. It is quite certain that there will be a rising there as soon as anything occurs elsewhere, and the famine which seems imminent in France, and the utter prostration of trade which already prevails, may precipitate events which look lowering enough from other quarters. Corn is already within one franc as high per hectolitre as it was in '47, and the potatoes are no better, while even Bill remarked how forced was what little activity there is in Paris. Great events seldom come when they are expected, but it will be strange if such a conjuncture of menacing causes as this winter presents produces nothing next year.

I am always, my dear George, yours,

J. T. D.

I can't fancy any Englishwoman returning sane from the lace shops in the Montagne de la Cour. Happily their charms are lost on me.

But when he wrote he could not have known of the catastrophe at Sinope, which at once changed the spirit of the nation from an earnest desire for the

preservation of peace to a white heat of passion for war. Hopes of enlisting the sympathies of Austria prevailed amongst a section of the Cabinet, and Lord Clarendon, especially, was sanguine as to her concurrence in the policy adopted by England and France. But, as on previous occasions, Austria barked but would not bite.

LORD CLARENDON TO J. T. DELANE

GROSVENOR CRESCENT,
December 9, 1853.

DEAR DELANE,

My interrupted story was that the Emperor of Austria had sent an autograph letter to St. Petersburg *conjuring* the Emperor of Russia to finish his quarrel with Turkey, otherwise the state of Hungary and Italy were such that a frightful catastrophe must happen before the spring.

Of course this is most confidential, but it will show you that all possible pressure is being applied by Austria.

Of course I don't put too much trust in Austria, but Buol appears to be stout and rejoiced to find himself *concurring in the policy of England and France*.

I send a line just received from Azeglio which looks well for the elections and the right feeling which prevails in Piedmont.

Very truly yours,
CLARENDON.

Delane returned from Belgium to find that Palmerston had resigned, as much on account of the lukewarmness of some of his colleagues on the vital question of the hour as Lord John Russell's ill-timed attempt to pledge the Cabinet to the adoption of a new and cheaper edition of his last Reform Bill but one.

But after a very brief eclipse, during which orders were sent to the allied fleets to enter the Black Sea,

the master mind of the Cabinet was induced to return. From this date England was not only "drifting towards war," to use Lord Clarendon's well-known phrase, but insensibly nearing the rapids and daily drawing nearer to the vortex.

Very opportunely an advance copy of a book sent to *The Times* office for review came into Delane's hands before the close of the year. This was Laurence Oliphant's *Russian Shores of the Black Sea*—the first book to call attention to the military and naval strength of Sebastopol, the very name of which was unfamiliar to the majority of English readers in 1853.

Oliphant had travelled from St. Petersburg by Nijni Novgorod to the Crimea with Mr. Oswald Smith in the month of August, and he was, we believe, the first Englishman to predict that, if war should come, it was at Sebastopol that England would have to strike at the heart of Russia.¹

So much struck was Delane with Oliphant's book that he not only gave it very favourable notice in the columns of *The Times*,² but he made the acquaintance of its author, and induced him to become one of his regular foreign correspondents.

In 1854 Delane resumed the practice of keeping a diary, but except on the occasion of his visit to the Crimea in the autumn, when he kept a full account of his voyage out and home, it amounted to little more than a record of his social and business engagements.

¹ Kinglake, however, mentions a remarkable prophecy, made in 1828 by Count Pozzo di Borgo, a Corsican who entered the Russian diplomatic service. He declared that it would be prudent to make Sebastopol secure against assault, as if England ever came to a rupture with Russia this would be the point to which she would direct her attack.

² On two separate days in January 1854.

On January 14 he noted that Sir Charles Napier, Sir Baldwin Walker, Sir Benjamin Hawes, Higgins, Lowe, John Walter, and Count Strzelecki dined with him in Serjeants' Inn.

Sir Charles in great measure owed his appointment to the command of the Baltic Fleet to Delane's influence, but the latter, having in view the insignificant results achieved before Cronstadt, soon saw reason to regret that Sir Edmund Lyons,¹ a brave man, who adorned equally the ranks of the Navy and the diplomatic profession, had not been sent to the Baltic in Napier's place instead of acting as second in command in the Black Sea. As events showed, the irresolution of his superior officer² prevented him from showing his true fighting value, though by the capture of Kertch and Yenikale he was able to weaken the resistance of Sebastopol, for from those places were drawn the bulk of the Russian supplies.

On the meeting of Parliament at the end of January unusual precautions were taken by the Government to prevent the terms of the Speech from the Throne from being disclosed. The Speech, nevertheless, appeared in the columns of *The Times*, whereupon Lord Aberdeen wrote to Palmerston: "The editor told my private secretary, who refused to give him a copy, that he would endeavour to procure it elsewhere and that he did not doubt he should succeed." As a matter of fact Delane received no less than three separate offers of the text of the Speech.³

¹ First Lord Lyons.

² Admiral Dundas.

³ "How these papers get the Speech nobody knows, but as there were four dinners, at which at least a hundred men must have been present, it is easy to imagine that some one of them may have communicated it. . . . Delane has friends in all parties."—*Greville Memoirs*, February 2, 1854.

A section of the Press, including the recently founded *Daily News*, *The Morning Advertiser*, and some of the Tory papers, had about this time been making violent attacks upon the Prince Consort, accusing him of interfering in public affairs and using his influence to promote the interests of his family at the expense of the country. Delane went at once to Lord Aberdeen, told him that immense mischief was being done by these coarse libels, that he as head of the Government ought to know that the harm which they had caused was great and widespread, and offered at the same time to take up the cudgels in defence of the Court. But, after consultation with the Prince, the Prime Minister was of opinion that it would be better not to take any notice of such charges then, but to wait till Parliament met and refute them there.

The Times, therefore, remained all but silent, and, as it happened, a controversy which raged so furiously in the recess had nearly died a natural death before it could be dealt with in the House of Commons.¹

These attacks on the Prince were the more disgraceful since, to his lasting credit, he had had the courage, like Delane himself, to urge upon Ministers and the country the question of the neglect of the national defences and the evils of disarmament.

Towards the end of January the Czar sent Count Orloff to Vienna to ascertain, if he could, the real intentions of Austria and Prussia and to threaten them with dire consequences if they did not side with Russia in the coming struggle, at the same time offering them any amount of plunder if they

¹ "I wrote a letter in *The Times* signed 'Juvenal' showing up the lies of *The Morning Advertiser* and how utterly unworthy of credit such a paper is."—*Greville Memoirs*, January 25, 1854.

did. Both Powers alike remained deaf to menace or bribe; but the last chance of peace was destroyed when the Emperor Napoleon, ever anxious to play a great part before Europe, wrote an autograph letter to the Czar, demanding in the name of himself and England the immediate evacuation of the Danubian Principalities.

On February 27 the Government delivered its ultimatum to Russia, but the management of *The Times* forestalled the Foreign Office messenger charged with its delivery, and the Czar actually received the intelligence, not through any official channel, but from the columns of the leading newspaper.

Lord Derby, a bitter opponent of the Press when out of office, made a violent attack upon Delane in the House of Lords¹: "How is it possible that any honourable man, editing a public paper of such circulation as *The Times*, can reconcile to his conscience the act of having made public that which he must have known was intended to be a Cabinet secret?"

Lord Malmesbury, in the course of the debate, at which Delane was present, took occasion to remind the House and Lord Aberdeen that "a cask may leak at the top just as well as at the bottom," a witticism drawn from Sancho Panza's armoury, and the incident closed, though the question of the publication in *The Times* of information which the Government of the day would prefer to have had suppressed was soon to be revived in a more acute form. The next day Delane replied to Lord Derby in his first leading article, declaring that *The Times* derived its information not from any clandestine understanding with the Government, but from its own resources.

¹ See *Hansard's Debates*, vol. cxxi. p. 881, March 17, 1854.

"We are satisfied that it was useful to the public and to Europe to make known, as we did, that the ultimatum of the Allied Powers was actually despatched," and the editor further pointed out to Lord Derby that having failed to make the honourable portion of the Press his ally, he would fail to make it his slave, for he could not intimidate it, and that although he passed for a proud man among his peers he would meet with at least an equal amount of pride and independence in the ranks of those journals which he had idly attacked and unjustly accused.

On the 27th of the same month Delane made the following brief entry in his diary: "To the House of Lords to hear war declared."

Long before this he had completed his preparations for enlightening the public at home as to the course of the campaign which he had long foreseen to be inevitable.

In February he invited W. H. Russell, who had already seen something of warfare, for he had been slightly wounded at the Battle of Idstedt in 1852, to proceed with the army to the East. He was on his way thither when the actual declaration of hostilities was made, and his first private letter to Delane was written on April 8 from Gallipoli.

Thomas Chenery was sent to Constantinople as correspondent of the paper; Stowe, a fellow of Oriel, who had before this been employed as a writer by Delane, to Varna; and Laurence Oliphant to describe the doings of the Turks under Omar Pasha.

In also sending Charles Nasmyth, a young and untried officer in the East India Company's service, to the very spot where the Czar received his first check, Delane displayed remarkable foresight.

He selected not only the right man to represent him at Silistria, but the right moment; and, in all probability, the intuitive perception of military requirements which was so noticeable throughout Delane's career saved the Allies from a prolonged campaign on the banks of the Danube.

The first of Russell's letters printed in *The Times*, which are quite distinct from his private communications to the editor, showed that he intended to be an unsparing critic of military methods as well as a chronicler of events.

The idea of having a special correspondent with the army moving with the troops and describing in detail every action and incident of the campaign was an entirely new feature in journalistic enterprise,¹

¹ It is true that so long ago as the Peninsular campaign *The Times* had appointed Harry Crabb Robinson to act as its war correspondent, and a curious picture of *The Times* office in its very early days is given in his diary. "It was my practice to go to Printing House Square at five, and to remain there as long as there was anything to be done. It was my office to cut out odd articles and paragraphs from other papers, decide on the admission of correspondence, etc.; but there was always a higher power behind. While I was in my room, Mr. Walter was in his, and there the great leader, the article that was talked about, was written." The principal leader-writer of *The Times* while Robinson was thus employed was Peter Fraser, a young clergyman who afterwards became rector of Kegworth in Leicestershire. "He used to sit in Walter's parlour and write his articles after dinner." In Fraser's absence the work was done by Edward Sterling, but Walter's general adviser in the editorship seems to have been William Combe, the eccentric author of *The Travels of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque*, who was a prisoner living within the rules of the King's Bench, but who was often let out on a holiday, which he generally spent in Printing House Square. These particulars are gleaned from the pages of Fox Bourne's *English Newspapers*, vol. i. p. 283, a valuable and useful book which well deserves to be brought up to date in a new edition. Delane's earliest diaries and letters make frequent reference to "Old Fraser," presumably the man above referred to, and to his acquaintance with the Sterlings we have already alluded.

and the departure was not regarded with much favour by the military authorities at home.

When Russell left England, everything pointed to a campaign on the Danube, and the troops were sent to Varna in the expectation of defending the fortresses by fighting the Russian army in the field. But the attitude of Austria compelled the Czar to change his plans, and after the raising of the siege of Silistria the Russians withdrew from the Principalities and recrossed the Pruth.

Thenceforth even the diplomatic support which Austria had been disposed to give to the Allies was not to be counted upon, and her attitude of rigid neutrality was maintained throughout the great struggle which the unrestrained ambition of Louis Napoleon had done so much to provoke.

The sailing of the Baltic Fleet from Spithead took place amid scenes of delirious enthusiasm. Napier flew his flag in the gigantic *Duke of Wellington*, the 131-gun ship which was a familiar object to visitors to Portsmouth Harbour until quite recent years. Besides being a beautiful sailer she could steam with ease at eight knots, and was therefore held to represent the last word in naval architecture.

At a banquet given to the admiral shortly before his departure he made a bombastic speech to the effect that within a month he would be "either in Cronstadt or in hell."¹ At the same dinner Lord Palmerston and Sir James Graham made equally intemperate speeches, but the mock heroics in which they indulged were generally considered to be in the worst taste owing to the fact that war had not been actually declared.²

¹ Another version has "or in heaven," but as regards the purposes of the campaign the distinction is immaterial.

² "Charley Napier called to take leave on going to command the Baltic Fleet."—Delane's Diary, March 8, 1854.

The first shot was fired in the East at Odessa,¹ but the public soon began to experience a sense of disappointment at Napier's inactivity, and to fear that his performances in the Baltic would be difficult to reconcile with the lavish promises he had made on the eve of his departure.

He promised to write to Delane from time to time, but, to the latter's disgust, when his letters began to arrive they all told the same story of failure and procrastination. The sum-total of his achievements in the Baltic was the destruction of Bomarsund² and of his own reputation.

Writing to Delane from Bomarsund on August 15, he said :

I am sorry I have not been able to give the public a good butcher's bill, but had I either attacked Cronstadt or Sweaborg with my fleet they would have had a bill with the loss of the fleet ; and had we succeeded in withdrawing disabled we should have fallen an easy prey to the Russian fleet, which would have been secure. One would suppose it was only necessary to look at the bird's-eye view of Cronstadt and Sweaborg to convince the veriest dolt that to attack either with a fleet alone was impossible.

Writing next from Nargen on September 26, he referred to an article in *The Times* on the public disappointment caused by his hasty return south :

I can assure you were you in my position now riding out a gale of wind blowing right into Revel, which gale has been blowing sometimes from the south-west and sometimes from the north-east for the last month, you would think it high time for the fleet to move out of the Gulf of Finland farther south. You say the war is just beginning in the Black Sea, and just terminating in the Baltic, but you forget there is ten

¹ On April 22.

² A fortified port in the Aland Islands of no special importance.

degrees difference of latitude, and that the month of September must be compared with the month of November in England. I must tell you that since the taking of Bomarsund and destruction of the works there has hardly been a day that it was possible, had means been ever so great, to have operated upon this dangerous coast.

Continuing to lay the blame upon the weather, he wrote from Hamburg :¹

You and the public are disappointed no doubt that Sweaborg was not attacked. You may believe what I am going to tell you or not, as you choose. I pledge you my honour when the French troops embarked from Bomarsund to return to France, had they gone instead to Sweaborg, and had they been landed, with the marines of the fleet and all the material, guns, mortars, etc., to have made a simultaneous attack with the fleet on Sweaborg, the state of the weather has been such that not one man nor one gun would have been re-embarked, and how many ships would have been left behind I cannot tell you : from the time the troops embarked it blew a gale of wind without interruption for five or six weeks, and during that time there were not more than three or four days' fine weather. Though you are neither soldier nor sailor you are a man of extensive information, and I am sure if you believe me, which you may do with safety, you will do me justice.

At the end of the month he was still protesting that no one could have done more, and in an unpublished letter to Lord Palmerston, preserved at Broadlands, which we have had the privilege of seeing, he even went so far as to say that Nelson himself could not have done better ! It is small wonder that Delane lost confidence in the skill and daring of a naval commander whose every communication was dated from a port farther and farther away from the enemy

¹ November 4.

he had gone forth to meet in a spirit of such complacent self-assurance.

Leaving the disappointing narrative of the Baltic squadron for the Eastern campaign, we find that as the months dragged on it became patent to every one that the army was of no use at Varna, and it was in accordance with popular sentiment that Delane took the lead in advocating the immediate invasion of the Crimea.

On June 15 *The Times* declared :

The grand political and military objects of the war cannot be attained so long as Sebastopol and the Russian fleet are in existence ; but if that central position of the Russian power in the south of the empire were annihilated, the whole fabric, which it had cost the Czars of Russia a century to raise, falls to the ground. . . . The taking of Sebastopol, and the occupation of the Crimea, are objects which would repay all the costs of the present war, and would permanently settle in our favour the principal question in dispute. . . . A peace which should leave Russia in possession of the same means of aggression would only enable her to recommence the war at her pleasure.

What *The Times* thought one day the Government of Lord Aberdeen thought on the morrow, and Palmerston at once presented a memorandum to the Cabinet pointing out that though the particular overt act by which Russia broke the peace was the invasion of the Danubian Principalities, the purpose for which England took up arms would be very imperfectly accomplished if the only result of the war was to be the evacuation of those provinces by the Russian army. He was the first member of the Cabinet to realise that we were not likely to accomplish anything of importance in the Baltic, and that the right course to pursue was to move the troops from Varna to the

shores of the Black Sea and to reduce Sebastopol. Sir John Burgoyne, who had been over the ground in 1853, recommended a landing being made in Kalamita Bay, to the northward of the fortress, and this was ultimately adopted, but Laurence Oliphant, who was also consulted by the War Office, gave the preference to the harbour of Balaclava and to the attack being delivered from the southward.

It was, we believe, from the Admiralty and Sir Edmund Lyons, and against the opinion of Lord Raglan, that the Government of Lord Aberdeen received the stimulus which at last persuaded the Cabinet as a whole to strike a decisive blow at the heart of Russia in the East.

What ships could do at Bomarsund it was thought they could also do at Sebastopol, but though we were able effectually to seal up the Russian fleet in the harbour, it proved to be beyond the power of wooden ships to batter down the frowning walls of the fortress.¹

Lord Lyndhurst, in the prime of his octogenarian activity, was in complete accord with Delane, and, in a memorable speech delivered in the House of Lords only a few days after *The Times* had declared for the reduction of Sebastopol, he said :

We have shut up the Russian fleet in the harbour of Sebastopol. It has the mortification of feeling that it cannot encounter the combined force without the certainty of entire destruction. . . . We ought not to make peace until we have destroyed the Russian fleet in the Black Sea, and razed the fortifications by which it is protected. As long as Russia possesses that fleet

¹ The siege of Sebastopol and the helplessness of the large fleet locked up within the harbour present an instructive parallel to the recent case of Port Arthur, which was able to hold out only so long as the Japanese could not obtain command of the hills surrounding what the Russians fondly believed to be an impregnable position.

and retains that position it will be idle to talk of the independence of the Sultan. Russia will continue to hold Turkey in subjection, and compel her to yield obedience to her will. . . . If this Power should establish itself in the heart of Europe (which may Heaven in its mercy avert), it would be the heaviest and most fatal calamity that could fall on the civilised world.¹

To the Lords to hear Lyndhurst. A very grand speech and a good one from Clarendon.²

A few days later, on the 23rd, is the following entry : "Dined at Moffat's. The Molesworths, Gladstone, Lord Byron, the Mathesons, Meyer Rothschild, etc. Very gorgeous." This is one of the first occasions on which Delane mentions his having met Gladstone in general society. A month later he records his having dined with him to meet Lord John Thynne.

On June 26 Lord Hardinge wrote to tell Delane that he was about to promote and take honourable notice of two English officers who had greatly distinguished themselves at Silistria—Captain Butler and Lieutenant Nasmyth, the latter in the East India Company's service. "Who is your military correspondent there? I hope one of them."

The Times correspondent at Silistria was, as we have said, Charles Nasmyth, and thus Delane had the satisfaction of knowing how much the gallant defence of the fortress owed to the skill of his representative on the Danube. In the same letter the Commander-in-Chief was able to assure the editor that with the sailing of the transport *Tonning* and that before the close of the month of June the available fighting force in the East would be brought up to 30,000 men.

Russell had sailed from Malta with the Rifle Brigade, and his private letters to Delane began to arrive in

¹ *Hansard's Debates*, vol. cxxxiv. p. 306, June 19, 1854.

² Delane's Diary, June 19, 1854.

April. The first of them, written from Gallipoli, found him spending Easter with the proprietor of *The Times* at Bearwood :

The troops marched to-day at eleven o'clock for the camp distant eight and a half miles. There is but scanty water and no shelter on the site of the encampment, neither tree nor blade of grass. The management is infamous, and the contrast offered by our proceedings to the conduct of the French most painful. Would you believe it, the sick have not a bed to lie upon. They are landed and thrust into a rickety house without a chair to sit upon or even a table in it. The French, with their ambulances, excellent commissariat staff, *boulangeries*, etc., are in every respect immeasurably our superiors.

From the first Delane encouraged Russell to speak out fearlessly. "The public wants details, and details it shall have," he said, and though, as the campaign wore on, *The Times* came in for a most unmerited amount of abuse, he was not to be turned from his determination to let the truth be known, and there cannot be the slightest doubt that Russell's outspoken utterances, whilst they taught Englishmen to appreciate the valour, discipline, and patience of the troops in the presence of enormous difficulties and privations, prepared the country for the overthrow of a system which had become effete.

Its footsteps dogged by cholera, the army arrived at Varna in June, and Russell's letters from the camp of Aladyn continued to tell the same story of disorganisation, delay, and disease.

Such an uneasy feeling did they produce in Delane's mind that before Parliament was prorogued he made up his mind to proceed to the seat of war and to see with his own eyes the actual state of the army in the East, leaving Dasent in charge of the paper during his

absence from home. In the middle of August he left London, having with him as travelling companions Kinglake and Layard.

The eight letters which follow were addressed by him to his brother-in-law from Vienna, Athens, Constantinople, and the Crimea, and give a vivid picture of the events immediately preceding and following upon the fateful disembarkation in Kalamita Bay.

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

VIENNA,
Saturday, August 19 [1854].

MY DEAR G.,

We arrived here on Thursday night last after a very pleasant journey, and start to-morrow for Trieste, whence we sail on Tuesday for Corfu. We propose to stay there two or three days and then to go on by the Austrian boat which leaves Trieste on Friday. If we had started two days earlier we might have left Trieste yesterday and so saved a whole week, but I like this place so much that I am not sorry for the delay. I heard yesterday from Count Buol that we are treating with Russia through Austria for her acceptance of the very insufficient terms contained in the four articles stated in Drouyn de L'huys' note published on Saturday last. These make no mention of Sebastopol or any securities that the war shall not be renewed as soon as ever it suits the convenience of Russia, and are so vague that she may easily accept them and construe them in her own sense or begin to treat upon them and so involve us in endless delay. What this delay costs, the news I have telegraphed to you to-day will show. In the meantime it is said here that the expedition to Sebastopol is to wait until the Russian answer is received. If all this is true we have certainly been very ill used. I have written it to Reeve by this post.

Layard and Kinglake make capital travelling companions, and I seem to have heard more good stories than in the last twelve months. Pritchard is very useful, for with that talent which seems peculiar to servants he manages to get on with all sorts of people,

and it is a great comfort to have no trouble in packing or unpacking luggage and to be able to get water enough to wash with, etc. You will be amused to hear that out of the four I am the only one who speaks even a word of German or can reckon German money, so that I have hitherto had enough to do. The Gordons came with us as far as Aix and we made a very jolly party of it.

Believe me, as ever, yours,

J. T. D.

There have been four people talking all the while I have been writing this, and I have no time to read it over.

ATHENS,

Wednesday, August 30 [1854].

MY DEAR G.,

It strikes me that you may like to have a letter from Athens, and so I write one, though I am by no means sure that I can send it; and as you will soon see, my description of this famous city is not likely to be either very full or very accurate. We left Vienna on Sunday week and came straight down to Trieste, where we arrived on Monday night. On the Tuesday we sailed for Corfu, reached Ancona on Wednesday, Molfetta on Thursday, and Brindisi and Corfu on Friday. We arrived, however, only to find ourselves in quarantine, with the pleasant prospect of being detained in a lazaretto until after the direct steamer for Constantinople had sailed. In this extremity, however, Ward came to our aid. I wrote to invoke his intervention, and he responded magnificently. He reduced our quarantine to twenty-four hours instead of four days, and sent us his own yacht, plentifully stored, to spend it in. So we went over to Albania and enjoyed ourselves immensely. On the Sunday we landed, and Ward mounted us and took us for a twenty miles ride about the island, through real forests of olive and orange. We dined with him in the evening, spent our night as before aboard the yacht, and came on by this steamer, the *Africa*, on Monday. That night we called at Zante, yesterday in the evening we were at Cerigo, and to-day we are in the Piræus.

So far all is well, and more than well, for I never

enjoyed myself so much or had such a perfect sensation of health before; but now comes our difficulty, and I fear there will be no friendly Ward to extricate us from it. We took up at Corfu the late Pasha of Bosnia and hereditary Pasha of Albania, who had retained half the ship for himself and his suite, seventy-three in all. Such a set of cut-throats you never saw. Each walks about with a perfect armoury of weapons—one fellow carries seven—and, besides pipe-bearers, Tatars, coffee-makers, cooks, sheep, horses, dogs, and fifty odd tons of camp equipage and all manner of rubbish, he has eleven women, two epicenes to attend them, and several children. There are seven white and six black women, all ugly, most of them hideous; but all this would not much concern us were it not that one of the children, about seven months old, was perverse enough to die last night. It seems to have had convulsions; but whatever it may have died of, it *has* died, and so we are all imprisoned aboard ship, with boats rowing round us, as if to prevent us from even spitting into the water; and it is but too probable that we shall start from here with a foul bill of health, and have ten days quarantine at Constantinople.

Meantime, of course, nobody can land, and it is doubtful if even this letter can be sent, lest it should poison all Greece. So my knowledge of Athens is not increased by the fact that I am only five miles from it. The situation, however, is magnificent, not so much from the place itself, as from the mountains and mountainous islands, such as Ægina and Salamis, which make the whole gulf resemble an Italian lake. The Acropolis strikes me as rather low, and besides this the two most prominent objects are Otho's Palace and a new barrack. Antiquities, however, always disappoint; but it is impossible not to be delighted with the country, the sea, and the climate. The hottest day we have yet had was in Belgium. The thermometer in my berth is seldom over 80°, and though it is of course much hotter in the sun, the awning makes the deck quite tolerable, and the nights are beautiful. Then the sea is a perpetual source of enjoyment—it is so blue and clear and so full of dolphins and all manner of fish, which follow or play round the steamer, while every minute one is meeting

Greek or Italian craft of the most picturesque rig, or passing some island or town whose name and history have vexed one's youth and boyhood. I am as well pleased as ever with my comrades,¹ and Pritchard saves an immense deal of trouble. He has hitherto made himself understood in French, Italian, and German, as well as if he spoke all instead of neither; and now I see him in deep conversation with a splendid Albanian. He packs the baggage for all three, waits at breakfast and dinner when necessary, makes tea and lemonade, cleans boots, brushes clothes, sews on buttons, etc., while Sir G. Colebrooke, who has a regular accomplished courier on board, cannot get a single hand's turn out of him.

I was disgusted to hear from Ward at Corfu that the army had not yet sailed for Sebastopol. There is time enough for it to have sailed before now; but it will be really too disgraceful if it does nothing, and I begin to fear that there will be nothing done. I hope you keep on urging the necessity of some such feat of arms upon the Government, if it were only to save our military reputation, which has already fallen to zero. There is not a miserable Greek or Italian who is not full of sneers at the English; and one cannot help feeling that while the Turks win battles in Europe and lose them in Asia, alike without our assistance—that while they, without pay or supplies, can march and fight everywhere, and we are dying by the thousand in ignominious inaction, our character must suffer, and our intentions be more than ever suspected. The appearance of a huge English steamer, supposed to be the *Himalaya*, yesterday was the occasion of a storm of contemptuous invective from our Greek passengers against our generals and soldiers. She was gone, they said, to bring parasols and veils, or the camp was out of rosewater, or she was gone to enquire "les nouvelles du Derby," or to tell who had won the last match at "creket." Really, if when the winter comes, our troops return to the barracks at Scutari, their position will be no enviable one, nor will that of the fleet be better in the Bosphorus. Our people have made themselves ridiculous, first by their boastful conceit and disparagement of their allies, and then by the ridiculous issue of so much *bavardage*.

¹ Kinglake and Layard.

I shall hope to hear from you at Constantinople as soon as I am released; and if I find this letter cannot be sent, I will keep it open to add further news.

Believe me,

Ever yours,

J. T. D.

Our ship is all this while at anchor. I need say no more to excuse my writing.

CONSTANTINOPLE,
September 5 [1854].

MY DEAR G.,

I arrived here safe and well last night, after having been detained two days by a gale of wind in the *Ægean*. This said gale—which has blown straight across the Black Sea and down the Bosphorus and Dardanelles—has, I fear, materially retarded the expedition. We hear that it is all embarked at Varna, and was to rendezvous on the 2nd at Baltshik; but the naval people all say it could not have got out of Varna against such a wind. I hope to sail for Sebastopol—*i.e.* for the fleet—to-morrow or next day. I shall establish myself at first on board the *Trafalgar* (Greville's ship), and act according to circumstances as respects the army.

I have had no news from home yet at all; but a French boat has arrived to-day, and may have brought me letters which have not yet been delivered.

The weather is fine, but cold; the cholera has entirely disappeared here and with the army.

The place is full of scandal about the fleet, which is said to have permitted the Russians to reinforce Sebastopol with forty thousand men from Odessa. I am assured, too, that there has never been any real blockade of any Russian port. The admiral (Boxer), in whose office I am writing this, however, declares that the arrangements of the fleet for landing the forces are admirable.

I have seen Eber, but not Chenery. The former wants to go to Wallachia, but I have given him no instructions.

In great haste,

Ever yours, my dear G.,

JOHN T. DELANE.

Kinglake and Layard are still with me, and we are better friends than ever. I have lots to tell, but no time.

CONSTANTINOPLE,
September 7 [1854].

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I received yesterday your letter of the 23rd, and was very glad to hear all was going so well with you. I am off to the Crimea in the *Danube* steamer at four o'clock to-morrow morning; but from the news which has reached here to-day of the acceptance by Russia of the four propositions sent by Austria—and of which I wrote to you from Vienna—I expect there will be no fighting. It is a pitiable end of so great an enterprise; but such is the discouragement of the army, and so bad the tone of its commanders, French and English, that I am half inclined to rejoice that nothing is to be entrusted to them. The Duke of Cambridge and Sir J. Burgoyne are at the head of the grumblers, and they go about to whoever will listen to them, and complain that they are to be sacrificed to please the English press and the English people; that it is of no use attacking; that they are sure to be defeated; that it is too late this year; that they are sick of the whole thing, etc. This is the stuff which has been heard at headquarters for the last two months, and which is daily retailed at the table d'hôte here. That old muff Burgoyne says that he will take no responsibility for this expedition (I suppose he only assumes that for the lines at Gallipoli), and that it will be October before a trench can be opened, although the expedition, from all we can learn, sailed yesterday. Such men would ensure failure, and I really believe would be pleased at it. It is the same with the Embassy—they gave no assistance or information to the expedition, but allowed it to make the most cruel blunders, which have cost a thousand lives, and now expend all their wit in making jokes at generals, officers, and commissariat. If they were Russians they could not be worse Englishmen. The site of the camp at Devna was known by all to be most unhealthy—it was even marked "*pestilentieux*" in their maps; yet no one of them would interfere so far as to warn the generals of what was to be expected from such a site. They tell this of themselves, and are not

ashamed, though every transport which comes from Varna brings hundreds of wretched invalids, the survivors of the fever which, more even than cholera, has been fatal to our men. I saw four hundred of them come in an hour since.

I hope my letter from Vienna was in time to prevent Reeve from definitely approving the four propositions as bases for a treaty of peace. Their acceptance at the very moment that Sebastopol was endangered proves Russia's weakness; and if it saves it from destruction, we shall have all the work to do again—and probably without France for an ally. Such a peace will neither be approved by Parliament nor the country, and it would be ruin to support it. It would have done well enough before the war; but *now*, at the very moment of victory—with the enemy defeated on the Danube and in the Baltic, and at our mercy in the Black Sea, we should pay dearly for the equivocal aid of Austria if we consented to let Nicholas off so lightly.

I dined with Lord Stratford yesterday,¹ and was, as I have told you, disgusted at the tone of the whole Embassy. Chenery is very jolly, but looks whimsically fat behind a red moustache. How I look behind mine you will see on my return.

The weather, which was most unfavourable for the expedition, has become lovely, and if it sailed yesterday it had a fair wind. It is to rendezvous at Baltshik, then to proceed to Serpent Island, and then to Eupatoria. I expect that our boat, which carries despatches, will take orders to suspend all operations; but it is possible that Stratford will not take the responsibility of granting an armistice. I shall stop on board the *Danube*, which we have stocked with wine, porter, tongues, etc., as long as I can, and then either land or go on board Greville's ship, the *Trafalgar*. After leaving the Crimea I shall come back here, and then as fast as possible home by way of Marseilles.

Ever, my dear G., yours,
J. T. D.

I am writing at a side table in the table d'hôte room, so excuse errors of all sorts.

¹ Whilst at Constantinople Delane told Lord Stratford that if our army were to perish before Sebastopol, the first thought of the nation at home would be to raise another, and go on.

"BRITANNIA," OFF EUPATORIA,
September 13 [1854].

MY DEAR G.,

When I wrote to you from Constantinople on Thursday last I had just been warned to be ready to go on board the *Danube*, a little flat-bottomed river steamer which had just been brought into the service, and was being sent up to the fleet to assist in landing troops. We had but just time to buy some wine, porter, tongues, portable soup, and such like luxuries; but after all this hurry, we did not start till next morning, the 7th, and then broke down within an hour. We had, therefore, to wait for repairs at Therapia, and only got finally to sea in the afternoon. The weather was changing, and the run up to the Black Sea very fine. We had a jolly dinner, at which Pritchard acted as cook and butler, and an equally jolly supper; but soon afterwards the wind rose, and in our wretched little egg-shell of a boat we had a precious tossing all Saturday and Sunday. On the latter day we fell in with the French fleet sailing in company with the Turks. The two combined made nearly forty sail, and you may imagine how splendid they looked at sunset in such a sea. The next morning, Monday, we reached the English fleet. Our captain immediately reported us to Dundas, and though I wished to go aboard Greville's ship, the *Trafalgar*, he insisted upon my coming here—and here, accordingly, I have been ever since, in the very centre of all that is going on. Nothing can be more full of interest. All yesterday and to-day the three fleets are collected, and there are not less in all than seven hundred ships, and many of these of the largest class and of the greatest power. In feeling, the change from Constantinople is as great as in the scene. The whole fleet—officers, men, and boys—are eager for action, and in the highest spirits. Every manœuvre that is performed—weighing anchor, making sail, etc.—is done with a degree of enthusiasm quite indescribable, and I believe the ship would be deserted if all who wished were allowed to volunteer on shore. As it is, our part is to be rather a slow one. We are to protect the landing, which will begin at noon to-day, and only send a few boats to the great flotilla by which it is to be accomplished. I grieve to say that we are not on the best terms with the French.

There is always some little misunderstanding which prevents combined action ; and thus the landing, which might have been effected yesterday, may possibly be again deferred till to-morrow. In the meantime the weather is perfect, a smooth sea, light favourable winds, and cold healthy temperature. It is most vexatious that an hour of such weather should be lost, and you may be sure that I urge this on the admiral as hard as I can. He is very civil indeed, but is by no means up to his position. The real commander is Lyons, who is just another Nelson—full of energy and activity. I hope and trust that he will land to-day, in spite, if necessary, of his superiors. I have not seen Lord Raglan except through a glass. He also is not too cordial with St. Arnaud, but, I am told, is all for action.

This ship has been desolated with cholera. They lost 140 men in less than a week, and had at one time 600 out of 950 ill. There were actually not enough left to work the ship. The most affecting instances are told of the devotion of the men to their comrades, and of their own heroism. Not a single officer died, and the crew is now recruited by that of the *Tiger* and a batch of new arrivals from England. We have been now for two days off the shore of the Crimea. It is here low, a good deal like the Isle of Thanet, all corn land, and with very few houses. Inland it rises into considerable hills. I hope to know more about it before the week is out. The troops are now quite healthy, and so is the fleet. The voyage has restored both, and the sharp bracing air—which makes me long for all the warm clothes I left in England—has brought round the convalescent wonderfully. In fact, all we want now is union and decision in the commanders. Both are wanting, but circumstances will not wait for them ; and with such a fleet and army within sight of the enemy, they *must* act. To give you an idea of the feeling on board, I will mention two instances. When they were heaving up the anchor this morning the men cried out, "We'll drop it in Sebastopol." Last night a very small mid., about twelve, asked me if we should not land at daybreak ? I asked, "Why ?" "Because that's in my watch, and I shall go."

So much for public affairs. I fear you are expecting me back every day, but I hope you would not wish

me to miss the grandest of all sights for the sake of a day or two. I will start homewards as hard as I can as soon as ever anything is really done, and think I may be with you by the end of the first week in October. I am extravagantly well. Nothing seems to hurt or tire me. In the *Danube* I never had my clothes off for four nights; here I am always up at daybreak and on deck all day—but eat, drink, and sleep like a topman. I will write an account of the landing, in case Russell's should miscarry. He is on board the *Firebrand*, which is towing the Turks. Twopenny is in the *Retribution*. He seems much liked and respected. Pray tell everybody who might expect a letter that, having nothing to do, I have no time to write. The fact is, that I scarcely like to quit the deck.

My news respecting the Russian acceptance of the propositions was most unwelcome to all but the admiral. It seems Lord Raglan's orders are too precise to be influenced by such an act.

J. T. D.

Kinglake is with me here. Layard with Lyons on board the *Agamemnon*.

Evening.

Nothing done except the occupation of this place, which is altogether defenceless.

The ship is rolling very heavily, but I am proof against all such influences now.

"BRITANNIA," OFF CRIMEA,
September 15 [1854].

MY DEAR GEORGE,

The disembarkation of the infantry and of thirty-six guns and horses took place yesterday with complete success. The weather was as favourable for the operation as could be desired, the sea perfectly smooth, the combination of steamboats, flats, etc., perfect. The small iron vessels *Minna* and *Brenda* took a thousand men each trip. If there had been any opposition they could have been run, end on, to the beach, so that the men might have jumped at once on shore; but as there were only half a dozen Cossacks to represent the enemy, all went on in the most leisurely manner, and the men were landed

literally without wetting their feet. How urgently necessary it was that there should be no further delay; how much we have lost by the two days before wasted is shown by what has since happened. We had no wind here, but there was a gale yesterday near the entrance of the Bosphorus, and the sea rose last night so suddenly and so violently that even this steady old craft began rolling, and an extra anchor had to be dropped. This morning there is such a surf on the beach that the cavalry and some guns which were left on board last night cannot be landed, two horses were drowned and one gun lost in an attempt to land them, and the transports containing the rest are going off to Eupatoria to try what can be done there. Even Lord Raglan, who returned last evening to sleep on board the *Caradoc*, cannot get ashore. Now we *might* have landed on Wednesday, and we *might* have waited until to-day, in which latter case, instead of having all the essential part of the army safe on shore, we should have been all rolling together here, while the enemy were grasping the means of resisting our landing. Nothing but the energy and determination of Sir E. Lyons overcame the difficulties and "impossibilities" raised by those who seem to have always a consistent objection to doing anything until their "to-morrow" shall arrive. All the credit is due to him, and to him alone, for our admiral never left his ship, which was anchored three miles from the shore, and contented himself with sending the same contingent of men and boats as the other ships.

I am sorry to say that it set in to rain yesterday afternoon while the disembarkation was going on, and rained heavily all night. The troops must have suffered severely. They landed with only their great-coats and blankets, and must have had a cheerless bivouac. As they landed, they formed on the kind of natural causeway between the sea and the lake, which I mentioned in my former letter, and as soon as each brigade was complete, marched up to a kind of low tableland which extends from the sea to some lofty mountains about twenty miles inland. The Light Division went first, and Sir G. Brown first of them. He is said to have had a narrow escape of being captured by a party of Cossacks, who had concealed themselves behind some arobas. He saw them in

time, however, bolted at full speed, and returned with a few Riflemen, who fired into the carts and dislodged the Cossacks. One of the carters was wounded in the foot, and this was all the damage done. The arobas were seized for the use of the army, and were immediately filled with Engineers' tools. There were thirteen in all, and this is up to the present time all the transport the army possesses, except what it has brought with it.

Before I left the shore, I saw the Light, First, and Second Divisions complete, and part of the Third and Fourth. The difference a few months' service has made in them is very great. The men [are] sunburnt, dirty, and bristling with half-grown moustaches, their clothes and accoutrements already faded, stained, and ragged. The folly of gaudy uniforms was evident at a glance. The Rifles looked little the worse, the Line Regiments, such as the 33rd, 21st, or 88th, only dirty and faded, but the Guards and the Highlanders were deplorable. I wish it were no worse than mere spoilt clothes; but in every regiment there are sad traces of cholera and fever in the pale faces, lank forms, and tottering steps of the men. The Guards are by far the worst. Almost all seem to have been in hospital, and it is painful to see how weakly they are. In London it is merely ridiculous to observe a big man balancing a bear-skin on his head; but here it is really a sad thing to see a reduced giant stumbling along under such an encumbrance, and looking hardly able to carry his own epaulets. It is almost as bad with the Highlanders. Their finery, their plumes, and scarves are all tawdry and mud-stained, and the sad mortality among them, and the wretched looks of those who landed yesterday, prove that kilts and tartans were never meant for a climate where we have all four seasons in every twenty-four hours. The Artillery have changed least of all. I saw twenty guns with six horses each yesterday as effective in all essential points as when they were inspected at Woolwich. Their horses were less sleek and their harness less bright; but men, horses, and guns were all fit for action and in high spirits. Everybody who saw the Infantry at Varna says that they have improved wonderfully on their voyage, and the Guards especially. I can only speak of them as compared, for example, with the regiments

just arrived from England, and the contrast is most striking. They each lost from twelve to twenty men since leaving Varna, and many, I fear, will not survive last night's bivouac.

We hear this morning that some Cossacks were taken prisoners after I came off yesterday, and that they say there are fifteen thousand Russians encamped on the Alma river and forty thousand in Sebastopol. If this is all, we shall soon give a good account of them. The people seem neither frightened nor interested at our arrival. All yesterday men were to be seen busy in the fields, apparently not even noticing the wonderful Armada that was passing along their coast, and even the landing failed to frighten them. The aroba drivers suffered themselves to be soothed by the soldiers' shibboleth, "Buono, buono," and "accepted the situation" at once; and we see through our telescopes carts and waggons coming towards the camp just as if there were no camp there. There are plenty of oxen grazing to be seen, and the prospects of the Commissariat are good. The fleet will, I believe, coast alongside the army as it advances, and carry its tents and stores.

I am just off to Eupatoria in the *Retribution*, and hope to find an opportunity of sending this, which I shall finish whenever I can.

I saw the Duke of Cambridge, Generals Evans, Colin Campbell, and Airey, and Russell and Twopenny yesterday—all well.

Ever yours,
J. T. D.

Friday evening.

I have been ashore again. The project of disembarking at Eupatoria was given up, and in spite of the surf all the guns and a few hundred cavalry horses were landed to-day without accident. Captain Peel got Lord Raglan ashore when some of the captains declined the responsibility, and the sailors recovered the lost gun when the soldiers despaired of it. The army lost some men last night and to-day, but the rest are in capital spirits, and have captured a whole string of arobas, forty of which are laden with flour, and half a dozen camels. The people seem very well

inclined to serve us, and promise abundant supplies. The only want is water. None can be procured, and the ships are actually supplying the army. This cannot last, and so we expect an advance to-morrow. The country is beautiful, an uninterrupted plain in which five hundred thousand men might manœuvre all the way from the sea to the Tent Mountain. Remember always, that in the great credit which the success of this landing deserves, Dundas *has no share*. He is accused throughout both fleet and army of having thwarted the expedition in every possible way, and, when he could not succeed in preventing it, of leaving it all to Lyons, in the hope that he could make him fail. I cannot answer for this, but I can bear witness that he, the admiral of the fleet, has done nothing at all to assist in this great enterprise. We ought to have landed on Wednesday, when the weather was as good as on Thursday; but he put it off, as if tempting the gale which came next day. When the plan of disembarkation had been finally arranged and approved by him, he was the first to break through it by anchoring three miles from the shore, instead of in the place appointed for him in the midst of his fleet. We are actually the outermost ship, though there are many others of deeper draught. He has never been on shore or taken any heed of what has been going on, and is actually indebted to me for all he knows of what has happened to the army. Lyons has done all, and this in spite of discouragement such as a smaller man would have resented. Nelson could not have done better, and indeed his case at Copenhagen nearly resembles this.

I am happy to say that Captain Drummond of the *Retribution*, who was sent down to Eupatoria yesterday, gives a very favourable account of the capabilities of the place and the goodwill of the people. I believe it will, after all, be occupied.

We are accustomed either to pity or despise the Turks as soldiers. I was at their camp to-day, and can assure you it was infinitely better supplied and better appointed than either the French or English. Our people had no tents, for they had no means of carrying them, and spent the dreadful night of storm and rain with no protection whatever. The French had the wretched little flat sheds which they carry with

them, but the Turks had large, handsome bell tents enough for their whole force (eight thousand men), and plenty of baggage cattle and mules. They are well armed, well dressed, and very stout burly fellows—not at all of that slight figure we attribute to Easterns. The French are just as usual, very active in what they call “foraging,” but what we call “plundering.” They pulled down a village to-day for firewood, and are said to have lost a few Spahis, who were foremost in this work, to the Cossacks. The want of enterprise of the Russians is wonderful. They are as slack by land as by sea. A smart steamship might have carried off two or three of our troopships, which literally covered the horizon; but nothing was attempted. Last night, with three armies—all of different nations—hurriedly disposed on an unthronged plain, a few hundred cavalry could have caused the most disastrous panic, and have suffered no loss. The night offered every facility, but no enemy appeared; and to-day we are well prepared to resist him. I hope we shall march to-morrow, in which case I shall either land or join some more active ship.

Ever yours,
J. T. D.

CAMP, CRIMEA,
September 17 [1854].

MY DEAR GEORGE,

The only news since my last letter is that all goes well with the army; it is now almost all on shore, and will certainly advance to-morrow as far as the first of the three small rivers between this and Sebastopol. It is expected that the passage of this river (Alma) will be contested; but we are so strong that no force they can bring against us will have a chance. I have, with much misgiving as to my long absence from Printing House Square, determined on going on with the army, as it is hoped that before the next mail after that which carries this leaves the fleet, Sebastopol may be invested if not taken. I hope to return with the news of this great event.

After much hesitation it has been determined to occupy Eupatoria. A stupid old fellow named Captain B. has been appointed governor, and five hundred marines, collected from the several ships of

the fleet, are to be assigned him as a garrison. They go with much disgust, for they are burning to distinguish themselves beside their brother redcoats.

Fresh captures of Russians are made every day, but none of military importance. They are said to have suffered horribly from cholera at Sebastopol, so much so that the seamen have had to be landed to man the walls. They estimate the loss at fifteen thousand men. I have seen the French as well as the English generals. They profess the utmost confidence that in a month at farthest they will have the place.

Do not be alarmed for me. I shall take great care of myself, and shall present myself within a fortnight after this letter arrives.

I am always, my dear G., yours,
J. T. D.

ATHENS,
September 22 [1854].

MY DEAR G.,

After having left the fleet and gone ashore, in pursuance of the decision I described in the letter which goes by this mail—but which will probably not be delivered so soon as this—I again changed my mind, for reasons I will explain when we meet, and am now nearly half-way to Marseilles, on my road home. I left the Crimea by the *Banshee* on the evening of the 18th, got to Therapia on the night of the 19th, and left Constantinople on the evening of the 20th. We ought—barring quarantine—to be at Marseilles on the 28th, and I mean to come up to Paris as quick as I can. I may stay a day there, but I think I shall pretty certainly be in town by the 1st or 2nd of October, and shall thus not have greatly overstayed my usual holiday.

I got letters from you and Morris at Constantinople, and am delighted to hear all is going on so well. I left Russell and Chenery both fat and flourishing, and have sent Eber up to the fleet, that the truth may be told respecting Dundas. Wallachia, indeed, is left vacant; but while the present operations are going on people will care nothing for the Principalities. He knows Lyons, and will do the work well.

I left Layard on board the *Agamemnon*, and Kinglake trying his fortune with the camp. I fear he will

not succeed, for without carts, a horse, and servants it is impossible to get on; and to be left behind means to be abandoned to the Cossacks.

I am here, as before, in quarantine, within a quarter of a mile from the shore, but unable to land. Surely there never was such perverse folly; for there was very little cholera at Constantinople, and here it is raging. The ship is full of invalids returning from Varna or Gallipoli, and if any one of them should die, we should be locked up for a week at Marseilles. The doctor, however, assures me that though few will recover, none will die for a week yet; and if so, we shall have nothing to complain of.

I have seen no papers of a later date than the 27th—nearly a month since—so you may fancy my mental destitution. Certainly we have nothing to thank the Post Office for. Russell declares he has never received a single paper since he has been out, and the same is said about not only papers but letters by most people here. A young invalided Artillery officer going home tells me that in six months he has only received one letter, which assured him that his family had written to him regularly once a week.

The weather is most charming, and in spite of dull company the whole run from Constantinople has been delightful. I, even I, could have thrown a stone into the temple at Sunium as we rounded the point this morning, and the Acropolis looks no farther than Apsley House from Buckingham Palace. The sea is so smooth that it breaks on even this precipitous shore without a ripple, and is full of dolphins and porpoises, who seem laughing at us for being in quarantine.

I am ever, my dear George, yours,
J. T. D.

My steamer is the *Thabor*, a very good and well-conducted boat. We only call at Messina between this and Marseilles, and there also there is a quarantine.

At the beginning of October Delane was back in London, having, to his lasting regret, missed the battle of the Alma by only a few days. Soon after his

return he went to the Duke of Newcastle and represented to him that from all he had seen and heard in the Crimea there was little likelihood of Sebastopol falling in the near future, that a winter campaign was therefore imminent, and that it was the imperative duty of the Government to provide for such a contingency.

He also urged the provision of wooden huts for the troops, who would have to face the rigours of a winter in the East, pointing out that the work might expeditiously be done at Constantinople, where all the houses were built of wood, and where labour was both cheap and plentiful.

Unfortunately his advice was not taken, the Cabinet, as a whole, being still so optimistic as to believe that Sebastopol would yield in the course of the autumn.

Nothing was done until Russell's letters in *The Times* describing the deplorable condition of the troops began to produce their inevitable effect upon the mind of the nation. Then at last a serious attempt was made to remedy the administrative deficiencies of the previous six months.

The letters which Russell wrote describing the heroism of the "thin red line," to use his now historic phrase, at the Alma¹ and at Inkerman, have been so often quoted and reprinted, that it is unnecessary to refer to them here, but by every mail, as mentioned above, he sent a private letter to his chief, supplementing and confirming his public utterances. We may, however, quote from a vivid account of the desperate fighting which took place, on the morning of Inkerman, in and about the Sandbag Battery. Written by an

¹ "It was a grand fight, a regular pounding match, which had ten times the effect on the stolid Russians of a battle of manœuvres."—W. H. Russell to Delane, October 3, 1854.

officer in the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards,¹ who was severely wounded in the thigh and invalided home shortly afterwards ; in directness of expression it equals anything to be found in Kinglake, and incidentally it confirms the charges of the inhumanity of the Russians towards the wounded :

We were alarmed on the morning of the fifth, about half-past six, and awoke out of sleep by loud cries of "Stand to arms," "Guards, turn out," a cry to which, from having been so long in an enemy's country, we had become pretty well accustomed, but its being in the dark and the first waking sound was rather bewildering. Our firelocks were all wet from the heavy dew, and many of them would not go off. This saved the Russians much, and gave them pluck to advance and fire deliberately. We found that they had surprised our piquets, having during the darkness brought up forty pieces of artillery to a commanding height and shelled our camp. As we were moving up towards our piquets a perfect storm of round shot and shell flew about us, and we were so completely surprised that this caused some confusion.

The Duke of Cambridge (the general of our division) did all that could be done amongst the showers of balls trying to support our artillery, which, though very inferior in numbers, dismounted the Russian guns on the opposite ridge.

Our regiment came into action very weak in numbers, our piquets were all out, and I do not suppose that we were more than 350 to 400 strong. At first we supported the guns for fear of some of the dense columns of Russians making a rush and trying to capture them, but as our right flank came over the head of the hill (we were of course marching in line) we found the Russians in possession of an earthwork and sand-bag redoubt put up by us, and out of which the piquets

¹ The late Colonel Alfred Tippinge, of Longparish House, Hants. When the Queen distributed the medals to the Guards in 1855, he had only sufficiently recovered from his wounds to pass Her Majesty on crutches. He described the whole course of the campaign down to the date of his being disabled at Inkerman in a series of letters to his family.

had been driven. They had apparently a whole battalion in and about the redoubt. Whether any order was given, I cannot say—there was no one with any authority to do so near—however, to see the enemy in possession of our redoubt was I conclude order sufficient. So we marched straight at it, under a shower of bullets, which they fired at us from our own defences. Another strong column of Russians was in reserve behind the redoubt, and further back still a division of from five to six thousand men.

We were totally unsupported by cavalry, infantry, or artillery, and although of course we expected to obtain assistance and support in case of being driven back, yet we did not exactly know where it was to come from. We were opposed to 47,000 Russians—that was Lord Raglan's calculation. They had placed their force in either two or three divisions, near enough to each other to allow of their concentrating and attacking any point which appeared the weakest. We marched straight up to the redoubt within thirty yards, but our poor fellows were falling so fast that the word "Charge" was given, and on we went with bayonets fixed.

After our first charge the Russians turned, gave a murderous volley into us and scuttled out at the opening on the other side of the redoubt. Numbers fell here, amongst others Sir R. Newman, who was only wounded in the leg, and lay in the fort until he could be sent for. The Russians came in two immense masses of from twenty of them to one of us, and being likewise supported well from the rear, we were compelled to retire out of the fort for about thirty or forty yards, being taken on two flanks at the same time. These barbarians hacked poor Newman to pieces as he lay wounded on the ground. He was so completely disfigured that no one could have recognised him except by his clothes. We got the men together, made another furious charge right under the sandbags and bank of earth, on the outside, the Russians being inside and trying to get their muskets over the parapet to shoot us, and hurling stones over upon us. It was soon after this that I was wounded. I was shot also through the elbow and the cuff of my coat, one of the balls passing through the two sides of a tight sleeve without touching the skin. On my other side I had

two balls through my coat about the small of the back. The Russians had been made half drunk to increase their ferocity, and they stood delivering such a fire as almost annihilated our whole regiment in the course of half an hour. We were totally unsupported, and put to do what I would bet my life no troops in the world but English would ever have attempted. Three of us got under the parapet, and there they were, with the muzzles of their guns close to our heads, but they could not depress them sufficiently to shoot us, and the moment their heads came over the top we had either a revolver or a sword to receive them with. . . . The French came to our assistance late in the day, when we were getting the worst of it, and they certainly supported us nobly and saved the position. We should probably have been driven back and our whole camp taken had not they come and given us a help. I was then lying on the ground, and saw some troops moving towards our position, which had been so warmly assailed. I raised up my head and felt "Thank God, we shall hold the position now." I think the sight of those Zouaves coming up gave me more intense pleasure than I ever felt before in my life.

The Times [wrote Greville on November 26] has been thundering away about reinforcements, and urging the dispatch of troops that do not exist, and cannot be created in a moment. I had a great battle with Delane the other day about it, and asked why he did not appeal to the French Government, who have boundless military resources, instead of to ours, who have none at all, and accordingly yesterday there was a very strong article, entirely about French reinforcements.

The plain speaking of Russell, and the comments of *The Times*, were exceedingly distasteful to the authorities, both at home and at the seat of war. Lord Raglan wrote of the "public inconvenience" caused by these statements, and of the necessity of greater prudence in the future; while the Duke of Newcastle, obscuring the real issue, endeavoured to persuade the public that *The Times*, by publishing

unfavourable intelligence from the Crimea, was furnishing information which might be of use to the enemy.

But he might as well have attempted to take Sebastopol single-handed as to silence Delane; and painful though it was to the latter to have to censure Lord Aberdeen's Government, he felt it to be his duty to persevere in his condemnation of the responsible directors of the war.¹

Greville, whose sympathies were entirely with Lord Clarendon, declared that the articles published in *The Times* during the winter excited "general resentment and disgust"; but he would have been nearer the mark if he had said that it was towards the Administration rather than towards its powerful critic that the more thoughtful portion of the English nation entertained such feelings.

Writing to Delane from Balaclava on January 17, 1855, Russell said :

The army has melted away almost to a drop of miserable, worn-out, spiritless wretches, who muster,

¹ Kinglake, in a striking passage, pays a graceful tribute to the commanding influence of Delane at this juncture. Speaking of *The Times* in its capacity of public adviser, he wrote : "No more able, more cogent appeals were perhaps ever made than those in which its great writers insisted again and again that the dispatch of reinforcements must be achieved with an exertion of will strong enough to overthrow every obstacle interposed by mere customs and forms. When the story of Inkerman reached them, they uttered, if so one may speak, the very soul of a nation enraptured with the hard-won victory, and abounding in gratitude to its distant army, yet disclosing the care, the grief, which sobered its joy and its pride.

"And again, when a few days later the further accounts from our army showed the darkening of the prospect before it, the great journal using its leadership, and moving out to the front with opportune, resolute counsels, seemed clothed with a power to speak, nay, almost one may say to act, in the name of a united people."—*Invasion of the Crimea*, vol. vi. p. 229. This volume appeared the year after Delane's death.

out of 55,000 men, just 11,000 fit to shoulder a musket, but certainly not fit to do duty against the enemy. Let no one at home attempt to throw dust in your eyes. The army is to all intents and purposes, with the exception of a very few regiments, used up and ruined. . . . My occupation is gone. . . . There is nothing to record more of the British Expedition except its weakness and its misery: misery in every form and shape except that of defeat, and from that we are solely spared by the goodness of Heaven, which erects barriers of mud and snow between us and our enemies.

Of the condition of the horses he wrote in the same dismal strain :

If we put all our chargers into the best stables in England now we could not save them—they must die. And so of the warm clothing for the men. It comes too late.

Meanwhile Delane had been indefatigable in organising a fund for providing comforts for the sick and wounded in the hospitals at Scutari and Balaclava, and, at a time when public philanthropy was not so well recognised as it is now, *The Times* collected over £25,000 in a few weeks, sending out Mr. MacDonald, a trusted member of the staff, to superintend its distribution.

Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne volunteered his services to Delane in connection with this errand of mercy, and by the beginning of November both he and MacDonald had arrived in Constantinople, where they were joined by Miss Florence Nightingale.

Although throughout the winter Delane had to face a hurricane of abuse, doubtless with his usual equanimity, for his plain speaking on the mismanagement of the war, it is gratifying to find that the Minister mainly responsible for the financial policy of

the Cabinet, desired to tender to him his personal approval of the course he had felt it his duty to adopt. Writing on November 28, 1854, Mr. Gladstone said :

The Government have received from *The Times* valuable support in giving effect to their views of financial policy under critical circumstances. . . . For the suppression of any fact, however inconvenient in its promulgation, I do not plead. I have no cause to anticipate a necessity for asking, in order to meet the expenditure of the year, an extension of the powers which the Legislature has already conferred upon the Executive Government, and I conclude with repeating my sense of obligation on public grounds for the aid which *The Times* has lent us in giving effect to the principles which we, and Parliament with us, have believed to be most conducive to the welfare of the country.¹

Sir William Molesworth, on the other hand, wrote to Delane to implore him to exercise a more rigid censorship over Russell's letters, repeating the parrot cry, which originated in the War Office, that by describing in detail the sufferings of the troops and by denouncing the want of energy in the dispatch of reinforcements, the paper was playing into the hands of the enemy, and providing the Czar with information which it would be desirable to suppress.

When Parliament met ² no vote of credit was asked for, and Lord Aberdeen was able, to some extent, to reassure the public mind, by announcing that before the close of the year the army in the Crimea would be so reinforced as to bring its numbers up to 53,000 men.

But in addition to the dangers assailing it from

¹ Extract from the first letter addressed by Gladstone to Delane. His approval of the comments of *The Times* was, of course, confined to the financial aspects of the campaign.

² On December 12.

without, the Cabinet was now threatened with disruption from within. Lord John Russell, who had for some time past been anxious to find a plausible excuse for severing himself from his sorely-tried colleagues, saw his opportunity when, in the month of January, Roebuck, the Radical member for Sheffield, gave notice of his intention to move for a Committee of Inquiry into the whole conduct of the war.

In selecting such a pretext for his defection it is permissible to say of Lord John that he did not merely resign, but that he absconded. The Prime Minister, with a calm dignity which did him infinite credit, though urged in many quarters to announce a reconstruction of the Cabinet, determined to refrain from even appearing to purchase support by such means, and to stand or fall by the vote of the House of Commons.

As Emerson once said of Napoleon, Delane always knew what to do next.

Before Roebuck's motion was brought to an issue, he made up his mind that the dissolution of Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet was inevitable, and whilst continuing to speak of its head with that respect to which no man was more entitled, he strongly advocated the claims of Lord Palmerston as the fittest and ablest man to succeed him. At the same time he likened Lord John Russell to a general who, refusing an action in the presence of the enemy, throws down his truncheon and quits the field.

The seals of the War Department Delane desired to see placed in the hands of Lord Grey, though we are in a position to state positively that if Roebuck's motion had been rejected, it was Lord Aberdeen's intention to replace the Duke of Newcastle at the War Office by Lord Palmerston. But, as all the

world knows, the motion was carried, the Government was defeated by a majority of more than two to one, and Lord Aberdeen at once resigned.

Systematic analysis of the division lists of the House of Commons was not so common in those days as it is now, but when the names were published the majority was found to include, amongst other Liberal members, Lord Goderich (the present Lord Ripon), Horsman, Locke-King, Samuel Laing, A. H. Layard, and the proprietor of *The Times*. The late Lord Salisbury, who had sat in Parliament, as Lord Robert Cecil, for little more than a year, was also in the "Aye" lobby. Bright and Cobden stayed away, as did Lord John Russell, Sir James Graham,¹ Joseph Hume, and Macaulay.

One or two members of the regular opposition, however, supported the Ministry, amongst them Sir William Heathcote (Gladstone's colleague in the representation of Oxford University) and the late Lord Houghton, who was then described as a Moderate Conservative. The Queen sent for Lord Derby, who, much to Disraeli's disgust, did not see his way to form another Ministry, and failing him for Lord John Russell. But the latter soon found that his desertion of Lord Aberdeen had lost him the support of all his Whig friends. Lord Palmerston, at the ripe age of seventy, was then called to the position of First Minister of the Crown. But before many days had passed he too was threatened with a dissolving view of a Ministry when the Peelites² resigned in a body because he had consented to the appointment of Roebuck's Committee.

¹ Through illness.

² Gladstone, Sir James Graham, Lord St. Germans, Cardwell, Sidney Herbert, and Young.

Delane did not regard their defection as an unmixed evil. On the contrary, he considered that Roebuck's motion having been carried by the largest anti-Ministerial majority ever known in the House of Commons, Palmerston's position was distinctly improved by the withdrawal of Gladstone and Sir James Graham. He wrote in *The Times* of February 16:

Although no one contests the brilliant oratorical powers of Mr. Gladstone or the administrative abilities of Sir James Graham, we do not hesitate to express our conviction that the Ministry may be strengthened rather than weakened by their withdrawal from office.

He followed this up by a further attack on the Peelites a few days later:

On the first wind of Parliamentary inquiry into the causes of the misfortunes of the army in the East Lord John Russell decamped. The Duke of Newcastle retired, but Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Sidney Herbert, and Sir James Graham took or retained office under Lord Palmerston without having made up their minds to stand by him during the very first difficulty which awaited him. We know not by what subtleties of reasoning Mr. Gladstone may have satisfied himself and convinced his friends that it was consistent with public duty to abandon a post he had accepted only ten days before, but we are convinced that Parliament will be the more disposed to rally round the Government when it has shaken off its wavering adherents and its dubious allies.

Such indeed had been the ambiguity of the language used by the Peelites, the obscurity of their motives, and the inconsistency of their actions, that they detracted from the popularity of the Government more than they contributed to it by their services. Such a coalition was possible under the cautious direction of Lord Aberdeen, but Delane saw that it could not long survive his fall.

Governments, like men, begin to die when they begin to live, and every breath they draw shortens the duration of their being. Yet within two years Palmerston overruled Lord Aberdeen, routed Lord John Russell, defied the Court, brought the war to a successful conclusion, and made an honourable peace. But there was one power which he had failed to overmaster or to defeat, and that was *The Times*, as conducted by John Delane in the prime of his intellectual vigour.

Recognising that the country was prepared to endorse the action of the paper in demanding an inquiry into the whole conduct or misconduct of the war, his views, when at length he became Prime Minister, began to undergo a gradual but perceptible approximation to those of Delane. Personal acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy, and mutual respect into friendship. Palmerston was the first to admit how much he owed, during the last and most creditable decade of his long public career, to the advice and the support of his former critic. Pledged above all things to conduct the war with energy and to neglect no measure likely to contribute to its success, the situation which Palmerston had to face on taking office was no enviable one. On a range of bleak cliffs overlooking the black waters of the Euxine were encamped the remains of what was once the noblest and most gallant army whose deeds ever adorned the page of history.

Sharp misery has worn them to the bone. They have lost all the bravery of war. They are ragged, shoeless, besmeared with mud, infested by vermin, and tortured by scorbutic disease. From September 14 their life has been one long, troubled, miserable dream. Battle and famine, rotting wet and icy cold, increasing labour and diminishing strength, viewing

day by day their comrades falling beside them, and awaiting the only too certainly approaching period when they shall join their brave companions in the grave.

Such was the appalling picture drawn by *The Times* correspondent at the beginning of February. Yet amongst those brave remnants of an army there was no shrinking, no holding back, and no despair. Penetrated with an ineffaceable certainty of success, the hope of treading on the ashes of Sebastopol only parted from them with parting life.

Space would not permit of our tracing here the progress of the war during the next few months, or quoting the constant demands made by Delane for the dispatch of those reinforcements which were destined to bring hostilities to a close. The Allies had begun the siege of Sebastopol on October 17, 1854. Not till 316 days later did it fall. On September 11 *The Times* was able to announce that the fortress had yielded, and that the power of Russia in the waters of the Euxine was at an end, at least for a generation.

One of the last private letters which Delane received from Russell was dated from "Inside Sebastopol," and the first of war correspondents returned to England to find himself famous, and the paper which he had served so well more powerful than at any previous period of its history. In one year from the day of the disembarkation which Delane had witnessed in Kalamita Bay we had stormed the heights of the Alma, sustained the glorious disaster of Balaclava, fought the great fight of Inkerman, opened seven distinct bombardments upon the fortress which so long defied the onslaught of the Allies, swept the Sea of Azov and its seaboard, wasted Kertch and seized

Yenikale, witnessed the battle of the Tchernaya, and had held in check every general and every soldier whom Russia could spare. And, at last, having been purged in the fire of sickness, death, repulse, and disaster, the British standard floated over Sebastopol, and the great object of the war was attained.

CHAPTER VII

THE ASCENDANCY OF PALMERSTON

Reeve's withdrawal from *The Times*—Delane's visit to America—Presidential election in New York—Outbreak of the Indian Mutiny—Growing social influence of Delane—Death of his father—First visit to the Highlands—Life at Glenquoich—Visits to Haddo and Taymouth.

Not until Sebastopol had fallen did Delane permit himself to take a holiday, but at the end of September 1855 he went to Switzerland and Italy with his father and mother.

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

INTERLAKEN,
Monday, October 1, 1855.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I begin by confessing that I have behaved like a "boor"; but really doing nothing is such hard work that, like all idle people, I never have a moment to myself. I only expected to hear from you at Baden, moreover, and made no inquiries at Heidelberg or Schaffhausen, though I shall write for your letters by this post.

I need not recount the incidents of our progress up the Rhine; they were unbroken by a single misadventure or adventure—a constant succession of lovely days, good breakfasts, long dinners, and heavy suppers. The veterans enjoy everything vastly, and though they won't improve their figures by walking as much as I wish, they are in wonderful health and spirits. Of course, everybody said we were too late, but until this day the weather has been perfect, and I never saw things to more advantage. Of course Heidelberg was duly admired—indeed, my father

wished to go no further, not believing that anything could be better, and my mother to take a house for the rest of her life there. Wiesbaden and Baden were more relished by the juniors (I picked up 16 fl. at the first and 21 at the second), and the little we have seen of Switzerland has been appreciated by all.

I could not follow John Walter's advice as to the Black Forest exactly, for I could find no *langkutscher* at Baden to undertake his route, but I got one at Freyburg, and went across from there to Schaffhausen, from there to Zurich, and from there to Arth and Righi, which the whole party ascended with wonderful fortitude. All four rode, and this poor child was goose enough to walk—not that the walk is much, but to walk against horses in such a place is laborious indeed. The day was charming, the view at sunrise the best I have seen, and the walk down most delightful. Altogether it was a really good day, and we finished it by a capital supper at Lucerne.

From there I wanted to take John Walter's route by the St. Gothard to this place, but the veterans were too much the victims of their saddles on the Righi trip to sit out another ride, and though I proposed going over the St. Gothard as far as Milan and back by the Simplon, my father preferred coming here for his letters, and so we arrived yesterday, and found your letter of the 25th and a most welcome heap of papers waiting for us. The very first rain we have had was last night, and to-day even the lower mountains are covered with snow, but the weather still promises to be fine, and though I have no plans, I should not be surprised if we took the Simplon as far as the Italian Lakes, instead of remaining on this side the Alps.

Between *The E. Mail* and *Galignani* I have not missed more than one or two papers, and have thought them all very good. How lucky you are in murders! As to Russell, he has surpassed himself both in length and excellence. Nothing can be more powerful than his description of the storming and of the Russian hospitals. Certainly we have not come well out of the Redan business, and I am very glad you have set Reeve at Simpson. As to Simpson's dispatch, it was simply imbecile. Niel's strikes me as very good. For one thing I am sorry—that you should have let Reeve praise Lyons and the Black Sea Fleet. I think

they have been sadly inactive—worse even than under Dundas—and Tom Mozley had written of them in that sense. I thought too the “claw me claw thee” style of both Simpson and Lyons very disgusting.

What was your quarrel with Reeve about? I need not ask who was in the wrong?

I have a great deal more to write, but am now, at 9.30 p.m., obliged by pure sleepiness to go to bed. Such hours, early rising, and incessant walking, combined with good and varied food, ought to remove all the effects of London smoke, and I certainly think they have, for I never felt better.

Always, my dear G., yours,
J. T. D.

Please to write next to Geneva. It is the only place one is *certain* to go to.

MILAN,
Monday, October 8, 1855.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

You will see by the date of this letter that I have executed the plan I mentioned when I last wrote, and have brought the whole party across the Alps. It looked rather bold, but as two of them were not up to mountain excursions, the only way of seeing Switzerland was by the passes, and once at the top Italy was too tempting for one to turn back. So on Wednesday last we left Interlaken by the Lake of Brient, crossed the Brunig the same night, and slept the next at Amsteg on the St. Gothard, got to Faïdo, on the Italian side, on Friday, and here by the Lago Maggiore last night. Up to the top of the pass the weather was glorious, hot enough at starting, but with the thermometer down to 39 at the highest point, the rain set in, thunder and lightning followed, and accompanied us all the way to Milan. To-day, however, Italy has redeemed itself, and as I write the sun is brilliant and the heat enough even for me. Everybody is well, and enjoying the wonderful change from snow and rocks and desolation to the warmth and fertility of the plains.

I propose to stay here until Wednesday, or perhaps Thursday, and then to return as quickly as I can with so large a party by way of the Simplon and Geneva. It will take about a week to reach Paris. I don't care

to stay there more than two days, so that I shall be back in town well within the six weeks.

This is all about myself, but really I have nothing else to write about, for my last date from London is your letter of the 29th, which I answered from Inter-laken, and the little news I have since gleaned has been from German and Italian papers, whose conductors evidently think the movements of their respective Hertzogs much more important than the progress of the war. All of them, however, so far as they dare show it, are on our side, and the prints, however rude, which one finds even in remote villages always represent the French or English as triumphant. I grieve to say the former come in for the larger share of glory, but that of course was to be expected.

Anything more abominable than Simpson's conduct cannot be conceived, and I hope you have continued the same tone with respect to him, unless indeed he has redeemed himself by some victory in the field. Even the soldiers don't seem to have behaved as well as usual, and I expect the French will forget their own success long before they cease talking of our failure. I have met scarcely any English since I set out, but a good many Americans, all pleasant, well-informed people, bent on seeing Europe, but convinced that they have nothing to learn. I wish I could feel so as regards England, but I see every day a great deal here which I wish would bear transplantation—not so much perhaps on this side the Alps as the other, where the people seem to me more industrious and ingenious than ever. It is a sad pity that you who enjoyed Scotland so much should not see the country we have come through, and its manifold beauties and conveniences. Certainly in Switzerland one has the whole luxury of travelling. Capital roads, plenty of horses and carriages everywhere, a whole nation of guides and showmen, palaces for public-houses, good beds, and fair food and drink almost wherever one cares to stop. Nor are the prices high. I have kept all my bills, and they do not average more than ten francs a head per day. I expect to find them heavier here, but hitherto there has been no change from the Swiss rate.

Our old friends the Austrians are as absurd as ever with their soldiering. Every large building that is not

an hotel is a barrack, and even the trumpery little steamer that brought us over the lake yesterday had a guard of marines, with regularly posted sentries on its miniature forecastle and stern, while here and there are constant patrols of infantry and cavalry. and guns and drums and white coats in all directions.

As ever, yours,

J. T. D.

All the heavy baggage, and with it my writing materials, was left at Interlaken for conveyance to Geneva. Hence this importation of the soil of Italy.¹

Whilst he was abroad the usual serenity of the atmosphere in Printing House Square became suddenly charged with electrical disturbance. Henry Reeve, who, as we have seen, had been one of Delane's principal writers on foreign politics from the very earliest days of his editorship, took umbrage at the alterations which Dasent, acting within his undoubted right, made in some of his contributions to the paper. More than this he endeavoured, backed up as he was by Charles Greville, to dictate the policy to be pursued by *The Times* in Delane's absence.

This, of course, Dasent could not allow, as it was an inflexible rule laid down by Delane that the decision of the editor temporarily in charge should be absolute and final.

In consequence of Reeve's disinclination to recognise that the positions of contributor and editor could not be reversed at his pleasure, a heated correspondence passed between him and Dasent, which, after it had been submitted to the principal proprietor, resulted in Reeve's throwing up his post on the staff and seeking other and more congenial employment.

As an inaccurate and incomplete account of the circumstances attending his withdrawal has been given

¹ The letter was not blotted, but sanded.

by Sir J. K. Laughton in his *Life of Henry Reeve*, published in 1898, we have thought it worth while to state the actual facts, and to print, not only Dasent's letters to his chief, but Delane's comments on the whole correspondence.

The leading article on the proposed match between the Prince of Prussia's son and the Princess Royal of England,¹ which Reeve took exception to, is said by the writer of his life in the *Dictionary of National Biography* to have led to the rupture; but a general impatience of authority, a desire to over-ride the decision of the responsible editor, and to give effect to his private views and those of his patrons outside the office, were the real causes of this painful disagreement.

The article on the royal match was from Robert Lowe's pen, and it will be seen from the subjoined correspondence that it met with Delane's entire concurrence and approval:

G. W. DASENT TO J. T. DELANE

"TIMES" OFFICE,
October 15, 1855.

MY DEAR JOHN,

The enclosed correspondence and John Walter's letter which you will receive with this will inform you of the cause of my difference with Reeve and its result.

You had hardly been gone a week before he tried to bully me, fancying, I suppose, that we could not do without him. In this he was undeceived very speedily, for Chenery, as you predicted, has proved himself fully equal to all foreign work, and wrote Reeve's peculiar articles far better than *Il Pomposo* could himself.

For a fortnight he sulked and wrote tolerably; he then went out of town and lost the chance of the best subjects, which I handed over to Chenery. Reeve then

¹ Published in *The Times* of October 3, 1855.

rushed back to town rather savage. He then tried to play into the hands of the Government by deprecating all attacks on Simpson for his imbecility, and actually wished me to have no article at all on the brevet and Simpson's promotion.

Finally he made an excellent article of Lowe's on the Prussian marriage, in which we have had the public completely with us, an excuse for withdrawing altogether, and when I quietly accepted his resignation he wrote to Walter a tirade of abuse against me, backed up by a most scurrilous letter from Greville, evidently written to order.

Walter sided completely with me, broke off the connection at once, and says he has never felt so happy in his life. Thus we have lost the great man, and I cannot say we feel at all the worse for it; indeed the excellent articles which we have had lately since his withdrawal must have mortified him not a little.

Of course, all this extra trouble and correspondence has given me a world of work; but I am extremely well, and it is no small consolation to me to feel that Reeve quarrelled with me, not I with him, that his attack, offensive in the extreme, has recoiled on his own head, and that J. W. has stood up so stoutly for me. I hope and trust that you will take the same view of the case, for certainly there never was a baser conspiracy nor a more ungenerous mode of attack than that pursued by Reeve and Greville on this occasion.

Now I hope you will not cut your holiday one day short for all this. Everything here is as smooth as possible, John Walter delighted, and Mowbray Morris and every one else equally so.

All the men are working well, and I have never been in want of leaders, though I have naturally had some anxiety as to how some of Chenery's articles would turn out.

I am delighted that you carried the veterans so successfully across the Alps, and hope to hear in a day or two that you are all safe and sound in Paris.

I have told John Walter and every one else that you certainly will not be back before next week, so pray stay and enjoy your Sunday in Paris.

Ever yours,

G. W. DASENT.

Please write a line in reply. I enclose the articles.

No. 1

Friday Morning [September 21, 1855].

DEAR DASENT,

I will write something on the corn question. Could you send me (to the Council Office) the last *Mark Lane Express*?

Do pray spare us any further effusions in the strain of the article about Naples to-day. I never remember such trash to have been published in the paper. I suppose it is meant for a sort of burlesque, but it makes us all ridiculous.

I had written the day before what it was necessary to say—the subject being a delicate one for many reasons, as nothing could suit us less than a Muratist insurrection: upon which this blatant article follows from sheer ignorance and absurdity.

If you wish me to remain in town and to retain the foreign department of the paper in Delane's absence, I must really entreat you to spare me this sort of coadjutor.

Yours faithfully,
H. REEVE.

*Reply.—No. 2**Friday Morning [September 21, 1855].*

DEAR REEVE,

I do not know whether to laugh or to be angry at your letter. It is not you but I who conduct the paper in Delane's absence, and so long as I conduct it you must refrain from injurious comments on the labours of others.

The article of which you complain—most unreasonably as it seems to me—was written *before* yours. I might have embodied the fact of M. Mazza's dismissal in it, and suppressed yours altogether, but I held it over for a day and inserted yours, really from a desire to spare your feelings.

With regard to your threat of leaving town, you are welcome to do so as soon as you please; but if you go there might be some difficulty in resuming your position.

While I cannot tolerate any interference with my

duties, I write this in no unfriendly spirit. I enclose *The Mark Lane Express* corn article, and am,

Yours very truly,
G. W. DASENT.

No. 3

COUNCIL OFFICE,
Tuesday, October 2.

DEAR DASENT,

I beg particularly to request you to let the matter of Simpson drop for a day or two, for a reason which I am not at liberty to mention at this moment, but which I give you my word is a very good one.

I send you a few pickings. If I have nothing better I will turn my hand to Stoltzenfels to-morrow.

Yours,
H. R.

N.B.—The above extraordinary letter was in answer to one suggesting an article on the brevet and Simpson's promotion which appeared in *The Gazette* that evening. The consequence was that the paper had no article on that brevet next day. In reply, I wrote insisting on an article on the brevet, embodying the *secret*, which was Simpson's recall or resignation. The article was written. On the following day the article on the Prussian marriage, not by Reeve, appeared. This was Wednesday, October 3. The day after I received the following letter:

No. 4

16, CHESTER SQUARE,
October 4, 1855.

MY DEAR DASENT,

I am sorry to say that I so entirely disapprove the manner in which you are conducting the paper, especially with reference to the foreign department of it, that I feel it would be dishonourable and improper in myself to contribute to its columns under your management. I have, as you are aware, already remonstrated with you, but you replied that you should allow no one to interfere with you in the performance of your duties.

I took no notice of this at the moment from a strong

desire not to inconvenience the paper in Delane's absence, and with some hope of preventing the mischief I believe you to be doing. But, as I perceive (especially from the article on the Prussian marriage in yesterday's paper) that I have entirely failed in this object, I have no choice but to withdraw.

Yours truly,

HENRY REEVE.

G. W. DASENT, ESQ.

Reply.—No. 5

"THE TIMES" OFFICE,
October 4.

MY DEAR REEVE,

I am sorry that you should have arrived at the determination expressed in your letter dated this morning, but, under all the circumstances, it is perhaps as well that you should withdraw for a time from contributing to the paper.

Yours very truly,

G. W. DASENT.

H. REEVE, ESQ.

No. 6

Extract of a letter from Mr. Greville to Mr. Reeve on the subject of the article on the Prussian marriage :

"I hope you may have a satisfactory conversation with Walter, whom I should rather like to see myself, and tell him what I think on the subject. The first thing I should do would be to advise him to remove Dasent from his post without scruple or hesitation. I think Delane (who must know his brother-in-law and what he is worth) much to blame for entrusting him with the management of the paper, and I am amazed that he ever did so."

This letter was sent to John Walter with another from Lord Clarendon to Reeve, and, at my desire, John Walter sent them on to me.

The letter which immediately follows was written before Delane had received Dasent's full account of the passage-at-arms between Reeve and himself :

GENEVA,

Tuesday, October 16, 1855.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

Long as I have known your good qualities I never did justice to you as a correspondent until yesterday, when, on arriving here, I found no less than five letters from you and so many newspapers that the postmaster suggested a *brouette*. Certainly my father has never had such a feast. He has been ever since conscientiously reading them up. I have not been so industriously regular and began with the latest, but so far as I have gone I have never read better papers in every respect—excellent articles, good subjects and lots of news. The article on the Prince of Prussia's son and the match with the Princess Royal is the best I have ever read, and I hope nothing will make you shrink from it at all. The articles on Simpson and on the appearance of the fleet before Odessa are also capital. There may be many more, I only mention those I have read. With such articles you need not tell me that everybody is working well, but I long to hear the particulars of your tiff with Henry Reeve. I suppose it was a bit of insolence on his part? I hope you find Chenery as good as I was led to expect. He seemed to me equal to anything.

Our adventures since I wrote you that dusty letter from Milan have not been many. I scarcely did the place justice at the time I wrote it, for its attractions grew on one and I left it at last with regret. We did not go as I had intended by the Simplon, but by Novara and Vercelli to Turin, and thence over the Cenis here. Turin has never had justice done it. It is really one of the handsomest and most lively cities I have seen, and the view from it of the whole Alpine chain quite wonderful—worth a dozen Righis. It stretches for about two hundred miles, and rising as it does on the Italian side straight out of the plain looks higher than it does from Switzerland, where one approaches it through several other ranges. We had the clearest possible weather and saw it therefore to the best advantage. We also saw the King reviewing some Crimean reinforcements, and a whole plain full of hay, and mules enough to eat it. In Piedmont the war fever seems at its height. There are ballads about Malakhoff and the "Cosaccos" singing in every street, and every

shop has prints more or less bad of French and English, Sardinians and Turks. There is an amount of "go," too, in the whole population which contrasts very favourably with Milan, where all the vitality seems engrossed by the omnipresent Austrian garrison. In Milan, too, there is only one wretched railway principally for "strategical purposes," whereas in Turin there are four and all well frequented. In Milan all the palaces are barracks, and there does not seem to have been a new house built for the last century, while all round Turin there are new streets and squares and stations rising as rapidly as round London.

The learned in such matters say that the Cenis is a very inferior pass, but having walked over it from Susa to Landlesburg I am bound to say that it is full of very magnificent scenery of a different kind but not less interesting than the Gothard. From Turin here has taken four days. We took a Roman vetturino from Turin, and he brought us in yesterday afternoon. To-morrow at 3.30 p.m. we start by dilly for Dôle, where we catch the train for Paris and expect to arrive there on Thursday evening.

This is, I believe, all I have to tell you of our proceedings and plans. The veterans are contented with what they have seen and done; the others would have liked to spend a month at Milan and, I dare say, another at Paris. For myself, I am well pleased to have gone and shall be equally well pleased to be back again. The weather, which had been bad for two days, is again lovely and this beautiful place looking its best.

Always, my dear G., as ever, yours,

J. T. D.

I declare Russell ought to be made a K.C.B.

But in his two next letters to his brother-in-law he enters very fully into the whole subject:

PARIS,

Friday, October 19, 1855.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

When I wrote to you from Geneva I had not read all the papers I found there or I should certainly have told you how much I regretted the article depreciating any movement against the King of Naples. I

have been grilling about it ever since, for I felt that in it Reeve had, as usual, sold the popular cause. I had already written to you about his article on Lyons and in praise of Lowe's on the Prussian match. I had also, as you know, just before your return, published an article of Knox's, as first leader, stronger than anything that has since appeared about Naples. You have therefore already, if it were possible to doubt it, evidence of how I should myself have acted in Reeve's case. I regret the quarrel, because I hate all quarrels and because perhaps the same cause of difference would not have produced one if I had been concerned—not that my conduct would have been unlike yours, but that Reeve would have abstained from anything offensive to me, though he thought he might bully you with impunity if not success. However, as Palmerston said at Romsey, there are some things more intolerable even than quarrelling, and, much as I hate it, I would rather quarrel with a whole parish of Reeves than submit to such insolent assertions as his letters display. He just wanted to job the paper to his own purposes, to prove to his patrons that he was supreme and to receive their pay in flattery and dinners while he was taking ours in hard cash. I am delighted you found such a cordial supporter in John Walter. His entire "loyalty" in all such cases is beyond praise.

So much for the quarrel itself. As to its results, I don't think the paper will lose more than it will gain by Reeve's withdrawal. Certainly he was a most ready writer, always willing to work, with a great deal of information and much adroitness in using it; but he was a thorough jobber, and never thought himself repaid for his labour unless he sold it twice over. His dynastic tendencies, or rather those of his patrons, have led us into endless scrapes and contradictions, and constantly made us the advocates of an unpopular and anti-national policy. In losing him no advantage of judgment will be lost, for no man was ever more inclined to take the wrong line, and Chenery will more than supply his place as a writer.

I am very sorry you should have had all the anxiety and annoyance this affair must have caused you. I hope M. M.¹ as well as J. W.² has been handsomely and cordially with you. I am sure he must feel, as we do,

¹ Mowbray Morris.

² John Walter.

that in estimating Reeve's services to the paper there was much to put into the adverse scale. It was very good policy of you to have that civil article on Palmerston's Romsey speech. It will show him and the rest of them that it is not to Reeve alone they are indebted for support.

This is quite enough for to-day from yours always,
my dear G.,

J. T. D.

PARIS,

Saturday, October 20, 1855.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I see by yesterday's article that you are carrying the war into Reeve's quarters very fiercely, and attacking him through Clarendon by a description not to be mistaken. Pray don't *show* resentment. Feel as much as you like, but it will keep. At present it will all be attributed to pique, which as you are victorious you need not feel. I suppose it is Reeve's own article in *The Edinburgh*. I think he told me he was writing something of the sort, and the extracts quoted are just his own opinions. As to Clarendon, I have no personal feeling in his favour. He chose to put himself entirely into Reeve's hands—deceived probably by his boastings—and deserves no consideration from us, who have from the commencement of his Irish career given him a deal more than he ever gave us. *Seem* magnanimous, however, and don't seek occasions of manifesting the disgust you are quite justified in feeling.

There is nothing doing here: the Exhibition is a humbug, the town much more English than French, everything dear and, strange to say, dull. I shall start on Monday, and be with you, I hope, all well on Tuesday.

Ever yours,

J. T. D.

Apart from the absorbing interest of the Crimean War, 1855 was not an eventful year at home. Yet, if we were to print a tithe of the letters received by Delane between the latter end of 1854 and the con-

clusion of peace in 1856, especially those addressed to him by his civil and military correspondents in the East, it would have been necessary to expand these volumes to at least double their present size. The private communications of W. H. Russell (carefully preserved and annotated by his chief), of General Eber (in after-years *The Times* correspondent at Vienna and one of Delane's favourite travelling companions), of Thomas Chenery from Constantinople, of J. Macdonald on the state of the hospitals at Scutari, of Stowe, who, to the great regret of his colleagues, fell a victim to fever at Balaclava, and of Laurence Oliphant, describing his adventures with Omar Pasha and the siege of Kars—these alone would have filled a good-sized volume.

Amongst Delane's private papers for which it has also been impossible to find room on the present occasion are numerous and highly confidential letters relating to the recall of Sir John Burgoyne and the supersession of other officers, to the choice of a successor to Lord Raglan, and, after him, of *his* successor.¹ He was in constant communication with General Sir G. de Lacy Evans, both before and after his return from the front. Many of these letters are painful reading, from the nature of the disclosures they contain and the jealousies they reveal, but nearly all are of value for the light which they throw upon obscure passages in the conduct and progress of the war.

We remarked, at an earlier stage of this biography, that Delane was the best-informed man in Europe, and whilst this was strictly true as regards the repeal of the Corn Laws, it becomes even more apparent when, having reached the Crimean period, we consult

¹ General Sir William Codrington.

the innumerable sources of information at his command. But we must reluctantly close the record of his life, so far as relates to his individual share in the great conflict between England and Russia, and turn for a while from matters of international importance to more matter-of-fact and domestic topics which engaged much of his attention until they were brought to a successful issue.

A subject which had a peculiar interest for Delane and for the proprietors of *The Times* was the repeal, in 1855, of the newspaper stamp duty.¹

This incident in the long struggle for the removal of what were commonly known as the "taxes on knowledge" was a matter of grave concern to the interests of Printing House Square. The Bill, as originally framed, by substituting postal for revenue stamps, and by deliberately fixing upon a 4-ounce standard, was calculated to place *The Times* in a disadvantageous position as compared with its contemporaries.

Delane at once threw the whole weight of his influence into the scale to secure the principle of uniformity, and he appears to have contemplated, in the event of the Government refusing his demands, the establishment of a vast organisation by means of which the entire London press would have taken upon itself the carriage and delivery of all printed matter independently of the Post Office. It is instructive to note that he thought this could be done, even fifty years ago, at a cost of not more than one halfpenny per paper.

The agitation for free trade in newspaper enterprise,

¹ One of the immediate results of this change was the establishment of *The Daily Telegraph*, the first newspaper to achieve success at the price of a penny.

which originated with the Manchester school, continued in a more or less acute form until the final repeal of the paper duty in 1861.

One of Delane's frequent correspondents from 1854-5 onwards was the second Duke of Wellington, the witty, if somewhat eccentric, peer who liked to be known as the "son of Waterloo." In later years he became one of Delane's intimate friends, as did the Duchess,¹ and "Mr. Delane's room" was long, and perhaps still is, pointed out to visitors at Strathfield-saye. A philanthropic man, preferring to do good by stealth from a wholesome horror of advertisement, his letters are always good reading and often extremely amusing, tinged though they are with a vein of cynicism. Some of them, on non-political subjects, we hope to include on a later page.

Sidney Herbert, that fine type of an English gentleman in political life, now also first appears amongst Delane's habitual correspondents. It is a matter for regret that his labours for the improvement of the soldier's lot were constantly hampered, if not paralysed, by a parsimonious and grudging Exchequer.

The extraordinary prosperity of *The Times* is alluded to by "Bear" Ellice in a carefully reasoned paper on the state of the Press prepared for Lord John Russell's instruction at the end of the year :

The Times [he said] has become omnipotent and despotic from the consummate ability with which it is conducted. It is on this account read with avidity by all classes and by men of all parties.

The great increase of circulation which resulted from the firm attitude taken by its editor during the war enabled the proprietary to make a substantial addition

¹ Mistress of the Robes to Queen Victoria.

to Delane's salary, and in a neatly turned letter of thanks he wrote as follows :

I can make no more head against the storm of favours you shower upon me than our troops could against the fire of the Redan, and am as unable to make any adequate reply. I can only rejoice that the great enterprise, whose success is the dearest object of my life, is prosperous enough to afford such magnificent rewards and that you so highly appreciate my entire devotion to you and to it.¹

The promotion of Robert Lowe, one of his ablest and most trusted writers, to the post of Vice-President of the Board of Trade gave him unfeigned pleasure.

Writing to Dasent in Norfolk at the close of the session he said :

Whilst Lowe was on his canvass, I had only Mozley and Woodham to rely on, but the latter behaved like a brick and sent me double sheets for three days together. I was very anxious for Lowe, as at first the contest [at Kidderminster] looked dangerous, and it would have been so disgusting to be blocked out of a promising career by a few drunken carpet-weavers. I must say he bears his new honours meekly, and on the Sunday before going to Osborne he wrote the summary of the session. . . . Don't be too cocky about Sweaborg. The town, etc., was burnt by vertical fire, but the batteries are left untouched and the fleet therefore can't get at Helsingfors. . . . I hope your boys are running about well and manifesting a proper love of the stables.

The question of the appointment of a successor to Lord Dalhousie brought Delane many letters and suggestions from high officials in India and at home.

Although the Governor-General was not one of his personal friends, his next brother, George Delane,² had been for some years well known to him. By Lord

¹ Extract from a letter of Delane to John Walter, July 5, 1855, of which he preserved a copy.

² Major-General George Delane, Bengal Staff Corps ; Commandant of the Bodyguard, 1862-74. Born June 18, 1825 ; died July 31, 1890.

Dalhousie he had been appointed to the command of the Governor-General's Bodyguard, and in that capacity his name stood at the very head of the Indian Army List. An excellent correspondent, he wrote to his brother by nearly every mail from Calcutta, and kept him accurately informed of the trend of events in India. He was among the first to warn his brother of the disaffected state of the native troops.

The selection of Lord Canning to succeed Lord Dalhousie took official India by surprise, as it had made up its mind to either Lord Elgin or the Duke of Newcastle. The appointment met, we have reason to know, with Lord Dalhousie's entire approval, and on first hearing of it he remarked to one of his staff: "He and his handsome wife will at any rate *look* their parts well, and I am sure they will be popular."

When the New Year was still in its infancy peace was not only in the air, but in the mouths of most Englishmen. Faint though they were at first, the earliest glimmerings of hope grew imperceptibly brighter, until by the middle of January the knowledge that France was thoroughly sick of the war strengthened the growing conviction in the public mind that the negotiations in progress on the Continent might, and ought to, end in the discovery of a basis for future agreement.

It so happened that during the early part of the month Delane was laid up in Serjeants' Inn by serious illness, but with characteristic pluck, though in a high fever, he continued to guide the course to be pursued by the paper from day to day and to dictate instructions from his sick room.

The fall of Kars having taken place *after* the terms agreed upon by the Allies had been forwarded to Russia, changed in some degree the balance between

the two parties in the war, since, for the first time, Russia had something to give up.

The diplomatists of the Czar were not slow to avail themselves of the advantage which the possession of Kars gave them to say in effect: "We decline to give you half Bessarabia, though we are willing to restore Kars, and to leave the question of territorial compensation to be settled hereafter by the negotiators."

The famous Four Points of Vienna had been virtually increased to five, and the supplemental one, which really contained two distinct propositions, provoked the greatest amount of resistance on the part of Russia. Its object was to prevent the reconstruction of any fortifications in the Aland Islands, and to secure the admission of consuls to all Russian ports in the Black Sea.

Being unable to call on Lord Palmerston to ask for news, Delane wrote to him and received the following letter in reply. Written in a spirit of cheerful optimism which a statesman whose mind was made up and knew exactly what the interests of England required might legitimately employ, it illustrates the resolute character of the man who, whatever his shortcomings in other directions, was never seen to better advantage than when dealing with questions of really national importance.

LORD PALMERSTON TO J. T. DELANE

January 16, 1856.

It is not easy to give in a few words a correct notion of the state of the communications now going on, but Austria having, with the consent of the English and French Governments, proposed to Russia certain conditions to serve as bases for a Treaty of Peace, Russia has accepted some, and has either declined or wished to modify others. Austria has, however, adhered to her terms, and has given Russia till the

18th to reconsider her answer, and to send by telegraph to Vienna a yes or a no, entire acceptance or what would be considered as tantamount to a refusal.

The points on which the Russian answer declines, or proposes alterations are important. Russia evades the cession of Bessarabia, and offers to give up Kars instead; a position which she has acquired by accident and not by victory, and out of which she will infallibly be driven in the next campaign. She says nothing about the Aland Islands, and wants to leave open a door for a larger naval force in the Black Sea than can be required for mere purposes of naval police.

She has, however, gone so far towards meeting the conditions of the Allies, moderate and reasonable as they are, that little doubt can be entertained that if not now, at all events before the next campaign would begin, she will see that it is better for her to accept the very fair conditions offered to her, than to run the risk of what might happen to her before this time twelvemonth, if the war should go on. What is wanted, therefore, is firmness and steadiness of purpose on the part of the Allies, and a resolute perseverance in their preparations for the vigorous prosecution of the war.

In the meantime Russia is said to be greatly irritated against Austria, and having failed in her intrigues to separate England and France, she will, no doubt, endeavour to create a schism between England and France on the one hand, and Austria on the other. In this she will also fail.

My dear sir, yours faithfully,
PALMERSTON.

Once again *The Times* out-distanced all other competitors by announcing—in its second edition of January 17—that Russia had accepted the Austrian proposals.

This welcome intelligence, received by telegraph from a confidential correspondent at Vienna, reached Printing House Square some hours in advance of

the Government's own information, and brought the paper much credit.

On its becoming known in the City, the Funds immediately rose 3 per cent. Had it been kept back by a single hour the reputation of *The Times* would have been seriously damaged, for Delane would have been accused of being in possession of news of vast importance and deliberately withholding it from publication for stock-jobbing purposes. It was confirmed by Lord Palmerston himself on the afternoon of the same day in a private letter to Delane:

We have a message from Vienna this morning saying that yesterday Count Buol received a message (I presume by telegraph) from Count Esterhazy at Petersburg, saying that "the Russian Government accepts the Austrian propositions as a basis for negotiations for peace." So far so good, and it is to be hoped that the same pressure which has brought us thus far on our road will carry us equally well to the end.

The Austrian Government has not yet, I am sorry to say, made known to the Russians our demand about the Aland Islands and the eastern shores of the Black Sea, and the appointment of consuls in the Russian ports is but ambiguously indicated in the Austrian ultimatum.

But even while he was penning this letter in Piccadilly the printing machines of *The Times* in Blackfriars were working to the utmost extent of their power to announce to the world outside news of such paramount importance as the near advent of an honourable peace.

When the Peace Conference met¹ Delane received, in addition to his regular correspondents' communications, several letters from Henry Reeve² and

¹ At Paris.

² After his retirement from *The Times* he occasionally contributed to its columns under the *nom de plume* of "Senex."

Charles Greville, both of whom had gone over to Paris to gather such crumbs of information as Lord Clarendon and others of the Plenipotentiaries deigned to bestow. Lord Brougham was also on the spot, and his hieroglyphic letters are somewhat frequent about this period.

It is a moot point which wrote the worst hand, Brougham or "Bear" Ellice, but perhaps Brougham's is the more difficult of the two, from his perverse habit of abbreviating even short words.

Lord Palmerston used to hand over all Brougham's letters to his private secretary to decipher if he could; but Delane struggled with them conscientiously until one day, to his great relief, he found that the ex-Chancellor had begun to employ an amanuensis, owing to failing eye-sight and advancing years.

On March 12 Greville wrote to Delane:

I take it that peace will be signed some day before the 31st, so as to avoid the necessity of renewing the armistice, and giving time to prevent any more shots being fired. The peace will fall very far short of what has been desired and expected in England; but I apprehend there will be no difficulty in showing that it will do more than accomplish the objects of the war, and it would be equally easy, but not politically advisable, to show that it is the best we could get. France will have peace at any price. She does not care about getting a little more or less out of Russia, and she will not run the smallest risk of a refusal on the part of Russia which might compel her to renew the war. I believe the Emperor Napoleon might have joined with us in being more peremptory with the Russians with perfect safety; but he does not think so, and it is impossible to get our great ally to take our view of the matter, and we must either go with him or be prepared for a rupture of the alliance, and ultimately for a quarrel with France. I have conversed with many able and well-informed men of the most opposite parties and opinions, and all agree that peace is an absolute necessity for France, and that the Emperor could not continue, or rather renew, the war

without imminent danger to his crown, and the certainty of a breach between our two countries. Nothing can exceed the unpopularity of the English here, mainly because they so passionately desire peace, and they think we are doing all we can to throw obstacles in the way of it. One reason with the Emperor is the frightful state of the French army in the Crimea. . . . There are all sorts of jokes here about the expected Imperial Prince, for they won't hear of a Princess. They want the birth and the peace to be proclaimed at the same time, in which case it is suggested that the child should be called *Don Pacifico*, and Palmerston be his godfather.

The extravagance of the "layette" now publicly exhibited causes some indignation. It cost £12,000. I fancy financial affairs here are in a very ticklish state. Cowley, who is no friend to Stratford, tells me that the case against him is not so bad as it appears on the face of the blue-book, and that Williams's conduct is obnoxious to a good deal of censure; but all this can only be understood by those who know about Turkey and the Turks, and cannot be made intelligible to the public.

On the 16th he sent another gossipy letter :

CHARLES GREVILLE TO J. T. DELANE

PARIS,
March 16, 1856.

I am much obliged for your kind and prompt acquiescence in my request. I gave your letter to Cowley to read, and he says your Constantinople correspondent is in error, and that there will be no difficulty or resistance to the terms of peace on the side of Turkey. I have no great predilection for our present Government, and they manage their affairs with so little skill and tact that it would not surprise me if they were to fall any day; but I doubt whether the peace (which will certainly not give them any strength) will contribute to their fall. "The uninformed mob" will clamour at not having extorted from Russia all the concessions they were led to expect; but all who have sense and knowledge of affairs will comprehend why this was impossible, and that when

we entered into a *coalition* our independence in great measure ceased, and that we could neither make war nor peace exactly as we pleased. I refrain from saying much that I could say, because my opinions upon the whole question are so totally different (and, as you know, have been so all along) from yours, and the majority in England, that we have no common basis to argue upon; but this we may probably agree upon, that the continuation of a good and friendly understanding between France and England is necessary to the prosperity of both, and the best security for the peace of Europe for years to come. It would therefore be wise not to quarrel with France because she has taken different views from ours of the question of peace, and has absolutely refused to go on with the war when she believes (rightly or wrongly) that its further prosecution would be ruinous to herself, and that all the objects for which the Allies professed to make war have been obtained. The English public and the Press, which (with, I believe, the sole exception of *The Times*) have been for these two years worshipping the Emperor Napoleon with the most extravagant and revolting adulation, may now turn round upon him and abuse him with as much virulence for acting according to the universal wishes of his own people and what he believes to be the interest of his country; but I hope good sense and sound policy will prevail over any such folly, and that the two countries may close their accounts in an amicable manner and with a reasonable prospect of avoiding future rivalries and disagreements. Reeve has written to you, and I have no doubt confirmed what I tell you of the state of public opinion in France and of the condition of their affairs. A committee of the Conference has been formed to draw up the treaty, and as soon as they have done this work I presume it will be signed. Then the Conference will break up, and the different Ministers will go home. Manteuffel either is here or will be here directly. I perceive that *we* do not approve of his coming, and it is difficult to see of what use it can be to himself or anybody else. All is concluded already, except certain details, such as an arrangement for the Principalities, with which he has no concern. The pretext I understood is that Prussia was a party to the treaty of 1841, and therefore is to

be consulted in what relates thereto ; but it is certain that the French chose to invite Prussia to join the party at this stage of the business. After peace is signed a committee will be left sitting to carry out the details for the arrangement of which there is no time. It will be very difficult to make any satisfactory settlement about the Principalities, and I can't make out that there is any good plan as yet agreed upon : nobody seems to know what to do. I am particularly struck with the fact that in all the conflicting arrangements about territories, there never seems to have been any question whatever of consulting the wishes, feelings, or interests of the inhabitants of them. I am led to believe that it is not intended to publish the details of the Conferences, which will disappoint public curiosity, but be a very wise reserve. It was different with regard to the Vienna Conference, but there no result took place, and it was necessary to show why. Here, as peace is the result, it will only be necessary to publish the treaty itself as the result, and to explain it and defend it, when it is discussed, as of course it will be. This is my conjecture ; but I do not *know* how much or how little of all that has passed it is intended to make public. I take it the greatest part of the real business has been done out of Conference, and in the cabinet of the Emperor or Clarendon's smoking-room in the Hôtel du Louvre. They make such a prodigious mystery of all that passes in the Conference, as you may have seen by Palmerston's reply the other night to Disraeli, that I am not sure whether I ought to mention the sub-committee about the treaty ; but you will probably hear this from somebody else. It is composed of Cowley, Bourqueney, Buol, Cavour, the Grand Vizier, and Brunnow.

Yours ever,
C. G.

Reeve wrote much to the same effect, and supplied some personal details omitted by Greville :

Clarendon and Orloff are the two lions of the Conference, and the former as the representative of the victorious party has the *haut du pavé* in all respects ; nothing can be better than his position. . . . Walewski

is completely null and stupid. Buol is effaced altogether and very much out of humour. Cavour and the Grand Vizier are more intelligent, but their support is not worth much. . . . I was dining yesterday with a party of French officers, Admiral Rigault de Genouilly amongst the number, who let out that the navy and the dockyards are exhausted by their efforts. *Éreintés* was the expression used. Orloff admits that the Russians have lost 400,000 men since the commencement of the war—I believe, indeed, in the Crimean campaign alone.

As the Conference neared its end, it was perceived that of all the Powers of Europe England alone had the resources and the spirit which would enable her to continue the war, and that the moderation she showed in the discussions arose altogether from her sense of the general political interests of Europe and of Turkey, and not, as with the other States, from weakness, despondency, or defeat.

Peace being assured, Delane took the opportunity of running over to Ireland at Easter to stay a few days with Bernal Osborne and recruit his health after the severe illness he had suffered from in January.

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

NEWTOWN ANNER, IRELAND,
Saturday, March 22, 1856.

MY DEAR G.,

I just write a line or two to tell you of my adventures hitherto. We had a capital run down to Holyhead, and a smooth passage across—only five hours—during which I half ruined myself in ham sandwiches and bottled porter: got to Dublin by 11, and put up at Morrison's, a sufficiently good public-house.

On Thursday I lionised Lowe over Dublin, which under the influence of a very bright sun really looked handsome. Carlisle did the hospitable in the evening, and we dined at the Castle in prodigious state.

On Friday we started southwards at 8.30, and arrived here (Osborne's) at 2 o'clock. The place is most charming, but we had a characteristic adventure on arriving. Osborne was standing in front of his house to receive us, and our carman seeing him, and fired with a noble desire to distinguish himself and his horse, started off at a gallop, and turning the corner of the avenue upset the car and threw us both out. Lowe had not only a heavy fall, but his portmanteau followed him and fell on his back. I got off better, as my *malle* had a better feeling towards me, but hurt my elbow a little. Lowe thought he had broken his collar bone, but it turned out nothing of consequence.

The house is one of the very prettiest and most comfortable I ever saw, and the gardens very pretty and extensive. Osborne is a capital host, and indeed he keeps on joking at such a rate while I write that I am afraid this will not be very intelligible.

As usual, everybody one meets wants us to go and stay with them, and I might spend a month very pleasantly, but I shall be faithful to my promise and come back on Wednesday.

Pray send me a line by return of post to say how you are going on.

Believe me, ever yours,
JOHN T. DELANE.

The feelings with which Delane regarded the Treaty of Peace are briefly expressed in the following letter to Lord Clarendon :

J. T. DELANE TO LORD CLARENDON

SERJEANTS' INN,
May 1, 1856.

I am about to send Mr. Hardman, who has been for some time our Correspondent at Constantinople, to Bucharest, in order that we may at last get some reliable information from the Principalities. Mr. Hardman has been long in our employ as Correspondent at Madrid and elsewhere, and I should be very much obliged if you would give him a few lines of introduction to Mr. Colquhoun. I can safely promise that he will do you no disservice.

I think your Treaty gains in popular appreciation every day. There is no enthusiasm for it, but a reasonable satisfaction with its provisions, which will continue to increase as our military self-complacency returns. Those who are discontented would be discontented with any Peace *now*, because they wanted an opportunity of gaining laurels; they are almost disappointed to find that they have obtained without a victory the same conditions as another Waterloo would have given them.

Believe me, very faithfully yours,
JOHN T. DELANE.

In August he sent W. H. Russell to Moscow to describe the coronation of the Czar, and made his own preparations for a visit, which he had long had in contemplation, to the United States.

The death of Sir William Temple in August gave rise to a correspondence between Delane and the Prime Minister on the profession of diplomacy and the character of those engaged in it, in which the views of both are stated with remarkable succinctness.

LORD PALMERSTON TO J. T. DELANE

ST. LEONARDS,
September 5, 1856.

There was an article in *The Times* of yesterday¹ about diplomatic appointments which was just neither to a class nor to an individual. Our Ministers abroad cannot justly be reproached with having forgot English feelings and English ways of thought; on the contrary, what has much struck me has been how much those habits of mind are retained. It is true that while I was at the Foreign Office, and since, our Ambassadors and Ministers have been encouraged periodically to "take a roll on their Mother Earth," which I quite agree with *The Times* in thinking of great political importance, notwithstanding that such wise men as Ewart, Hume, Cobden, and Williams set up a cry of "Job"

¹ The article referred to was on the death of Palmerston's brother, Sir William Temple.

whenever they find a diplomatist absent from his post. This reproach is not deserved by our diplomatic agents, but it would apply more justly to some of the British merchants established in foreign ports. There are no doubt many honourable exceptions, but among these British communities there are to be found many men who have been established there for years, who have formed connections by intermarriage, who have allied themselves to local parties by personal friendships, whose habits of thought and feelings are wholly governed by their local pecuniary interests, and who look upon England chiefly as a strong bully who ought upon every occasion to back up by threats or force all their demands and pretensions, whether right or wrong. These men consider a Minister or a Consul as having no functions more important than to do their bidding, and if these public officers cannot, on every occasion, comply with their demands, they turn upon them, bespatter them with abuse, and denounce them as idle, apathetic, ignorant, and incapable.

With regard to the late Sir William Temple, it is a great mistake to suppose that he was careless of our commercial interests, or did not understand the principles on which they were to be supported. Negotiations on these matters occupied a great portion of his time. He had to do with a Government which is swayed by prejudice, ignorance, and corruption, but he gained for us several advantages, and he left improved arrangements complete, and only wanting the final sanction of the King when that illness which proved fatal compelled him to quit Naples.

My dear sir, yours faithfully,

PALMERSTON.

J. T. DELANE TO LORD PALMERSTON

September 6, 1856.

I am very sorry that I should have written anything which you think unjust to the memory of Sir William Temple, whom I had not the advantage of knowing, but of whom I thought it was no injustice to say that he was ignorant of commercial affairs, in comparison with the ideal Minister whose appointment I was suggesting.

As to the diplomatic body, I intended to be understood as comparing the advantages of employing men selected for the occasion, and returning after it had passed to their ordinary pursuits, and the maintaining a body of professional diplomatists, who from long residence abroad are, as you admit, liable at least to lose their sympathy with home and home opinions, and either to contract the habits of thought of the place to which they are accredited, or to become such thorough Bohemians as to be impartially neutral among all nations.

I think I have met more than one of the diplomatic body of whom this might justly be said, and without any just reproach to them, for they had been so long abroad, and with so little in common with their countrymen, that it was only a matter of surprise that they were Englishmen at all.

I know the diplomatic body has the advantage of your earnest support, and how presumptuous it is in me to hold a contrary opinion, but if left to the results of my observation I should desire to see an end of the *profession* of diplomacy, and men taken indifferently from either House advanced to the principal missions, and returning to fill other employments at home.

I think of starting on Saturday next for a very short trip to the United States, and if you are in town should be glad to have an opportunity of waiting upon you before my departure.

Believe me, etc.,
JOHN T. DELANE.

Delane's intention had been to go to America with Sir Henry Holland, but the arrangement fell through, and eventually he took Laurence Oliphant out with him as a travelling companion.

Writing to Dasent on August 27 he said:

London is more empty than you can imagine, but I still find plenty of society. The few that are left are compelled to be sociable. Davis writes from New York that yellow fever is raging there. I showed his letter to Sir H. Holland and he says it is all stuff, and that Canada and the interior is the line now, and that long before September is over there will be an end of

fever. The other papers have got their Russian correspondents in full swing,¹ so I hope we shall hear from Russell in a day or two. Macdonald tells me the others are very low in circulation—*The Daily News* only about 3,000. We are still 51,000—not bad considering the dulness.

As Dasent was in the Isle of Wight Delane planned a hurried visit to Portsmouth, and wrote to ask his brother-in-law to come over and meet him there :

I will look out for you at the pier (by Nelson's Sallyport) in case you and the boys are inclined to lionise, but Saturday is always the worst day for such things, as the process of cleaning ship is going on.

To Delane the dockyard was a never-failing source of interest, as indeed it must be to every true Englishman, and he delighted in watching the great line-of-battle ships coming in and out of harbour from the windows of the old Quebec. This once well-known inn, which has long since closed its doors, stood near the Point, and not far from the Blue Posts, so familiar to Peter Simple and Midshipman Easy. Almost overhanging the water, the jib-boom of a frigate had been known to penetrate its dining-room windows. Fifty years ago Portsmouth was a much more picturesque place than it is now, though some of its old charm remains for those who know where to look for it. The old ramparts and gates were still standing in 1856 and but little changed since Pepys described them. Governor's Green was a thing of beauty before the trees were cut down, and the view from the historic Hard was unspoiled by an unsightly, if convenient, railway station.

From the still existing Keppel's Head (affectionately spoken of by generations of naval officers as "The

¹ For the coronation of the Czar.

Nut"), a magnificent prospect of masts and sails, in those days of the wooden walls of the Navy, met the eye. At the time of Delane's visit there was not an armour-plated ship in the navy, nor any vessel, save perhaps the smallest gunboat, wholly propelled by steam.

It was not till late in September that Delane was able to leave England for Halifax and Boston. Writing on the 6th of the month to Dasent he said :

I scarcely like staying away to-morrow evening,¹ for there will be two articles for which I ought to take the responsibility—the one by Mozley on the Church in a very reforming spirit, the other by Knox on the Duke of Newcastle's speech at Sheffield. As to the former your judgment is better than mine, for my zeal for reformation is at least as strong as Mozley's. The danger is of his over-doing it. As to the Duke, what I want Knox to write is a moderately civil article to him, pointing out that he should direct the rancour with which his speech overflowed not against the Press or the public, but against his colleagues, by whom he was ill-supported, and the generals and others, by whom he was ill-served. No doubt he was victimised, but it was by his colleagues who abandoned him and the generals who misused and wasted the means he gave them.

Delane's opinions of America and its people must be left to speak for themselves. He had timed his arrival so as to be in New York during the Presidential election, and it will be noticed that, many years before its adoption in England, he speaks with approval of the method of recording votes by means of the ballot. Fifty years have made great changes in the United States, as in every other quarter of the world, but many will think that the main characteristics of the American race have not materially

¹ A Sunday.

altered since Delane recorded his impressions in the following letters :

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

IN SIGHT OF LAND,
October 8, 1856 (11.45).

MY DEAR GEORGE,

There is just now a shout on deck that land is in sight; and as it is pretty certain we shall reach Halifax in time for the *Canada*, I announce our safe arrival by anticipation.

We are now enjoying, like so many half-thawed flies, our second fine day with incredible zest and glee. All the first week we laboured hard to be jolly under difficulties, and with fair success, but the delight of being dry, of being able to walk and eat and sleep without holding on, seems a foretaste of heaven. The sanguine ones expect to get their knees and elbows well before landing, and that indescribable soreness about the shoulders and hips which is produced by attempting to make them prehensile.

Seriously, we had a hard time of it for the whole of the first week. It blew and rained after the true Liverpool fashion when we started, most of us were wet through before we reached the ship, and then, constantly increasing until Thursday morning, we had what our skipper describes in his log as "a whole gale of wind with heavy squalls." It then degenerated into "strong winds," and now since yesterday we have had fine Mediterranean weather, the decks have got quite dry, and this morning I was able to get out of bed without arranging my mackintosh to stand on. During the gale proper my cabin had never less than two inches of water in it, and I was indeed lucky in having one to myself, as I could stow my luggage in one berth and occupy the other, whereas most people have had their luggage wet through and their clothes spoilt.

With all this, I have enjoyed the whole thing amazingly, and have never been sick at all. I was indeed "nauseous" for one day, but have only once failed to appear at each of our five daily meals. The cooking too has been miraculous in the face of such difficulties, and the attendance beyond praise. The ship is indeed an admirably managed floating hotel, and we have had

at our table—which was for some days the only one—such a jolly set of fellows that I should have been a beast not to be jolly too. Oliphant was capital, and with Ross, Benedict, Johnstone, and Zimmerman, with a Mr. Miller as butt, we have had a most pleasant society. All these are Canadians, but I have also made acquaintance with many Americans, and have already invitations enough for three months.

We hope to arrive at Boston on Friday, and I propose to stay there until Monday and then to go by Albany, Lake George, and Lake Champlain to Niagara, where I stay with the above-mentioned Zimmerman. From there I go by Lake Ontario to Kingston and down the rapids of the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec. Then by rail back to Toronto, where I stay with Ross, and from there to New York, where I mean to be during the election. I shall give up the Western trip to Chicago and Cincinnati from want of time, but shall run as far south as Richmond, and see Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Washington. All this I reckon I can accomplish in time for the steamer of November 12, and I shall write at once on arrival to secure a berth in her.

So much for myself.

How I wish there were a telegraph to tell me how you are all going on at home! I shall harden my heart, however, and hope for the best until I get your letter by the *Persia*, when at the smallest hint I will turn my nose eastwards again by the very first opportunity.

As ever, yours,
J. T. D.

ALBANY,
October 13, 1856.

MY DEAR G.,

I really ought not to write you anything, for I am very tired, and unless I were to write a volume I could give you no real idea of the impression this country makes on me. It seems a mass of contradictions. Everything is so familiar in one respect, and yet so unlike what one has ever seen before. People are extremely brusque and yet extravagantly civil. The servants are most obliging friends, strangers accost you after the old [a word illegible] form, and, having

broken the ice, themselves "guess" you would like to know *their* friends, who are accordingly introduced, shake hands and talk Election. Then, leaving Boston this morning, we have passed through fifty miles at least of primæval forest with very few "clearings," and even in these the stumps sticking up in every square yard, while whole groves of "girdled" trees in the distance look like as many skeletons. It is said to be a busy community, but nobody seems to have anything to do but to lounge in and out of the hotels and gossip and drink. On Saturday a banker "concluded" I was from Europe and talked an hour about what I had best see while a crowd of customers were waiting. The hotels are capital; beyond all praise for their cleanliness, order, good attendance and liberality. I enclose a bill of fare of the Fremont, the whole charge at which for four meals a day and lodging is 8s. The English are very popular and I have heard it said a dozen times that America felt humbled when we declined to take offence at the dismissal of Crampton. At church yesterday the preacher—Theodore Parker, a great gun here—spoke of England as "that country which we all love so dearly," and on Friday all Boston went mad at a dinner given to Peabody as a reward for his supposed exertions to keep the peace. The said Peabody is here and wants me to go to a great ball to-morrow, but I shall bolt if the weather clears and go on to Canada by the rapids and Montreal.

I despair of particulars, but the general result is that I am very well pleased. Filmore will write you a good description of Boston, and thus save me that labour.

I shall hope to hear from you by the *Persia*, and am, my dear G., very sleepily but affectionately yours,

J. T. D.

CHICAGO,
October 31, 1856.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

Here I am quite in the west, having, I believe, last written to you from Quebec, about 1,000 miles to the east.¹ I arrived only yesterday afternoon, am going to Milwaukee to-morrow, and start for New

¹ His letters from Montreal, Quebec, and Toronto appear to have been lost.

York direct on the following (Sunday) evening, so as to arrive there (900 miles) on Tuesday morning in time for the Election. Nobody, I hope, will accuse me of too much "dull sloth," though really I have never hitherto hurried over any place of interest or put myself to any discomfort except such as is inseparable from ordinary travelling. I was two days and a half at Niagara, for my sentiments respecting which see Filmore's letter. I met him there by accident and was able, through a steamboat friend, to show him a good deal more than he would have ever seen for himself. It is beyond all praise or description, but so many clever fellows have bewildered their readers by attempting to describe it, that I may spare you my raptures. From there I came to Detroit, 260 miles, and from there to this place, 280 miles, and am now writing in a hotel as splendid as that of Castile,¹ making up 400 beds, with 165 servants, and yet only one hotel out of four equally large in a city which only began to exist when you and I went to Oxford. I have been driving about it all the morning, and am now just setting off for a ride into the prairie, which reaches down to the outskirts.

I have now been exactly three weeks in this country, having landed on the 10th, and shall be in time for the Boston steamer of the 5th, if I find any summons from you awaiting me at New York. I have, however, that fast city still to see, and should like to make a run south as far as Richmond, so that I hope I may be spared to the 12th, upon my solemn undertaking never to leave the British Isles again.

NIAGARA,
Sunday [November 2].

I was obliged to give up the trip to Milwaukee, as all travelling is impossible here on Sunday, with some very rare exceptions. So as I was obliged to lie up for a day somewhere, I left Chicago yesterday and arrived here (590 miles) this morning, have been round all the principal points of view again with increased admiration, and start for New York early to-morrow morning, so as to arrive there at night. I

¹ ? The Castiglione Hotel in Paris.

shall get your letters at once, and will act on them at once if necessary.

The Presidential contest is in the furious stage, but it is clear to me that Fremont is beaten. He is the unhappy being so well known in English boroughs, the favourite of the non-electors.

The frost has set in *en permanence*, and we have even had snow lying, so you may readily imagine with what avidity I turn homewards. How these people can live in the winter is every day a greater mystery to me. I hope it will be less cold at sea than it is here, though the sun is bright enough and the ground dry.

Ever yours,
J. T. D.

Lowe seems to have created an immense sensation here. They have not done writing about him yet.

CLARENDON HOTEL, NEW YORK,
November 4, 1856.

MY DEAR G.,

I wrote to you from Niagara the day before yesterday, and might as well have brought the letter on here but that I feared there would not be time to post it. I have not yet seen Davis or Filmore, and cannot therefore tell if there are any letters from home. If there is any wish expressed in them you may rely upon its being obeyed. I found Oliphant waiting for me here, and have already (10 a.m.) been round to see the process of voting, which goes on with most exemplary order. I don't believe it would make the smallest difference if we had the ballot in England. Everybody's vote is perfectly well known before he appears to tender it, and the inspectors of either party watch for their friends and their opponents just as the check clerks do at home.

I am disappointed in what I have seen of the city. It is not half so well built as Boston, and this, which is the best hotel, is not better than that at Chicago. But the climate is a great improvement on the West. There (three days ago) I left snow and the thermometer at 20°, here we have a nice damp muggy atmosphere such as you might have in London.

Fremont is even more certainly given up by his

friends here than in the West, but I don't believe Buchanan's foreign policy has anything whatever to do with his success. Indeed, I have never once heard the subject broached except by professional politicians. It turns, with the mass, upon the two old rival *drapeaux*, "Democrat" and "Republican," just as Whig and Tory with us, and, where there is an intelligent expression of opinion independent of party, upon the extension or non-extension of slavery. Of course, there is a strong abolition party, but for obvious reasons they don't go the whole hog in this contest, but only protest against the extension of slavery to free States.

Don't therefore overrate the importance of Buchanan's victory as far as we are concerned. He is not elected as an enemy to England, however ill he may turn out, and will probably find himself, when his turn comes, pretty much under the same necessities and responsibilities as Fremont would have done.

I will write again by the American boat or by this if there is anything to answer in your letter.

I am ever, my dear G., yours,

J. T. D.

Three days later he wrote :

I have secured a berth by the *Asia*, and leave here on Wednesday next at noon. I think of going to Washington in the meantime, but this place is so very agreeable and I am so sick of railway travelling that my courage may possibly fail. Nothing can exceed the civility and hospitality of the people here, but it is hard work to be sight-seeing all day and dinnering and partying all the evening. I shall have heavy arrears of sleep to make up at sea, but Cunard has given me a cabin to myself, and I daresay I shall be comfortable enough.

How slow the post from the United States was half a century ago, before the days of Atlantic greyhounds, is shown by the fact that this letter was not delivered in London till exactly three weeks after it was written.

Soon after his return home he wrote the following to Lord Clarendon, from which it will be seen that he

was not more favourably impressed with Washington than he was with the American Press :

J. T. DELANE TO LORD CLARENDON

SERJEANTS' INN,
December 2, 1856.

I return Mr. Lumley's letter and enclosures with many thanks.

I fear there is little good to be done with the Press of the United States. It is too corrupt, and it would be dangerous as well as unavailing to bribe it in our interests, whereas much more than even the best-disposed Press could do might be done by a British minister who could make effective speeches. Of course, there would be some danger that he would say too much, but not more than you all incur when you either speak in Parliament or go "a-starring" in the provinces.

My model minister should never live at Washington except during the session, and would thus escape one of the greatest drawbacks of the post, the necessity of living in so odious a village.

Excuse my pertinacity on this point, and believe me,

Very faithfully yours,
JOHN T. DELANE.

With the beginning of the year 1857 Delane resumed the practice of keeping a diary, though unfortunately only in an abbreviated form as compared with his habit of ten years previously.

Brief though the entries are, they here and there throw light on the course of political events as they revealed themselves to him from day to day, and as a record of his many engagements and his growing social influence the diary is often full of interest.

On January 3 we find him dining with Lord Lyndhurst to meet Lord Campbell (another octogenarian Lord Chancellor), C. P. Villiers, Walpole, Cresswell, Waddington, Panizzi, Fitzroy Kelly, and several others. He notes that Lady Lyndhurst was

the only lady present. Disquieting accounts received from his brother,¹ from Sir Charles Trevelyan, and others, and Lord Dalhousie's solemn warnings as to the dangers attending a reduction of the European garrison, induced Delane to think that all was not well in India in the spring of 1857. In connection with the outbreak of the Mutiny we should state that for months he had been receiving by every mail letters from men qualified to speak with authority on the vexed question of the greased cartridges.

Amongst his correspondents at this time were Duncan Macpherson, the Inspector-General of the Madras Medical Service, and Colonel Tucker, the Adjutant-General of Bengal.

The private information which Delane received from India he placed at Palmerston's disposal, but, with his usual optimism, the Prime Minister seems, at all events at first, to have underrated the danger looming in the near future.

Returning to Delane's private correspondence we find that dissolution was in the air in February. Speaking of the "handsome and powerful support" which he had received from *The Times*, Palmerston wrote to Delane at the opening of the session to tell him of the course he intended to pursue :

We don't resign, but we intend to propose to Parliament to make such temporary arrangements by a vote of men for three months from April 5 and a Mutiny Act for three months, as will enable us to take the opinion of the country on the state of parties in Parliament by an early dissolution.

But only a month later Cobden succeeded in defeating the Government on the China question, and

¹ Major-General George Delane, to whose lot it fell to bring the King of Oude a prisoner into Calcutta.

the situation of 1850 on the occasion of the great Don Pacifico debate was exactly reversed. Whereas Palmerston then stood condemned by *The Times* and by the House of Lords though acquitted by the House of Commons, he was now vigorously supported by Delane and by the Peers and censured only by the Lower House.

He appealed to the country, chiefly on personal grounds, for the days of machine-made electoral "programmes" were as yet unknown, and he returned from the polls stronger than ever. Bright, Cobden, and other members of the Manchester school lost not only their seats, but much of their influence in the constituencies, owing to their unpatriotic attitude at the time of the Crimean War.

Quoting again from the diary, Delane wrote on January 14 "To Mrs. Milner Gibson's, where was the King of Oude." He had come to England to protest against the annexation of his dominions, and was, naturally enough, regarded as the lion of the London season. On the 20th he mentions his having dined with Lady Molesworth at her well-remembered corner house in Eaton Place. Her political parties were scarcely less famous than those of her great social rival, Lady Waldegrave, and her invitations were as much appreciated by her many friends as even Lady Palmerston's to Cambridge House. Her dinner-parties were usually given on Sundays. In addition to Delane, who visited her nearly every week during the season, among her constant guests were Bernal Osborne and Lord Torrington, a lord-in-waiting to the Queen, whose entertaining letters to Delane we shall have occasion to quote from hereafter, though from their intimate nature they do not admit of reproduction *in extenso*, at all events during the

present generation. Delane was consulted privately by Lord Palmerston as to the choice of a Speaker in the new Parliament, and that he was asked informally to adjudicate upon the claims of the various candidates for that high office is a tribute to the respect entertained in high quarters for his peculiar and extensive knowledge of men and manners.

The qualifications which he held to be indispensable for the successful occupancy of the Chair were :

1. Imperturbable good temper, tact, and patience.
2. A previous legal training, if possible.
3. Absence of bitter partisanship in his former career.
4. The possession of innate gentlemanly feelings, which involuntarily command respect and deference.
5. Personal dignity in voice and manner.

Such a combination of qualities he desired to see in the First Commoner, feeling strongly, as he did, that if an unsuitable appointment were made and a collision took place between the House and its Speaker, he would infallibly drag the Government down with him.

It would be invidious to mention now the names of the other candidates, and they were not few, on whose merits he was asked to pronounce. But he made little secret of his opinion that the fittest man to succeed Mr. Shaw Lefevre was Mr. Evelyn Denison, who had sat in the House of Commons for more than thirty years, and whose experience of its procedure dated from before the passing of the great Reform Bill.¹

Delane also told the Prime Minister that the only rock ahead of him which he could see was Lord John

¹ Mr. Denison occupied the Chair for fifteen years, and was created Viscount Ossington on his retirement.

Russell. "Johnny not a minister is high treason against the house of Woburn," and although he supported the Cabinet during the Indian Mutiny, the prediction was verified to the letter a year later when Lord John attacked Palmerston with unusual ferocity in the course of the debate on the Conspiracy to Murder Bill.

We insert here a few extracts from Delane's diary chiefly relating to his social doings, varying as far as possible the names of the people he was in the habit of meeting, though at a time when London society was so much smaller than it is now the same friends were constantly seeing one another :

February 11, 1857.—Dined with Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Lord and Lady Lyndhurst, Lord and Lady Salisbury, the Bishop of Exeter,¹ Lord Stanley, General² Storks, and others.

February 15 (Sunday).—Dined at Lionel Rothschild's; Lord and Lady Lyndhurst, Marcus Hill, Lady Molesworth, Charles Villiers, Bernal Osborne, Landseer, Meyer Rothschild, *Les Fiancés*,³ Milner Gibson, Otway, and Fleming.

On Sunday (March 1) to Mentmore with the Rothschilds, Ellice, Cadogan, Osborne, Fleming, and Paxton.

March 4.—To the Rothschild wedding at Gunnersbury. A very splendid affair indeed.⁴

March 7.—On this date the celebrated round table in Serjeants' Inn was brought into use when "Sir H. Storks, Strzelecki, Laurence Oliphant, Drummond-

¹ Henry Phillpotts, chiefly remembered in connection with the Gorham case. In opposing the Reform Bill in the House of Lords he came into conflict with Lord Grey.

² Sir Henry.

³ See entry for March 4.

⁴ Baron Alphonse de Rothschild married his cousin Leonora, the eldest daughter of Lionel Rothschild.

Wolff, and General Eber dined with me. Afterwards to Lady Pam's."

Dined on Sunday (the 8th) with Lord and Lady Granville, Lord Lansdowne, the Clanricardes, Bessboroughs, Osbornes, and Sir John Acton.

In the following week¹ he was again at Lady Molesworth's house to meet Lord and Lady Grey, Lord and Lady Stanhope, Lady Breadalbane, Lord Torrington, and Azeglio. "The Greys and Stanhopes very bitter to each other."

March 24.—Dined at Lowe's. The Grotes, Mrs. Lane Fox, Phinn, Hayter, Fleming, Waddington, and Mr. Arthur Peel.²

March 28.—The City election; was with the Rothschilds all day.

April 7.—Dined with Lady Molesworth again. Torrington, Osborne, C. Villiers, Mrs. Norton, and Alfred Montgomery.³ The Reeves and whist in the evening.

April 24.—Dined at Lord Clarendon's with the Argylls, Cornwall Lewises, Macaulay, Von Ranke, the Reeves, Musurus, Rothschilds, etc.

April 29.—Dined with Lord Palmerston to meet the Shaftesburys, Panizzi, R. Monckton-Milnes, the Cornwall Lewises and Fleming.

May 4.—Dined at Lansdowne House.⁴ Lord and Lady Shelburne, Lord Duncan, Lady Molesworth,

¹ On the 18th.

² Sir Robert Peel's youngest son, Speaker of the House of Commons 1884-95, the present Viscount Peel.

³ Alfred Montgomery, for a very long period one of the darlings of London society, and an intimate friend of Delane. If he left a diary behind him there could be no better social chronicle of the mid-Victoria era.

⁴ Lord Lansdowne, the Mæcenas of his age, occupied a position unique in our political history. Entering the Cabinet in 1827, for the last eleven years of his life he was a member of that body, irrespective of changes of government, though holding no office.

Mr. Lane Fox, Bernal Osborne, Strzelecki, Charles Villiers, "Poodle" Byng,¹ and Lady William Russell.²

On May 9 he dined with Charles Dickens, "afterwards late to Lady Molesworth's."

May 14.—Went to see the *Great Eastern* with Bill.³

May 27.—The Derby Day. Dined with Sir Charles Eastlake. The Bishop of London,⁴ Sir Roderick Murchison,⁵ Layard, Panizzi, and Waagen.⁶

This was Blink Bonny's year, and, contrary to his usual custom, Delane does not appear to have been to Epsom, nor was his dinner that evening a sporting party by any means.

May 30.—Dined with Lord Campbell. Lords Overstone and Cawdor, Thackeray, "and many Campbells."

A mere catalogue of names is apt to become tedious in the recapitulation, but referring to a dinner-party at Mr. R. B. Sheridan's, of Frampton Court (grandson of the orator and dramatist), on June 3, we take the following from the diary :

Met Lord and Lady Lyndhurst, the Dufferins, Gifford, Tomline, Fleming, and Sir James Graham. The second daughter very beautiful.⁷

¹ Frederick Byng, one of the dictators of Brooks' Club and a well-known frequenter of Almack's, had been page to George IV., and in that capacity attended his marriage with Caroline of Brunswick. He distinctly remembered to have met Nelson at dinner and to have heard Lady Hamilton sing to him afterwards. He frequently wrote to Delane, and lived till 1871.

² Lady William Russell was a very witty woman. One of her *bons mots* at this period was to the effect that Palmerston and Lord John having shaken hands and embraced, hated each other more than ever.

³ His eldest brother, W. C. A. Delane. The great ship, after many failures, was launched in the following January.

⁴ A. C. Tait, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

⁵ The eminent geologist. He was Delane's proposer at the Athenæum Club.

⁶ Author of *The Art Treasures of Great Britain*.

⁷ Mr. Sheridan's second daughter married Lord Poltimore in the course of the next year.

The three granddaughters of Richard Brinsley Sheridan were renowned for their good looks, and no doubt they inherited some of the rare beauty of Miss Linley, whose portraits by Gainsborough and Romney are so well known. The eldest sister was Lady Dufferin, the second was Mrs. Norton, and the youngest, who became Duchess of Somerset, was Queen of Beauty at the Eglinton Tournament.

Mrs. Norton had not only great personal beauty but remarkable talent. More than this, she had glamour and fascination of no common order.

Delane corresponded with all three sisters, and for him Mrs. Norton often wrote reviews of books, usually novels, in the columns of *The Times*.

June 20.—Dined with Bernal Osborne. Lord Fortescue, the Meyer Rothschilds, Abraham Hayward, etc. Afterwards to Lord Overstone's and Cornwall Lewis's.

June 25.—Dined with Anthony Rothschild. The Lionel Rothschilds, Abingdons, Osbornes, Monckton-Milnes, Lady William Russell, Musurus, Lord and Lady Monck, etc.

Next day I dined with Lord Granville. Lady G., the Duchess of Argyll, Ladies Morley, Dufferin, and Emily Peel, Lords Clarendon and Stanley. The news of the Indian Mutiny came.

July 3.—Dined at Bath House.¹ Lady Sandwich, "Bear" Ellice, Prosper Mérimée, Strachey, etc.

But in the course of the month the constant round of social gatherings was cut short by the death of his father, to whom he had ever been a most devoted and affectionate son. His diary at this time is full of the hopes and the fears which he experienced during

¹ Lord Ashburton's in Piccadilly.

his father's last illness, and when the end came, on July 29, he wrote these feeling words :

Surely in him died as pure, noble, and unselfish a spirit as ever breathed in this world.

The bereavement, which Delane felt so acutely, of course put an end to his social engagements for the remainder of the summer, and though he found some relief and distraction in his work at *The Times* office, he passed the greater part of the next two months with his mother, removing temporarily from Serjeants' Inn to stay at her house in South Eaton Place.

For August and September his diary is a blank, but with October the entries begin again, and supply us with a complete record of a short holiday which he took in Scotland.

He left London on a visit to "Bear" Ellice at Glenquoich on the 2nd of the month, breaking his journey at Manchester in order to see the great exhibition of Art Treasures which the Prince Consort had opened in May. He was even more interested in a visit to Sir Joseph Whitworth's works, and wrote to Dasent in terms of high praise of the improvements introduced by that inventor in the manufacture of big guns and rifles.

Driving by Ballachulish, Fort William, and Banavie he reached Glenquoich on the 9th, where he found a small party, including Lord and Lady Digby, Lord and Lady Dacre, Lady Harriette St. Clair,¹ and one or two more.

He would have remained at Glenquoich, the simple, healthy life at which place suited him exactly, longer

¹ Afterwards the Countess Munster, and a great friend of Delane both before and after her marriage.

than he did, had not his old friend Lord Aberdeen, hearing that he was in the Highlands, written from his retirement at Haddo to beg him to come there for a few days. Going by the Caledonian Canal to Inverness he went over the field of Culloden and on to Inverary, reaching Haddo on the 19th. "Very splendid, but rather cold and stiff after Glenquoich," the diary says. Thence he went on to Taymouth (Lord Breadalbane's)—"very gorgeous indeed, but most genial and hospitable house." There was a large party staying at the Castle, including Lord and Lady Stafford, his late host "Bear" Ellice, and Lord Panmure. After a short visit to Mr. Balfour at Balbirnie, he spent a few days with John Blackwood at St. Andrews, and was back in London on November 2.

This seems to have been the first of many pleasant autumn visits which he made to the Highlands, and so much delighted was he with the rest and quiet which he found there, that he once described himself in after-years as "a Welsh¹ Irishman, domiciled in England but strongly attached to Scotland."

Proofs of the intimacy and confidence now existing between Palmerston and Delane are supplied by many letters which he received from the Prime Minister during the year.

Writing on February 4, the latter outlined the intentions of the Cabinet with regard to the Session :

We don't resign, but intend to propose to Parliament to make such temporary arrangements by a vote of men for three months from April 5, and a Mutiny Act for three months, as will enable us to take the opinion of the country on the state of parties in Parliament by an early dissolution.

¹ An allusion to his descent from the Hanmer family.

But the end of his first administration and the inevitable appeal to the electorate were even nearer than either he or Delane anticipated.

The outrage on the lorcha *Arrow* had involved Sir John Bowring in hostilities with the Chinese Government, and though this was but one of a long series of breaches of treaty and attacks upon British subjects, a technical flaw in the registration of the *Arrow* gave Cobden and his friends a pretext for making party capital out of the incident, and declaring that a grave breach of international law had been committed.

But Palmerston knew the requirements of China well. He it was who sent Sir Henry Pottinger there as envoy and superintendent of British trade during the Opium War of 1840, when, by the Treaty of Nankin, Hong-Kong was ceded to England and five Chinese ports were opened to English trade.

His instructions to Bowring had been much the same as those he gave to Pottinger—to show a bold front to the Chinese and to stand no nonsense.

When the matter came before the House of Commons he warmly defended his representative's action, somewhat high-handed though it was, and scorned to shelter himself behind the plea that the war had been begun by Bowring on his own initiative.

Cobden, however, succeeded in defeating the Government by a small majority, and on the day after the division Clarendon wrote to Delane:

We have decided upon dissolution, but it cannot take place immediately on account of financial difficulties. Delay will be in favour of the Opposition and damaging to the Government, and much will depend upon the manner in which Palmerston announces the intention in the House to-morrow. . . . The dishonest speeches of some of our public

men are doing infinite mischief on the Continent to our national character and representative form of government, and I shall be much surprised if our friend Yeh, who is a clever fellow, does not turn the vote of last night to account against us in China.

Palmerston's immediate object was to deprecate factious motions or the introduction of any measures which could not properly be dealt with by an expiring Parliament and a Government that was waiting for the verdict of public opinion.

On March 13 he wrote to tell Delane the arrangements he had made for adjusting the questions at issue with China :

We have this day settled with Lord Elgin that he shall undertake this duty. I believe that on the whole we could not have made a better choice among the limited number of persons who had the requisite qualifications and were willing to go. Rank and station tell more in China than in any other country, and Lord Elgin is a man of unquestionable ability.¹

At the general election, one of the most interesting of the Queen's long reign, Palmerston routed his enemies and increased his hold upon the country to such an extent that, for a time at least, in spite of the anxieties of the Chinese War and the still greater strain caused by the outbreak of the Mutiny in India, his position in Parliament was practically unassailable. One hundred and fifty new members took their seats, and the Prime Minister found himself for the first time surrounded by adherents who acknowledged no divided allegiance and were well content to regard him as the representative of a successful national policy.

¹ This important decision does not appear to have been generally known until some weeks after the date of Palmerston's letter. Even Charles Greville seems to have been unaware of it.

The Times had deputed George Wingrove Cooke, a facile writer and a man of remarkable energy, to represent the paper in the Far East, but, on learning of Lord Elgin's appointment, Delane exerted himself, and with his customary success, to obtain for Laurence Oliphant the post of private secretary to the British Envoy.

His insatiable love of travel and adventure, coupled with the prospect of visiting a country so remote and so little known to Europeans as was China fifty years ago, rendered the duties of his new office most congenial to Oliphant. Not only has he left on record a faithful and entertaining account of the principal events of the mission, but he wrote from time to time at some length to Delane from Singapore, Hong-Kong, and Canton. One or more of these letters we shall reproduce on a later page.

Lord Elgin proceeded to China in H.M.S. *Furious*, a new paddle-wheel frigate commanded by Sherard Osborn. He, too, was on terms of intimate friendship with Delane, and thus from three independent sources the editor of *The Times* was exceptionally well informed as to the progress of the war.

Delane spent his Easter holiday at Bearwood. Writing thence to Dasent on April 14, he said: "Of course, you will make Woodham write about the Indian news.¹ It *looks* nasty, but I can't believe there is anything to be frightened about."

So Palmerston thought at this time, but when once he realised the gravity of the native rising² (for the disaffection spread like wildfire through Bengal in

¹ The disbandment of a native regiment at Berhampore owing to the men's refusal to take their cartridges.

² The revolt at Meerut and the flight of the mutineers to Delhi took place early in the month of May.

the course of the next three months), no statesman could have acted more promptly than he did in dispatching reinforcements. Deprecating anything in the nature of panic, he did his utmost to soothe the public alarm, and by the end of September 30,000 English troops had reached India and the worst of the danger was over.

The next important letter which Delane received from the Prime Minister was a carefully reasoned statement of the course he intended to pursue in recommending to the House of Commons a dowry for the Princess Royal on her marriage to the Prince of Prussia :

LORD PALMERSTON TO J. T. DELANE

May 21, 1857.

As I think you may like to know beforehand what we mean to propose to-morrow for the Princess Royal, I tell you confidentially our intentions.

There are two precedents in point—the one in the reign of George II., the other in that of George III. In both those cases the Princess Royal had on her marriage an annuity of £5,000 and a dower of £80,000, the dower being placed in the hands of trustees, the interest to be paid to the Princess during her life, and the principal sum to be bequeathed by her as she pleased by will.

In the last case, in the reign of George III., the dower was given by the British Parliament, the £5,000 annuity by the Irish.

Considering that any younger children our Princess may have will be better provided for in Prussia than those of George III.'s daughter would have been in Wurtemberg, and considering also that it would not be convenient to our financial arrangements to throw a larger sum than necessary upon this year's expenditure, we mean to propose to reduce the dower by one-half, and to make it £40,000 instead of £80,000 ; and, on the other hand, to increase the annuity from £5,000 to £8,000. The aggregate will not much exceed the amount of the

former grants, and the position of our Princess Royal at the Prussian Court, where she will have to be eclipsed from time to time by Prussian magnificence, renders it desirable that she should have a suitable income of her own, though we do not pretend to make her vie with the Grand Duchesses of Muscovy.

I should hope that the House of Commons will not think this provision unreasonable nor disproportionate to the conditions of the case; and with regard to the former precedents it may be observed that if the proposed grant is in a trifling degree higher than the former grants, yet it bears a far smaller proportion to the revenue of the country now than those grants did to the revenue of the country at the time when they were made.

Yours sincerely,
PALMERSTON.

I should wish these details not to be mentioned till they are stated to-morrow in the House of Commons.

How skilful was his handling of the House in dealing with the proverbially difficult question of Royal grants is shown by the fact that only one division was challenged; and when an attempt was made to reduce the annuity to be paid to Her Royal Highness from £8,000 to £6,000 it was defeated by the overwhelming majority of 328 to 14.

Soon after the outbreak of the Mutiny, General Anson died of cholera on his way from Umballa to Delhi. Palmerston's choice at once fell upon Sir Colin Campbell to be his successor.

LORD PALMERSTON TO J. T. DELANE

July 11, 1857.

You will of course have heard the news from India which reached us by telegraph this morning, announcing the death of General Anson. The successful encounters with the mutineers under the walls of Delhi, with the capture of twenty-six pieces of cannon

from them, and the expectation that the town was about to be taken by assault; while, on the other hand, the disaffection had spread rapidly in the Bengal district and the North-West Provinces among the Sepoys, 30,000 of whom are said to have disappeared.

We have had in consequence a meeting of the Cabinet, at which the Duke of Cambridge, the Commander-in-Chief, and Mr. Mangles, the Chairman of the East India Company, were present. Sir Colin Campbell has been appointed to succeed General Anson, and he leaves London to-morrow evening to catch the Indian mail steamer from Marseilles, which has been ordered by telegraph to wait for him. A further force of Queen's troops, beyond the 14,000 already under orders, will be sent off as soon as shipping can be engaged and fitted to receive them. The gap which all this will make in our home force will be filled up without loss of time by recruiting.

The desertion of the 30,000 Sepoys is better than their mutiny would have been; it will save all trouble, difficulty, and expense as to disbanding them; and as one European regiment is worth at least two native regiments, the 14,000 men going out from hence according to arrangements already in progress will fully make up for this deficiency.

Yours faithfully,
PALMERSTON.

Sir Colin, to whose conspicuous bravery, be it remembered, the victory of the Alma was largely due, set out, as he had promised, to reconquer India on the day after his appointment. After making what was thought to be a very rapid journey by the overland route he reached Calcutta in the middle of August.

Though it is obviously impossible within the narrow limits of two volumes to insert a tithe of the communications, many of them of great interest, which reached Delane from India in the course of the next few months, the following summary of the situation as it existed at the beginning of July deserves to be

included, coming as it did from the pen of no less a personage than Lord Canning :¹

Things are not materially mending. Barnard was still before Delhi on the 1st, since which nothing but vague bazaar rumours have been received ; briefly no important news. If the reinforcements which he will have received from the Punjab within the first week of this month have not enabled him to take the city, I see no chance of his doing so until other reinforcements shall reach him from here ; and with the many points that have to be guarded or relieved between this and Delhi, it will be long before we shall have troops enough at this end of the country to allow of any being pushed up so far. The length of time will depend mainly upon my being able to extract more than two regiments from Elgin.

He did not leave orders at Singapore for more than the two first to turn this way ; and the second of these came into the river yesterday. I am pressing him for more.

There has been a dreadful horror at Cawnpore. That fiend of a Mahratta, the Rajah of Bithoor (or the Nana as you will generally see him called), after murdering General Wheeler and the garrison as soon as they capitulated, kept some of the women and children (about thirty, it is supposed) in confinement. Havelock's column marched upon him five days ago, and before the engagement began the Nana massacred every one of his captives.

It is sickening to think of these things, and to feel retribution delayed. But in the present instance it is possible that the reckoning may be short, for Havelock has pursued the monster to his own stronghold, after driving him out of Cawnpore ; and although he has made it very strong, and is said to have 7,000 black traitors and heavy guns against our 1,400 Englishmen with field-pieces, I am sanguine of the result. The venture must be tried ; for Lucknow cannot be relieved until the villain is disposed of.

Poor Henry Lawrence is dead : wounded on the 2nd and died on the 4th. It is a terrible loss, and a

¹ Extract from a private letter written by Lord Canning to Lord Granville, and given by the latter to Delane.

very depressing one. I had not more than a week's personal acquaintance with him last year, but I felt quite an affection for him. He was such a gentleman—so generous, so chivalrous—and had done his duty so nobly in Oude.

I ask for more troops by this mail—about 15,000 men. If the Queen's army cannot spare them, I hope some power of facility for raising men will be given to the East India Company. A few Militia companies put together would make very effective regiments for purposes here.

Suspicions having arisen that Russia might have had a share in instigating the Indian disorders, Palmerston wrote to request Delane not to make any public mention of this belief, "since any notice of that kind might put our northern friends on their guard and make it more difficult for us to discover the threads, if any there have been. . . . We are about to call out 15,000 men of the Militia, and to form fifteen second battalions of the Line, instead of the regiments gone to India. The regiments not in India will, moreover, be raised from 840 to 1,000 men, according as the progress of recruiting may give us men for the purpose."¹

September found Delane still in London :

I really did not mean to write to you, for there is an absolute dearth of anything to write about to one who, like yourself, can read between the lines of the paper all I have got to tell. I am living here² because my house is delivered over to the tormentors; but I find it a sad bore to go backwards and forwards. Otherwise I am well enough, and rather enjoying the entire desolation of London. There has been nothing like it before, but I dare say the rain we have lately had will help to send some of the truants back. I go to Brighton every Saturday. . . . As to Printing

¹ Palmerston to Delane, August 31, 1857.

² At 10, Eaton Place South, his mother's house.

House Square, there is very little to tell. M. M.¹ just as usual. B. F. fussy and Macdonald practical. Mozley moderately laborious, but apt to sneak off to Bearwood, and more lately to Derby. Knox gone, as of course you saw. . . . Writing, sporadically, lots of reviews; but the public better pleased at telling it our Indian tales, in innumerable letters, than in reading anything we can supply. I shall not move until this Indian affair improves, and there is really no use in our both being here. S. is very useful, and if I might cane him two or three times a week I should make something of him.²

But early in October he left the rudder in safe hands and went to Scotland. Writing to his brother-in-law from Inverawe (Loch Lomond), he said :

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

INVERAWE (LOCH LOMOND),
October 6, 1857.

MY DEAR G.,

I got here from Glasgow this evening after a real heavy rain, with a good deal of wind and more than enough cold. The loch is, I dare say, pretty enough when its shores can be seen; but such was not the case to-day, and I am going on to Fort William to-morrow with the comfortable belief that I might just as well go to-night, for all I shall see by the way. The fact is the equinoctials have set in, and there is no hope for a week or two, by the end of which I hope to be back again. The hill-tops are all covered with snow, the coaches are taken off, the fast boats only run this week on the canal, and, in fact, Scotland is over. However, I am quite resigned; I shall have "fulfilled all righteousness," and am just as well pleased that the thing turns out an imposture.

The Manchester Exhibition is a fine one, and well worth the three days I gave it. I spent all Sunday there after church, and with only about a dozen people it was most enjoyable. You must send Woods down

¹ Mowbray Morris.

² Delane to G. W. Dasent, at Carron Hall, Falkirk, September 8, 1857.

in good time next week, and have a leader, too, upon the closing. They will pay all expenses without any previous subscription, and without any call upon the guarantees. I saw, however, very plainly indeed how correct my diagnosis was of the object the Manchester folks had in view—they had made a great start socially; they knew it, and wanted to make the world know it. Every one of them now counts half a dozen dukes among his intimate friends, forgetting that, like lords mayor, the friendships only last during the term of office.

The best thing, however, I saw at Manchester was Whitworth and his guns. They are wonderful, and it is only the stupidest routine which has prevented a battery of them from being before Delhi now. The Government admits everything—more than he ever asserted. Their trials at Shoeburyness give results which more than double the effects of their own fire, and he fires a projectile of 100 lb. weight from a 9-pounder howitzer, so that, with only light field guns, his shell is heavier and more effective than one fired from a 13-inch mortar. Panmure and Storks are to visit him to-morrow, and there ought to be some result. I judge only from the Government records of the firing, which are sure not to be too favourable.

Pray send me all papers from yesterday to Inverness. I shall see them at Glenquoich, but should like to have a complete set. They are sure to be welcome at the hotel, even if stale to me.

What a smash of the *Central America*! It is the old story—weak fastenings. They like their boats to “work like a basket,” which answers very well in smooth water only. I think the floating party, each supported by his own preserver, the most awfully ludicrous thing I ever heard of.

Send me a line or two to Inverness, if not to Glenquoich.

Ever yours,
J. T. D.

From Glenquoich¹ he wrote²:

I can quite sympathise in your rejoicing that the Fast Day is well over. I had feared it would be in

¹ Mr. Ellice's house.

² On October 12.

my way here, but nobody seemed to take much notice of it. . . . Here it is a kind of Cornish climate; rather damp, it is true, but so mild that the thermometer in the garden this morning stood at 62°, and all kinds of flowers and shrubs flourish in the open air. We have Lord Digby and his wife and daughter, Lord Dacre, ditto, ditto, Lady Harriette St. Clair, and Sumner, the Yankee senator—a huge party having broken up last Thursday. Everybody here is mad for deer-stalking, and one of the women is as eager as any of the men, and is said to be quite as good a shot. It is surprising to think of J. W.'s building another house. This one is not to be compared with Bearwood, and the bedrooms are mere closets, so that there may be very many of them. But I believe they can make up thirty beds in much less than the space Bearwood affords, and the other day they had twenty-five to dinner for a fortnight together, and pretty nearly as many servants to put up, all of which was managed to everybody's satisfaction simply because there was no attempt at magnificence. There are no fine wines, no champagne, and everybody drinks toddy after dinner instead of wine at a pound a bottle, and with at least equal content.

The Indian news has not reached us yet, and I am most anxiously expecting it. I think that after this mail there ought to be, except by accident, no bad news; but I much fear a great calamity this time. Why don't you put in some reviews? It is very handsome to keep them all for me. I hope it is not true that Colin Campbell has quarrelled with Canning. It will be a great comfort when we begin to have a Calcutta correspondent of our own, instead of having to trust their most abominable papers.

Ever yours,
J. T. D.

I am still here [Glenquoich, October 15], the weather being hitherto lovely, and so warm that the windows are open all day. "The Bear" is the most kind and cheerful of hosts, always with some scheme for making the day pass pleasantly. On Tuesday there was a drive of the deer, sadly laborious for obese parties, but in which everybody was good enough to keep me in countenance by missing. Yesterday we

had out the seine in the lake and caught such quantities of trout that one felt quite ashamed at so much destruction of fishy life. None of this can be very interesting to you, but it is all I have to send, for an account of the exploits of our several stalkers on the "hull" would be still more dull, and this is the only kind of news which Glenquoich supplies. The game is so abundant that my wonder is they ever escape killing a horse-load.

I don't much like the review of Dalhousie's minute—it is too much of an encomium, and I don't see why we need take up his defence. Perhaps it will be as well to hold it over for the present. Brodrick did not make nearly so good an article on *Tom Brown* as he deserved. Should there not be something on Dufferin's *High Latitudes*?

From Haddo (Lord Aberdeen's) he wrote on October 19:

This house is very gorgeous—quite a palace, in fact—but not nearly so jolly as Glenquoich. The drive by coach from Nairn to Keith was delightful.

Lord Granville wrote to him in the course of the month:

You are doing much good in Indian matters, preventing panic, and keeping up the spirit of the country. Your brother¹ was a true prophet about the abuse about to be showered on Canning.

The news of the fall of Delhi, which more than anything else broke the spirit of the mutineers, reached London before the end of October, and this—the turning-point in the life-and-death struggle—had been accomplished before the arrival of a single soldier from England!

On November 12, shortly after Delane's return to

¹ George Delane, in a letter from Calcutta.

London, Palmerston wrote to him to announce the intention of the Government to suspend the Bank Charter Act. A grave commercial crisis had produced a sudden demand for gold from London, and, in view of the alarming state of the Bank reserves, it was necessary to suspend the legal limitation on the issue of notes. In the same letter the Prime Minister intimated his intention of calling Parliament together before Christmas, in order to indemnify the Bank by statute. The next day *The Times* announced the suspension of the Bank Charter Act and the fact that Parliament would be summoned.

LORD PALMERSTON TO J. T. DELANE

DOWNING STREET,
November 12, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR,

You will of course have heard of the letter which I and the Chancellor of the Exchequer have written this afternoon to the Governor of the Bank, saying that if in the present emergency they should deem it proper to issue a larger amount of notes than the Act of 1845 allows, we would recommend to Parliament to grant them indemnity.

This is the course which was pursued by John Russell and Charles Wood in 1847 under similar circumstances, with this difference, that the necessity is more urgent now than it was then. The reserve of the Bank is less and the stock of bullion is less also. We must, however, follow the precedent of 1847 in all things, and we must call Parliament together to submit the matter to them. Therefore, in treating the matter you will perhaps assume as a matter of course that Parliament will be assembled at an early day in order that the step taken to-day may be communicated to them.

The law may be overstepped by the Bank or it may not, but as we have authorised the Bank to overstep the law, it is incumbent upon us to meet Parliament and to tell them what we have done, and why.

The probability is—but this cannot be settled till I

have got an answer from the Queen—that we shall have a Council on Monday and that Parliament will meet fourteen days afterwards.

Yours sincerely,
PALMERSTON.

J. DELANE, ESQ.

Although the suspension was necessary under the circumstances, the paper-currency mongers were ready to catch at the faintest indication of a misgiving as to the principles of the Act of 1844, and Delane, in accepting the temporary abrogation of Peel's scheme, was careful to qualify his approval in *The Times* with an expression of firm adherence to the principles of the original measure.

"I think the less the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street has to do with bill discounting the better," he told a friend, "and as for Scotland, I will be bound they never had a million sovereigns in the country before. No wonder they require extra troops there to prevent the people from scrambling for them!"

In December Delane, who was fully persuaded that the complete suppression of the Mutiny could only be accomplished after a protracted campaign, determined to send out W. H. Russell, his famous correspondent in the Crimea, to join Sir Colin Campbell's force.

Travelling by the overland route, across the desert by rail to Suez, he there joined the P. & O. steamer *Nubia* and reached Calcutta at the end of January 1858. In the same ship with him were Courtenay, Lord Dalhousie's ex-secretary, and Mr. (afterwards Sir Richard) Temple, Sir John Lawrence's "pet rising man," as Russell calls him in one of his letters to his chief. On arrival at Calcutta Russell went straight to Government House, where he was kindly received by Lord Canning. The Governor-General clearly

explained to him the actual position of affairs, showing him what had been effected by the troops and what yet remained to be done to re-establish British power and prestige. He also gave him a letter of recommendation to the Commander-in-Chief to show that there was no desire on the part of the Government to prevent his being attached to the camp.

When W. H. Russell joined Sir Colin at Cawnpore, the treatment which he received from the Commander-in-Chief was widely different from the suspicion with which the military authorities had regarded him on his arrival in the Crimea. The height to which he raised his profession in 1854-5 now ensured him a hearty greeting.

"Mr. Russell, you're welcome," said Sir Colin. "You have seen something of war. I am going to tell you everything. You shall see all my reports, and get every information that I have myself, on the condition that you do not mention it in camp, or let it be known in any way, except in your letters to England." And one of his staff—the future Lord Napier of Magdala—was instructed to show him all the plans and to render him every assistance in his power. He was present throughout the siege of Lucknow and the campaigns of Oude and Rohilcund, having on one occasion an extremely narrow escape of his life when a party of mutineers raided the camp where his dhooly was lying. His account in *The Times* of the famous night march to Lucknow equalled in descriptive power anything that he wrote from the Crimea. It is characteristic of his independence of character that, when the rebellion was subdued, he raised his voice in protest against what he felt to be the excessive severity of the punishment inflicted upon the captured mutineers.

Just before Christmas England was gladdened by the receipt of the news of the relief of Lucknow, though, whilst the country still rang with the praises of Campbell, Outram, and Havelock, there came the sad tidings of the latter's death. Above every other leader in the war he had been generally recognised as the type of a military hero. His fame extended to more distant shores than our own, and it is pleasant to remember that when his death was reported at New York, vessels in the harbour lowered their flags in token of mourning for England's loss. Worn out with hardship and fatigue, the example of his death, almost in the hour of victory, has probably done more to inspire a spirit of heroism in the British Army than if his life had been prolonged. Like Nelson, he died before he could know how fully his services were appreciated by a grateful country.

At the close of the year Lord Harrowby desired to be relieved of the office of Lord Privy Seal, not from any political difference with the Government, but solely on account of the state of his health. To succeed him Palmerston chose Lord Clanricarde, "whose habits of business, official experience, and debating ability will render him a useful accession to the Government."¹

Delane at once perceived that the appointment was one calculated to do the Ministry great harm, for Lord Clanricarde had a past, and the recollection of a scandal in which he had been concerned some two or three years previously was still fresh in the public mind.

When the news became generally known a howl of virtuous indignation was raised, and—such an uncertain thing is political popularity—the influence

¹ Palmerston to Delane, December 27, 1857.

of the Prime Minister was soon perceptibly weakened by what, after all, amounted to a mere tactical indiscretion. Some reflection of this rapid change in public opinion will be found in a passage in Greville's *Diary* for January 28, 1858 :

Delane told me yesterday he thought the Government would not remain long in office, . . . and he ridiculed the idea of its not being practicable to form another.

How speedily Delane's prediction was to be verified will be seen in dealing with 1858, when, like a bolt from the blue, a storm arose which cut short the life of Palmerston's first administration and brought Lord Derby and Disraeli back to office if not to power.

CHAPTER VIII

LORD DERBY'S SECOND ADMINISTRATION

Delane in Paris—Letters from Canton (Sherard Osborn and Laurence Oliphant)—Defeat of Lord Palmerston's Government on the Orsini question—Delane and the crisis of February 1858—Arduous nature of his work at *The Times* office—Disraeli on the new Ministry—The session of 1858—The Cagliari dispute and Lord Malmesbury—Final suppression of the Indian Mutiny—Delane and the National Portrait Gallery—Purchase of the Ascot Heath property—Palmerston at Compiègne—Lord Granville's attempt to form an administration—Delane and the national defences—The Suez Canal—Conflicting views of Palmerston and Delane.

THE opening of the New Year found Delane once more in Paris, where he had gone to see Lord Cowley. He records in his diary having gone to the Opera with Lady Cowley, and, by himself, to a masked ball at the same place, but no letters which he wrote at this time have been found.

On January 5 he left Paris at eight o'clock in the morning and reached Serjeants' Inn at 9.30 p.m., or nearly double the time now occupied by the journey under favourable conditions.

On February 6 Lord Strangford (George Augustus Smythe), Monckton-Milnes, Sir Henry Storks, Robert Lowe, Venables, Mowbray Morris, and Higgins (Jacob Omnium) dined with him, and on the 17th he mentions "a very pleasant party" at Lord Alfred Paget's, consisting of Lord and Lady Stafford,¹ Lord Dufferin,

¹ In later years, as Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, they became most intimate friends of Delane's, and scarcely a year passed without his visiting them at Dunrobin or at Trentham.

Lord Canterbury, and Charles Dickens. His correspondence for 1858 opens with two long letters from Canton, one from Sherard Osborn and the other from Laurence Oliphant.

Osborn wrote, as a sailor not unnaturally would, fuming and fretting at the inactivity of the expedition and the slow progress of the negotiations with the Chinese :

Though Canton was captured on December 29, when the next step towards peace may be taken the wisest amongst us would find it hard to foretell. No one here in authority appears to understand the value of following up a blow, and a slower foe than even a Chinaman would have time to recover from such a slow set of belligerents as we are. We have either no right to be at war with Canton and its dependencies, or else if at war, we should be active and energetic in our operations. I was out here during the whole of the last war, and can remember well the two policies pursued, that under Charles Elliott and that under Henry Pottinger. The former was ever blockading, threatening, "diplomatising," and attacking at long intervals; the result was a long and desultory state of warfare extending from November 1839 to July 1841. The latter was stern and straightforward, knowing well that "forbearance" was a word totally unknown and impossible to an Asiatic. The result was a favourable peace in twelve months, and of all the Englishmen who have had official transactions with the Chinese, I believe Pottinger was the only one whom they understood and appreciated. When through the long winter nights of 40° South latitude I saw my little flotilla of gunboats struggling bravely towards China, I assure you my sole hope was that their arrival would inaugurate a new state of things in this land. . . . What we should do is to open up the whole country by means of our gunboats; with them in a country so intersected with rivers and canals, we can and ought to go everywhere, show ourselves not only as ready to strike when necessary, but as determined to go wherever a keel can carry us, without injuring peaceful towns or traders. Between this town and

Honan, for instance, the whole south coast of Quantung is intersected with rivers, opening into a rich silk and tea country covered with thriving towns and a dense population—and the only attempt to reach or communicate with so unknown and interesting a region was a visit made in October last by a solitary gunboat, which, in exploring the broadway, fell upon a fine river from the west, and reached a large town off which there was abundance of water for our merchantmen.

Even Fatshan has not been visited by us, and although Canton has been in our hands a fortnight, you will hardly believe that out of twenty gunboats and God knows how many frigates and sloops, not a single British resident has passed beyond the points occupied by us. On Christmas Day, the gunboats, ably commanded, and in the most efficient condition, are carrying down dirty linen to Hong-Kong and bringing up poultry, etc., and the self-satisfied way in which every one sits down to await the promotions and rewards which are to follow the receipt of the dispatches by the Admiralty would be highly amusing, if one did not see that it is a simple repetition of Baltic warfare likely in the end to be about as creditable to our naval reputation. What perhaps adds to one's annoyance at this state of things is the fact that we have "one amongst us taking notes" in the Russian Envoy. Count Poutiatine, a keen sailor, who evidently looks upon the reputation of our Navy as a huge imposition, and from his success against us at Petropaulskoi and Castries Bay he has certainly grounds for his contempt. I am most fortunate, as junior captain in these waters, in having Lord Elgin, the British Ambassador, as my guest. . . . Wingrove Cooke I see a good deal of, and he deserves to be a great favourite with every one both in the Army and the Fleet. His life-like descriptions of China are a great treat to those who see it daily before their eyes. I shall not attempt to trench upon his privileges by writing to you of Canton, of Yeh, or others who fell into our hands in a grand battue of mandarins.

I send you what perhaps may be a curiosity, the envelope of Yeh's letter refusing the terms of the ultimatum. It was, I am told, a most impertinent document advising Lord Elgin to follow the example of Davis, Bowring, and others, who, by their judicious

conduct in making a great fuss about entering Canton, but never doing it, obtained high honours from their Queen.¹

LAURENCE OLIPHANT TO J. T. DELANE

CANTON,
January 14, 1858.

MY DEAR DELANE,

It is the height of presumption for me to write to you with Cooke in the next room winding up his voluminous correspondence—more especially as he is as well if not better informed upon all matters than I am, but my excuse is, my good friend Cator, our first lieutenant, who has a very proper notion of your omnipotence, and who tells me you have offered upon a former occasion to befriend him, has asked me to enclose the accompanying note. If you can help him I am sure you will, but at the same time I told him not to set his hopes too much upon it, as I know these sort of applications are not always convenient, and I thought it as well to prepare him for disappointments, and to relieve you, if it should so turn out, from apparently forgetting him—firmly convinced as I am that you have totally forgotten both me and my chief—myself privately, the other publicly. However, knowing how busy you are, and having had good experience of your friendship, I am not nervous about the first, and am satisfied that I live in your remembrance, though you have not time to tell me so. Let me hope that his lordship has done something at last worthy of notice, and that whatever may be said of his descent on Calcutta, people are of one mind as to his descent on Yeh. When I see you—an event which seems daily likely to be more remote—I will explain a good deal that I could not write; meantime I think things are prospering as well as possible under the circumstances. We have had a very trying time of obscurity and inaction, but at last there has been something consolatory in the progress of events. The capture of Canton was not half so difficult as its management after we had got it, and the experiment which is now being tried is new in the annals of our

¹ After the bombardment Governor Yeh was exiled to Calcutta where he soon afterwards died.

Chinese wars. With only two people able to speak the language, the task of governing successfully a city containing a million of the most ill-disposed and turbulent Chinese was full of difficulty, if not impossible. Lord Elgin therefore determined to avail himself of the prestige attaching to the former Governor of Canton, as well as of his knowledge of the elaborate machinery of Chinese municipal arrangements, by reinstating him as Governor of Canton, but at the same time to let it be known that he was only exercising his functions on sufferance, or rather as our servant, by posting three hundred men in his yamen, and appointing a tribunal composed of three officers, who try cases in which foreigners are concerned, and who countersign the Governor's proclamations. The thing seems likely to work well; the people are beginning to open their shops, and we have had none of those disgraceful scenes of plunder and massacre which characterised our occupation of Chinese towns during the last war. I was fortunate enough to be with the general throughout the operations. The scaling of the walls was capital fun. Hoping that some day or other I may hear from yourself that you are governing England as successfully as we are Canton. I see instead of going to America you have been paying a round of fashionable visits.

Believe me, my dear Delane,
Yours very sincerely,
L. OLIPHANT.

But in the same week that the news of the capture of Canton reached England the Government was defeated in the House of Commons, not this time on the question of China, but by the same agency which had brought about its fall in the previous year.

It was the Manchester School of Bright and Cobden, so cordially disliked by Delane, which framed the amendment on the affair of the *Arrow*, and it was Mr. Milner Gibson, one of their ablest disciples, who again acted as a teller in the division which over-

threw Lord Palmerston on the Conspiracy to Murder Bill.

Hastily introduced after Orsini's attempt on the life of Napoleon III., the Bill sought to constitute the crime of conspiracy to murder a felony instead of a misdemeanour.

The feelings of the French were alleged to have been outraged by the discovery that the Orsini bombs had been made in Birmingham, and the details of the plot arranged in London. Walewski declared, absurdly enough, in language which has found an echo in other continental countries within our own times, that England was the nursery and the asylum of the anarchist and the political assassin.

The French press, headed by the semi-official *Moniteur*, was filled with offensive denunciations of her late ally. As often happens in politics, a decision had to be taken between the popular and the right course to pursue. Palmerston was the last man to yield to clamour, and all he proposed to do was to make an eminently reasonable change in the criminal law and, at the same time, to allay the irritation which existed against England across the Channel. But he was declared by his enemies to have truckled to France, and an unreal opposition sprang up against the Bill. Lord John Russell in particular denounced it on its introduction as repugnant to English feeling, and with a spurious show of patriotism he laboured to prove that it had been brought in at the dictation of a foreign Power. But his speech was singularly unconvincing. The House felt that he had overdone his part, and leave was given to bring in the Bill by a majority of two hundred. Lulled into a false sense of security by this preliminary success, the Government whips failed to apprehend the magnitude of the

danger threatened by Milner Gibson's cunningly devised amendment to the second reading. The debate turned not so much on the merits of the Bill as upon the question whether Palmerston should have given Count Walewski a written reply to his dispatch. The Government had now to face the heavy artillery of Mr. Gladstone, who contended that the difference having arisen, France must be in the right and England wrong, and supported this argument by his vote.

When the division was taken, the majority against the Government was nineteen—precisely the same number as Lord Derby had been defeated by in 1853.¹ But there was a much smaller House than on the occasion of Palmerston's defeat on the China question, and many ministerialists were absent. "So confident were the Government whippers-in," said Greville, "that they made no exertions, and Hayter actually allowed some of his people to go away unpaired, telling them that they were quite safe and their presence was not necessary."

As another dissolution was obviously out of the question, Palmerston had no alternative but to resign. The Queen sent for Lord Derby, and Disraeli once more essayed the heroic task of leading the House of Commons without a working majority. By a perverse fate he was destined never to succeed to any leadership worth having until he was both old and weary.

Rapidly reviewing the arrangements which must be made for carrying on the Queen's Government, Delane acted on the assumption that the only alternative to Lord Derby was Lord John Russell. But as he would come in with language of defiance to France on his

¹ By a singular coincidence Lord Derby was thrice commanded by the Queen to form an Administration, and on two of these occasions, according to Greville, on February 21.

lips, he did not see how it was possible for *The Times* to support him. His first duty would have been to answer the unanswered dispatch, and his next to set about altering the law of conspiracy on his own lines. Moreover the Peelites, without whose aid he could hardly hope to form a Government, were committed against Palmerston's India Bill, which his own vote had been given in favour of. While Delane thought that Lord John would be ready to offer the Radical party a larger dose of reform than they could have extracted from Palmerston, on the whole he considered government on sufferance by Lord Derby and Disraeli preferable, under the circumstances, to setting up the Chesham Place clique of the Whig party in Palmerston's place. He considered that Lord Derby shone most in opposition, regarding him as an orator rather than as a statesman, and as a better critic than administrator.

But Lord Derby's followers, with Disraeli at their head, having breathed the thin air of opposition for many years, were naturally hungering after more solid food.

In writing the epitaph of the late Government Delane was careful to point out that whatever blunders Palmerston might have committed—such as the introduction of Lord Clanricarde into the Cabinet—these could not be weighed against the very real services which he had rendered to the country since he was called to its aid in the dark days of the Crimean War. He found it weak, and he left it powerful. He found it carrying on a doubtful war with a great military state. He left it triumphant not only over that state, but over its enemies in China and in India.

A bundle of letters, neatly endorsed in Delane's handwriting "The Crisis of February 1858," contains the communications which he received from, amongst

others, Robert Lowe, Lord Granville, Abraham Hayward, Charles Greville, and last, but by no means least, Benjamin Disraeli. He knew most of the details of the overtures which were on foot in various quarters within a few hours of their inception. Greville and Hayward were never more in their element than at such times. From Downing Street to Pall Mall and back again, from the Council Office to the Athenæum Club, these self-constituted intermediaries of the Press flitted half a dozen times a day. And all the while Delane sat in Serjeants' Inn sifting the wheat from the chaff, and feeling the pulse of the crisis as it rose and fell from hour to hour.

On the 23rd his diary has the following brief entry : " Busy all day about the crisis." And yet how much anxious toil is reflected in that single sentence ! When a Cabinet was in process of making, his intuitive perception of the tendency of events stood him in good stead. A message coming in at a late hour, fraught, it might be, with grave issues in foreign politics or in home affairs, and perhaps necessitating drastic revision of an article already prepared to his order, never found him unready. Mowbray Morris once said of him to a member of his staff who had been expressing wonder and admiration at his promptitude and resource :

It is these flashes of sure intuition which save him. If he were in the habit of hesitating he would often go wrong. But, being what he is, even when taken entirely by surprise, he rarely makes a mistake.¹

Kinglake, who after visiting the Crimea in his company was occasionally admitted to the privacy of the editor's room at *The Times* office, drew a picture

¹ See *Days of the Past*, by Alexander Innes Shand, in which will be found a graceful appreciation of Delane's personality : 1905, p. 191.

of Delane's which may not inappropriately be inserted here :

A man of great ardour, great eagerness, and one passionately imbued with the spirit of journalism. . . . His society was beyond measure interesting to men who cared eagerly for the actual state of the world. He used generally to bend conversation in such a way as to avoid coming into dispute with his comrades, and liked best to reinforce what they said by conveying in anecdote some fragments of that rare knowledge concerning men and their motives with which he was abundantly armed. . . . He had the outward composure, the air of power not yet put forth that becomes a strong man of action ; but it could be seen that his energies were rather compressed than lulled—that the furnace, if so one may speak, had its fires “banked-up” ready to blaze into action.¹

Sunday is pre-eminently the day of political *canards*, as Disraeli says in one of the best of his novels, and the crisis of February 1858 was no exception to the rule. Everybody in the political and social world of London was filled with curiosity to learn the composition of the new Cabinet, and we may be sure what the principal topic of conversation was when Delane dined that evening with “Bear” Ellice.

In Monday's *Times* the editor put forward a tentative list, “founded on fact, but not claiming any other authority than that of plausibility.” He was anxious to see Lord Derby's son, of whose abilities he had formed a high opinion, included in the Cabinet. The post of Colonial Secretary had once been offered to him by Lord Palmerston and declined. Delane desired to see him fill it on the present occasion or to preside over the India Board. But at first his expectations were not realised. “Young Stanley was never asked,”

¹ *Invasion of the Crimea*, 1880, vol. vi. p. 246.

Lowe assured him. "It is strongly asserted that Lord Stanley has refused—good heir-apparent tactics," wrote Lord Granville. "That notion of Lord Stanley replacing Canning is flung out from Grosvenor Gate to cover his refusal to join," said Hayward.

But on Thursday Disraeli wrote giving Delane the full list of the new Administration :

BENJAMIN DISRAELI TO J. T. DELANE

Thursday night [February 25, 1858].

I sent you, the night before last, by a mutual friend, a list which I hear you would not look at, but, though naturally imperfect, it might have saved you some mistakes.

The accompanying, with some deficiencies in minor points not yet adjusted, is the real thing, and I think will a little surprise you.

Lord Stanley is Secretary for Colonies. It was offered to Sir Edward Lytton and reluctantly accepted in the morning, as he was almost sure of a contest, and rightly was of opinion that doubtful contests on the part of Cabinet Ministers were not at this moment desirable. In the evening he relinquished it. I regret to have lost an illustrative and an honourable colleague, but if the Government lasts—as I begin to believe, as the country does, that it will—he will find this cross adjusted.

I do not think at any time the secondary appointments were so strong. Hardy, S. Fitzgerald, Sotheron Estcourt, Edward Egerton, Carnarvon, Hardinge—all very good. Legal—good. Irish—good.

After the Council I will send you my address to Bucks, and to no one else.

On the next day his election address, entirely in his own handwriting, reached Delane. Not a word did it contain about Protection or any matter of domestic concern. Dwelling solely on the necessity of maintaining a cordial alliance with France, it expressed the conviction that by measures "at once firm and

conciliatory " all misunderstandings between the two countries might be removed.

A few days later Greville wrote :

There are symptoms of a disposition on the part of *The Times* to support the new Government, and I have little doubt that they can secure that great advantage if they manage their affairs with common prudence, and set to work diligently to frame such measures of improvement and utility as will satisfy public opinion.¹

A question which could not be delayed was the government of India. For when the Bengal army mutinied the East India Company may be said to have died by its own hand. As soon as it became necessary to maintain a considerable body of European troops in India, all parties were agreed that the Company must be dethroned and the government of the Queen set up in its place.

The manner in which Lord Derby and Disraeli proposed to effect the change did not meet with Palmerston's concurrence. His own views on the subject he stated at some length to Delane during the Easter recess.

LORD PALMERSTON TO J. T. DELANE

BROADLANDS,
April 9, 1858.

General and well-founded objections have been taken to the kind of constituencies proposed by the India Bill of the present Government for the members of the Council who are to be appointed by election. But there is a primary objection to having any members of the Council elected at all. The members of the Council for India will be a part of the Executive Government of the country, and it would be to depart in an important matter from one of the fundamental

¹ *Diary*, March 3, 1858.

principles of our constitution and to introduce a new and most objectionable principle, if we were to enact that persons forming part of the Executive Government should be appointed not by the Crown or by some officer holding authority from the Crown, but by the choice of some other persons. This elective arrangement is considered by high legal authority as most unconstitutional.

The notion of having some members of the Indian Council elected instead of their being all appointed by the Crown was probably suggested by the circumstance that all the Directors of the India Company for a long course of time, and the greater part of them since 1853, have been appointed by election. But this is an instance of the errors which men are often led into by using the same word for things different in themselves. The Directors never have been elected in the sense in which it is now proposed that a portion of the India Council shall be elected—that is to say, the Directors never were chosen or appointed by an authority different from that which held the sovereignty of India. The Directors were in fact appointed by the authority to whom the Crown had delegated the sovereignty of India—that is to say, by the East India Company. But the East India Company, being a corporation aggregate, had no other method of making an appointment than by the votes of the majority of its members; but nobody was allowed to meddle with these appointments except the persons who were fractions of the *de facto* sovereign of India. There is, therefore, nothing in the circumstance that the Directors were appointed by the votes of the majority of the members of the East India Company which can make that arrangement a precedent for appointing any part of the members of the new Council for India by the votes of the majority of any set of men who may be formed into a constituency for that purpose. Nor is there a good reason for introducing into the Indian Government such a novelty; what is wanted is a council composed of able men conversant with Indian affairs, who may give information and advice to the responsible Ministers of the Crown in regard to Indian affairs, and it is much more likely that the responsible Ministers of the Crown should be able to find out and appoint such

men than that any set of persons who might be formed into a constituency for the purpose should be able to do so.

Yours faithfully,
PALMERSTON.

In the end the popular constituencies which Disraeli had proposed were abandoned as unworkable, and a new Bill founded upon resolutions of the House of Commons was successfully conducted through the Lower House by Lord Stanley, who, after the resignation of Lord Ellenborough, had been transferred to the very post which Delane had marked out for him only a few weeks before. At the same time, Sir Edward Lytton's "cross" was "adjusted," as Disraeli had foretold, by his inclusion in the Cabinet as Colonial Secretary, after Lord Derby had made a final attempt to conciliate the Peelites by offering the post to Gladstone.

But though Lord Derby succeeded in his first session in remodelling the government of India in the form in which it still substantially remains, another Indian question nearly brought about the downfall of his Administration.

Lord Ellenborough, without consulting his colleagues, had addressed a very intemperate communication to Lord Canning, rebuking him, not indeed for his well-known clemency, but for what he alleged to be the undue severity shown to the mutineers of Oude in his celebrated Proclamation of March 3. To make matters worse he published his own dispatch, doing thereby incalculable mischief by conveying to the disaffected Sepoys the impression that the home Government was not prepared to support the Governor-General.¹

¹ It is said that Lord Derby and the majority of his colleagues first read of the predicament in which Lord Ellenborough had placed them in the columns of *The Times* of May 8.

Notice of a vote of censure on Lord Ellenborough was promptly given by Mr. Cardwell in the House of Commons and by Lord Shaftesbury in the Lords. But when the debate came on Lord Ellenborough's resignation had been tendered and accepted by the Queen. As no great party advantage is secured by censuring a departed Minister, signs of Liberal disunion were not slow to appear. These the leader of the House of Commons was quick to turn to his own advantage, and what looked like an almost certain defeat was turned into a moral victory for Disraeli. Delane very briefly mentions the incident in his diary for May 21: "The Cardwell motion which was to have thrown out the Ministry compromised." It was, however, more of a fiasco than a compromise. Writing to Dasent the same night (he was leaving town for Norfolk the next day), he told him that he had instructed Lowe to write a very careful and moderate article on the party result of Disraeli's unexpected triumph. "Pray take care that it answers my stipulations." Woodham was also to write on the Outram correspondence, and G. S. Venables was ordered to notice Bright's speech on Palmerston's treatment of his party. The discomfiture of the Opposition was seized upon by Disraeli as the text for a song of triumph with which he delighted his constituents during the Whitsuntide recess.¹

A passage in his speech which referred to "the once stern guardians of popular rights simpering in the enervated atmosphere of gilded saloons" was generally thought to be pointed at Delane. He

¹ Mr. Paul calls it a "war-dance," adding: "This was the Disraelian mode of saying that Mr. Delane went to Lady Palmerston's receptions, and it did not amount to much, for Mr. Delane was the most independent of editors."—*History of Modern England*, vol. ii. p. 171.

was, however, the very last man in England whose demeanour in society could be thus legitimately described. Habitually somewhat grave, one did not often see him laugh in public, and, when his features relaxed, it was in rather a grim smile, the very reverse of a simper, in the literal acceptance of the word. Yet some countenance is given to the popular assumption that Disraeli had him in his mind by an entry in Delane's diary for June 16: "Dined with Dickinson at Stationers' Hall. Dufferin, Dasent, Thackeray, Reeve, and Longman. A very pleasant dinner. Afterwards to Lansdowne House,¹ where I shook hands with Dizzy."

But if these oratorical pleasantries caused a temporary coolness between Disraeli and himself, it was of very short duration. In spite of wide differences of opinion, and a certain inability at times to thoroughly understand one another, their friendship remained unbroken to the end.²

On the whole Lord Derby emerged from the session with credit. Before its close the question of the admission of Jews to Parliament, after a controversy extending, as we have seen, over more than ten years, was satisfactorily settled.

In foreign policy he had an equally good record to show. Lord Malmesbury had finally disposed of the troublesome Cagliari dispute. Sir Hugh Rose, perhaps even better known as Lord Strathnairn, had quelled the last remnants of rebellion at Gwalior, and the Treaty of Tientsin, which established diplomatic

¹ Yet another of the Disraelian gilded saloons.

² In one of the last letters which Delane received from Disraeli, the leader of the Conservative party, as he then was, wrote: "We have known each other now a very long time, and, notwithstanding the harsh obstacles which political differences insensibly offer to social intimacy, have maintained relations of more than friendliness."

relations between Peking and the Courts of Europe, was a solid and honourable monument to Lord Elgin's judgment and firmness.

With regard to the Cagliari case Delane held in his possession secret information as to the causes which led to the unwonted mildness of the Palmerstonian policy in dealing with the matter. He was aware that when the arrangements were complete for making a demonstration against Bomba in the autumn of 1856, it had occurred to the English Government that the presence of the fleets at Naples might lead to an insurrection. This, considering the activity of the Muratists, might have involved the most important results. Therefore, before final orders were given to the English and French fleets, Lord Cowley was instructed to come to an understanding with Walewski as to the course which the two governments would pursue in the event of the demonstration becoming the cause of a revolutionary movement. The English Government offered to bind themselves not to recognise a Neapolitan Republic if France on her part would engage not to recognise Murat as king of the two Sicilies. These engagements were embodied in a memorandum which Louis Napoleon was invited to sign.

The wording of his reply was extremely frank, as no doubt he considered that it was improbable that the details of the transaction would ever be divulged. He denied that he had ever countenanced the pretensions of Murat and appealed to facts to prove that his statement was true. But at the same time he declared that it was not for him to say that the Neapolitan people should not be allowed to choose a ruler of their own, and that he must therefore decline to sign the memorandum. The contemplated naval

demonstration was abandoned, the Emperor suggesting meanwhile that it would be better to avoid any act which might lead to a collision between the two Governments.

When Lord Derby's Government came into office, it was hardly surprising that the Cabinet hesitated for a time as to what part to take in the dispute. But in deciding to demand compensation, and if refused to enforce the claim, the new Foreign Secretary took the right line—that of never forgoing an opportunity of vindicating the rights of British subjects on account of political and diplomatic considerations. This secret page in the history of our conduct towards Bomba reflects no little credit upon Lord Malmesbury, and when he went out of office in 1859 Delane was careful to call attention to the courage and firmness he displayed at what might easily have become a critical juncture.

The date of the prorogation was accelerated by a pure, we might almost say an impure, accident. Even the sewers apparently were on the side of the Ministry. In other words, such was the foul condition of the Thames during the hot summer of 1858 that Members of Parliament were afraid to enter the precincts of the House, and committees sitting in the rooms overlooking the river could not obtain a quorum. A Bill for the better drainage of the metropolis was hastily introduced by Disraeli and as speedily passed into law. Delane refers to the atmospheric conditions which increased the speed of the Parliamentary machine in such a novel manner. Writing to Dasent on August 18 he said :

Up here there is not much that is new except that the stink has come back with increased malignity. Indeed for the past few days London has been more

offensive than I ever knew it. I believe there is some folly going on in the sewers which may help to account for it. Otherwise there is a most wholesome dulness relieved only by that odd Norwood story and Sam the Bishop.¹

A matter unconnected with politics in which Delane took a personal interest this year was the formation of the National Portrait Gallery. It owed its existence largely to the efforts of his friend Lord Stanhope, and its energetic secretary and curator, Mr. (afterwards Sir George) Scharf. To it Delane presented the portraits of John Philip Kemble by Gilbert Stuart, and Mrs. Siddons by Sir William Beechey. They were the first portraits connected with the English stage to find a home in the Gallery.

Long the Cinderella of the national collections, the Portrait Gallery, which is now of great historical value and interest, has undergone many vicissitudes. In 1858 it was housed in very inadequate premises in Great George Street, Westminster, where the present writer remembers to have been taken to see it in his boyhood. It was then transferred to a wooden building at South Kensington, whence the obvious danger of fire procured its temporary banishment to Bethnal Green. Nor is its present home in St. Martin's Place—the munificent gift of a private benefactor—at all commensurate with its growing requirements. Little or no space remains for additions, and as the vacant land in the immediate neighbourhood will before long be required for the extension of the National Gallery, it seems probable that the wanderings of the collection may even now not be at an end.

In 1858 Delane bought a small freehold property

¹ Wilberforce.

at Ascot Heath, to which for many years it was his delight to retire, if only for twenty-four hours, from the smoke and turmoil of London, to breathe the clear and invigorating forest air.

To all his other occupations he now added the varied delights of a small farm, and numerous entries in his diary attest the keen interest which he took in everything connected with its up-keep and improvement.

But the soil of Ascot is poor and sandy, by nature producing little but heather, gorse, and fir; and when Delane first went to live there, he had but few neighbours. The whole countryside from Sunninghill to Easthampstead still lay open and unfenced as in the days of his boyhood, and houses were few and far between. In dry seasons heath fires were a constant source of anxiety and even danger, and within his recollection thousands of acres were temporarily devastated in this manner, notwithstanding the vigilance of the local fire-watchers in the summer months. Only by a slow and costly process of reclamation was he able to convert the barren sands into permanent pasture and thriving plantations of young trees.

Known locally as "trenching," this necessary work of recovery consists in breaking through the hard sandstone crust, or pan as it is called in East Berks, which everywhere underlies the surface of the virgin heath. And if land so reclaimed from the waste be not kept in good heart and constantly enriched by artificial means, such is the sterile nature of the Bagshot sands that in time the heather will reassert itself and not a blade of hard-won grass remain.

Flowering American plants, rhododendrons, kalmias, and azaleas (said to have been first introduced into

England by the Duke of Gloucester at Bagshot Park, where in the woods round Duke's Hill they still abound) flourish exceedingly in the peaty soil, though for the grower of fruit and the ornamental flower gardener the local conditions are much less favourable.

But if there were no difficulties to be surmounted in amateur agriculture and gardening, there would be no satisfaction in success; and the fact that Delane found constant recreation in playing at farming presents a close analogy to the case of Disraeli, who liked to identify himself with the peaceful art of husbandry at Hughenden. It is noticeable that in more than one of Delane's letters to him, the expression "we farmers" occurs, almost as if each wished the other seriously to believe that agriculture was one of the main occupations of his life, and not merely one of its distractions.

But whatever Disraeli's love for the interests of agriculture may have been, we may be sure that not for a moment did he dream of such a sweeping reduction of the county franchise as would include the agricultural labourer. Anxious as he and his great rival showed themselves to outbid one another on the question of Parliamentary reform after Palmerston's restraining influence had been removed, it was not till 1884 that the urgent claims of some two million rural voters to the benefits of the franchise were discovered.

The neighbourhood of Ascot was endeared to Delane from its being near his old home at East-hampstead and the scenes of his youth. His new house was also most conveniently situated for Ascot races, which he had long been in the habit of attending. Divided only by the high road from the course,

the entrance-lodge—an ivy-clad archway, said to date from the eighteenth century, from the roof of which a panoramic view of the races may be obtained—immediately faces the gateway of the Royal enclosure.

Here for many years in the 'sixties and earlier 'seventies Delane entertained largely during the race week, and there must be many still living, from our present King downwards, who remember the annual hospitalities of Ascot Heath House.

But when he bought the property there was neither village, church, nor railway at Ascot, and to reach it from London it was necessary to drive from Windsor through the Great Park. But soon after he went to live there, a branch line of the South-Western Railway came through the lower portion of his land, the company, by way of compensation, giving him the great convenience of a private entrance to the station.

Ascot Heath House, so closely identified with the name of John Delane, has had a somewhat curious history. On the enclosure of Windsor Forest it had been given by George IV. to his favourite Lady Harrington. After her death it was presented by an enthusiastic free trader to Cobden, who, not knowing what to do with it, sold it to Delane. It now belongs to the Trustees of the Jockey Club, and has been more than once occupied during the races by the King when Prince of Wales. The amenities of the place have been somewhat impaired since Delane's time by the erection of various unsightly buildings used in connection with the business of the meeting, whilst a strip of land on the eastern boundary has been lopped off to make a covered pathway from the railway to the course.

The original house, which was both small and in-

convenient, stood on a plateau of high ground facing south, and commanding a beautiful and extensive view over the surrounding country. This house, after frequent repairs and alterations, was eventually pulled down by Delane and replaced, in 1867-8, by a much larger one from the designs of the architect who built Bearwood for Mr. John Walter.

In later years Mowbray Morris and George Webbe Dasent became his neighbours, the one within a short walk, at Englemere,¹ and the other some three miles away, at Tower Hill, standing on very high ground and adjoining the woods of Swinley.²

With the new Government Delane soon established relations almost as friendly and confidential as those which he had so long maintained with their predecessors. Lord Derby, who had now quite recovered from his former attitude of hostility to *The Times*, corresponded regularly with its editor, though he never attained to so great a degree of intimacy with Delane as did his son. The latter, now the first Secretary of State for India, consulted him freely in making the new appointments rendered necessary by the abolition of the East India Company, and in return Delane showed him some of the private letters which he received from W. H. Russell from Simla and elsewhere. The two printed below, selected from a large number of similar communications, are fair specimens of the value which he attached to Delane's opinion in making his new appointments :

¹ Englemere was afterwards owned by Sir Robert Meade, and is now the property of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts.

² This house, with most of its contents, was unfortunately totally destroyed by fire in 1890. But having been rebuilt it was occupied by Sir George Dasent till his death, which occurred there in 1896.

LORD STANLEY TO J. T. DELANE

ST. JAMES'S SQUARE,
August 17, 1858, 4 P.M.

DEAR MR. DELANE,

You may add the name of Gen. Sir R. Vivian to those who have accepted seats on the Council. He represents the Madras army and Presidency, which you will observe has no representative in the elected part of the Council, nor among those hitherto proposed for nomination. He was a nominee Director of 1853.

I fear my best men are already polled, and the difficulty of choosing the rest increases. A hundred claims are put forward, where no one is pre-eminent. I am pledged (*but this is not for the public as yet*) to take Sir H. Montgomery, also from Madras, who was on Lord Ellenborough's list, and very highly thought of by him. There will then remain two seats to fill, Sir J. Lawrence making the sixth.

Have you (I ask this privately, and in confidence) heard anything of a Mr. Freeman, who is an English zemindar, a representative of the colonising class in Bengal, and by what I hear of him, and see of his writing, a clever man? I want one of that class if I can find a good one—they see Indian society and government in a light so very different from that which falls on official eyes. Mr. F. is recommended to me, and that strongly, by several good judges; but like all of that stamp (except the late Mr. Venables) he is unknown to the public. Perhaps he may have come across you, for he was full of reforms and grievances. Tell me if you know him.

I am open to any suggestion about him, or indeed any one else.

Very faithfully yours,
STANLEY.

BALMORAL,
October 14, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am really much obliged by your sending me Mr. Russell's letter. Its contents are painful, even disgusting; what Government can do to stop these atrocities is being done. But opinion will effect

more than official instructions, and over opinion I have little power.¹

You probably know that the Chief Justice of Madras has resigned. The Chief Justice of Bombay (Sir H. Davison) has asked to replace him, on private grounds. The appointments are about equal in value and equal in rank. I have consented to the transfer, which may be announced.

I will let you know who goes to the Chief Justiceship of Bombay as soon as I get an answer from the gentleman to whom I have offered it.

It is nearly certain now that Sir J. Lawrence comes home, but I have no means of knowing whether he will accept a seat in our Council.

Very faithfully yours,
STANLEY.

Delane did not take an extended holiday this autumn. He found the attractions of his new house at Ascot so great that he did not care to leave it for any length of time. His movements during the month of October are sufficiently explained by the following letters to Dasent:

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

SHIRENEWTON,
Wednesday, October 6, 1858.

MY DEAR G.,

I have been staying here for the last two days, very comfortable, except for my doubts as to whether or no I should go to Ireland, as I had promised a dozen times over to do. The weather, however, has been so bad, so wet, and so windy that it has at last overcome my natural vacillation, and I have determined the question in due form by determining *not* to go. I shall, therefore, stay here to-day and write by this post to propose a visit to Berkeley Castle until Saturday, when I think of returning to Ascot, and of passing through London on the Sunday *en route* for

¹ Russell had written in terms of strong condemnation of the severity shown to the mutineers.

Brougham Hall and Keir—possibly for the North of Scotland, where I have solemnly engaged to make my appearance some time this autumn.

I would have written before to tell you of my plans, but they were entirely dependent on the weather, and so changed from day to day.

The papers have been very good, but the reading is execrable. I never see a paper but I long to slay a reader. In the first column of the *Indian* yesterday *élan* was spelt *élau*, and the rebels were described as "covering" not "cowering," the verb "to cover" without a specified subject being, I believe, only employed for stallions.

I see the Western Bank of Scotland, after having almost ruined its shareholders by calling up £25 a share, has now made another call of £100 per share. Pray make Lowe write an article upon this astounding evidence of the rottenness of the concern. I suppose it will ruin all the unhappy persons who by great sacrifices have been able hitherto to meet the loss of their property and the supplementary call.

I enclose a letter from Russell, the tone of which is evidently tinctured by his own bodily ailments.

Ever yours,
J. T. DELANE.

ASCOT HEATH,
Sunday, October 10, 1858.

MY DEAR G.,

Though I hope to see you this evening, I write a line or two on the enclosed letters.

First, I think Müller's a very sensible view of Prussian affairs. I remember in 1841 being nearly torn to pieces for an article suggesting that very probably the King, like all other new kings, would disappoint expectations. Also, I think Pattison¹ promises fair, and that we may accept his services with a reasonable prospect of his succeeding. As to Brougham, you will, of course, send special to Liverpool, and if he says all he promises about the Press, we can have no difficulty in supporting him.

Please put in old Byng about the Argyll Rooms.

¹ Mark Pattison was *The Times* correspondent at Berlin in 1858.

Why don't you use Bourne's *Herodotus*, and Forster's and Hayward's *Essays*? They are all fair to middling.

Ever yours,
J. T. DELANE.

I enclose some very interesting letters from Temple and Oliphant, which will do for Woodham and Cooke.

KEIR, NEAR DUNBLANE, N.B.
Thursday, October 14, 1858.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I have read the article on John Mannors in Tuesday's paper with very great regret. I care nothing in the world about him, though I never heard him accused of anything worse than weakness, and no great excess of intellect is required for his office. But I care a great deal for ourselves and our own character, and I am sure both these are very seriously damaged by an article upon a rather inoffensive individual which the world will, with too much reason, characterise as an outrage. Surely there was no necessity for it. He did nothing to provoke us to inflict such damage on ourselves—for damage it will do us all, collectively and individually.

I suppose the article was Lowe's. But we must always remember that he is shooting his own arrows from behind our shield, and that it is we that suffer when his shots provoke public indignation.

Pray do not let him write any more upon any personal question. Indeed, there is happily no need to deal in personalities at all now that there seems a truce to all personal, as almost to all political, differences.

Ever yours,
J. T. DELANE.

BROUGHAM HALL,
Tuesday, October 19, 1858.

MY DEAR G,

I send you a few things for publication. Please to mend old Berkeley's style as much as it admits of. As he says, his education finished at eleven, and he has not made much progress since.

The people here are all mad for coursing, and the courtyard is full of squires and greyhounds.

I left Edinburgh yesterday in a storm of snow, and the hills here are covered with that detestable material. Everybody says the winter has set in with unusual ferocity in the Highlands, and I don't therefore regret having turned back.

I shall be in town either to-morrow or Thursday.

Ever yours,
J. T. D.

The ill-advised visit which Palmerston paid to Compiègne in the autumn called forth an amusing letter from Delane to Bernal Osborne, who begged to be allowed to retain for his collection of autographs the original communication from Palmerston referred to. That from Lord Clarendon appears to be lost. Palmerston's own explanation of his conduct is a document of historical value, as showing the enormous political power of *The Times* and its editor at this epoch:

LORD PALMERSTON TO J. T. DELANE

94, PICCADILLY,
November 10, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I am told that you disapprove of the visit of Clarendon and myself to the Emperor at Compiègne, but it seemed to us impolite to avoid going thither.

The invitation was not sought for by us, and was to both of us very unwelcome. As for myself, I was comfortably settled at Broadlands, greatly enjoying the amusements, pursuits, and interesting occupations belonging to a country residence, free from the incessant interruptions by messengers and red boxes which for some years past have everywhere haunted me, and there is nothing which I less desired than to cross the Channel and leave home.

Moreover, I well know that the Emperor is much out of favour at present with the Liberal party, and that they will be far from well pleased at seeing us go to him.

But then we felt that to refuse the invitation without

some good and acceptable reason would be an incivility almost amounting to an affront. But good reasons we had none to give, except the true ones, which would have been anything but well taken. To tell a Sovereign that it was a bore to leave one's home to accept his hospitalities would be a rudeness not sanctioned by established usage; and to tell a Sovereign whom we wish to have as an ally that public men in England are afraid of going near him because he is so hated by the British nation, that anybody who accepts his invitation will fall under the ban of public censure, would not be a very good way of securing a good understanding between the two countries. If either Clarendon or I had been tied by the legs by gout, that would have been a sufficient excuse, but we are both known to be just now remarkably well. We therefore decided that it was better that we should face any additional abuse which our going might bring on us personally than run the risk of producing upon the Emperor's mind an impression which would be injurious to the interests of this country, by souring the feelings of the Emperor, and by greatly cooling down that personal goodwill which he now entertains for Clarendon and myself, and the maintenance of which is far from unimportant in its bearings upon the mutual relations of the two countries. We may, moreover, have opportunities of speaking to the Emperor about some things with even more freedom than if we were in office, and I cannot but think that what both Clarendon and I urged upon him when last we saw him may have led in some degree to the abandonment of the African slave trade operations, announced in his letter to Prince Jerome. But this is a matter of the utmost delicacy, and to speak of it would defeat our purpose. When a right course is taken it ought to be allowed to appear entirely spontaneous.

Yours faithfully,
PALMERSTON.

It will be seen that in his letter to Bernal Osborne Delane enters into a somewhat detailed review of the new Government, and contrasts the holders of the principal offices not unfavourably with their predecessors.

J. T. DELANE TO BERNAL OSBORNE

SERJEANTS' INN,
November 25, 1858.

MY DEAR OSBORNE,

I am most sincerely glad to hear that you are safe out of the fangs of inflammation, and that three surgeons can write in so cheery a tone. I have no news half so pleasant to send you. The Rothschilds indeed are well and jolly. . . .

Lionel has been a month in Paris with C. Villiers, Anthony is in full bloom as High Sheriff of Bucks and Consul-General of Austria, and Meyer rejoices as before in North Lincoln. They have a large party at Mentmore to-day to meet Disraeli. *Your* friend Lady Molesworth came back at the beginning of the week. Torrington, *it is said*, is in disgrace. Certainly he came back long before the Duchess. As to the suns of our late firmament, they are all obscured. Did any one ever hear of or imagine such folly as the visit of Palmerston and Clarendon to Compiègne? Not that it now makes much difference to either, but because people see that they need not bolt the door against their return. I enclose, *in confidence*, Palmerston's excuse for himself. Clarendon's is much to the same effect—if possible, still more lame. I think you may safely recant your allegiance to both these luminaries. No star shines very bright above the horizon, but these two seem to have hopelessly set. Your old leader, Lord John, is well and *fat*. He has drawn large houses in the provinces, but I doubt if he has added much to his permanent capital. He had better leave such business to Dicky Milnes—who, by the bye, has just called in the full gloss of his mourning—it makes him look quite slim and clean.

In the meantime, except for the Ionian scrape, the Government has certainly not done ill. Everybody who has anything to do with them says that the worst of all the departments is very well and quietly done. Panmure is not regretted at the War Office, nor, strange to say, Charles Wood at the Admiralty. Malmesbury is, at least, not worse than Clarendon, nor Walpole than that god of Whig idolatry, Sir George Grey. As to Dizzy, the revenue has been so productive as to bring him home in his very speculative finance, and I don't hear of his making any blunders. Indeed, the

only great folly I have heard of is on the part of that old goose Salisbury, who has managed to give the Catholics a grievance with respect to their schools, of which he is not soon likely to hear the last. Ellice (Ursa) dined here with Lowe yesterday. He is wonderfully well and fresh, notwithstanding a dreadful voyage home. He met those furious easterly gales, and they had even to burn the coops and spars to keep up the steam. Have you any news of Lismore? London looks delightfully sloppy, but is full of people and as pleasant as usual. When do you come? I shall write Mrs. Osborne a letter of her own, so I will now only send my most kind regards to her and the young ladies, who are, I hope, becoming famous horsewomen.

Ever yours,

JOHN T. DELANE.

Towards the close of the year Palmerston wrote to suggest the adoption of a less hostile tone towards the French Emperor, but within a month of the date of his letter, Europe was startled by the partial disclosure of yet another of Louis Napoleon's ambitious schemes. His high-handed attitude towards Austria had been determined upon in conjunction with Cavour, who saw an opportunity of furthering his own designs for the aggrandisement of Sardinia by means of a temporary alliance with France.

LORD PALMERSTON TO J. T. DELANE

94, PICCADILLY,
December 5, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am sure you will take in good part what I wish to say, whether you may agree with me or not. I quite concur in the reasoning of your article to-day about the proper functions of a free Press; but I would suggest for your consideration whether it might not be good to slacken *The Times'* fire against the Emperor of the French. The continuance of attacks will not dethrone him, and there would be no advantage to England in doing so, even if it were possible. But

constant attacks irritate and create resentment, and it seems undesirable to excite those feelings in the mind of the man upon whose will the relations between England and France in some measure depend, and who is one of the few men in France who really, for any reason whatever, has a friendly disposition towards us.

Of course, I do not mean to suggest the cessation of criticism; but might not just criticism be equally effectual with less of personal asperity of tone?

Yours sincerely,

PALMERSTON.

Pray do not answer this.

Early in 1859 Delane decided to recall W. H. Russell from India. At the end of January he was still with Lord Clyde, and in one of his last letters from Lucknow he tells a delightful story which he heard from the Commander-in-Chief. Alluding to his landlord at Allahabad, Lord Clyde said, "You doubtless heard what he did?" "No." "Well, he was much in debt to native merchants when the Mutiny broke out. He was appointed special commissioner, and the first thing he did was to hang all his creditors." The idea of a general merchant who used to suspend payment now and then, and finally suspended his creditors, recalls to our mind a story of the old revolutionary days in Paris, when all the fashionable tailors were unaccountably shot!

The year opened inauspiciously for the preservation of European peace. An announcement made by Louis Napoleon on New Year's Day of hostile intentions towards Austria was part of a pre-arranged scheme with Cavour, by which the Austrians were to be driven out of the Duchies, and the kingdom of Sardinia placed at the head of the movement for Italian unity so dear to the Minister's heart.

From force of habit English politicians professed

to see signs of a secret understanding between France and Russia, though this impression was not shared by Delane. On the contrary, he openly stated that he believed this supposition to be erroneous. On this occasion there was no such understanding between St. Petersburg and Paris. Russia, engrossed with a revolutionary movement at home, dreaded anything which would disturb the peace of Europe anew, and while not averse on principle to the emancipation of Italy, she was resolutely opposed to the aggrandisement of France. For these reasons her diplomatic action was confined to an attempt to keep Austria in the right. Lord Malmesbury, who was better acquainted than any other English Minister on the Tory side with the rapid workings of Louis Napoleon's mind, told Delane that in his opinion the Emperor was not seriously contemplating the annexation of any portion of Northern Italy to his dominions.

Had Lombardy and Venice been in the place of Sardinia he might have entertained such visions, but to establish a domination over a State so vigorous and so free as Piedmont was obviously a task beyond his powers.

Whilst his tortuous ambition might be gratified by a Murat superseding Bomba at Naples, it was the condition of the Papal states, as well as the question of the Duchies, which gave him a pretext for picking a quarrel with Austria.

Professing himself ready to withdraw his troops from Rome if Austria would only do the same, or at least fix a term for the evacuation, he desired that the interval should be employed in urging the Pope to introduce such reforms as would render the presence of foreign troops unnecessary to the maintenance of his authority. But Austria did not

act on this occasion with quite her usual sagacity. Violent counsels prevailed at Vienna, and by taking the initiative she unwisely provided the real authors of the war with a technical justification of their policy.

Pray make everybody who writes on the Italian subject keep in view the necessity of our taking no share in the mess. We shall be involved in it before the war has lasted twelve months, but we shall then have a better chance of taking our proper side than if we rushed into it now.

So wrote Delane to Dasent on January 13.

Louis Napoleon, who was almost as fond of conferences which were never intended to meet as Lord John Russell was of Reform Bills which were never meant to pass, proposed to refer the quarrel to the arbitration of Europe, and then arose fresh complication. Sardinia, backed up by the English Government, made answer that she would only disarm on an equality of time and circumstances with the larger Powers.

Lord Malmesbury, in a letter to Delane, brings the record of the negotiations for the abortive conference down to April 15 :

The position is this. Austria long and stubbornly insisted on the disarmament of Sardinia *previously* to our going into congress, and this we refused to ask her to do. . . . After endless trouble Austria agreed to disarm *at once*, and *before* going into congress, if France and Sardinia would do the same. Nothing could be fairer and more practical, but France, *then* having consented to disarm as well as Austria, *now* turns round and states that she had no idea that Sardinia was included in the disarmament, and will not invite her by herself or collectively with us to disarm. Such is now the hitch, and you see who at the present moment have put themselves completely in the wrong.¹

¹ Lord Malmesbury to Delane, April 15, 1859.

Louis Napoleon's object was to gain time, but ultimately, much to Cavour's disappointment, he affected to agree in the principle of general disarmament.

But it was now Austria's turn to make difficulties, and by ignoring Lord Malmesbury's proposals she soon turned Cavour's attitude of despair into one of exultation at the prospect of the early liberation of Italy by force of arms. Azeglio, the Sardinian envoy to Great Britain, whose acquaintance Delane had long enjoyed, communicated to him on April 23 (the day of the dissolution of Parliament)¹ an important message which he had just received from Cavour.

TURIN,
23 Avril, 8½ heures.

La sommation Autrichienne est arrivée à l'instant. Elle est conçue en termes menaçants et annonce que si la réponse n'est pas satisfaisante l'Autriche aura immédiatement recours aux armes. Les pleins pouvoirs au Roi ont été votés par la Chambre des Députés à une grande majorité. Le pays est calme et décidé.

CAVOUR.

Palmerston's shrewd comment, when Delane told him the news which Azeglio had brought him, was, "This seems to show that Austria has thrown away the scabbard. The result may prove that she has also thrown away her Italian provinces." His sympathies with Cavour and the cause of Italian unity were well known, but Delane was of opinion that by many of his public utterances at this time, and also by the fulsome praise which had been bestowed upon the Emperor of the French by a section of the English Press, though not by *The Times*, Louis Napoleon

¹ Lord Derby's Ministry had been defeated by thirty-nine votes on the second reading of Disraeli's Reform Bill on March 31.

had received direct encouragement to engage upon this war to further his own unworthy ends.

To the late Mr. Richard Potter, a Lancashire gentleman, who wrote to him venturing to suggest that *The Times* was not in accord with popular sentiment in its estimate of the character and aims of the Emperor, Delane sent the following closely reasoned reply:

J. T. DELANE TO RICHARD POTTER

PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE,
May 6, 1859.

The editor of *The Times* presents his compliments to Mr. Potter, and begs to thank him for his suggestions.

The editor, however, ventures to think that so far from his tone respecting the Emperor Napoleon being unpatriotic or likely to produce ill-effects, a similar tone on the part of the Ministers of the Crown, past as well as present, would have prevented the Emperor from engaging in the war which now threatens to desolate the Italian Peninsula and to extend over the best part of Europe. He believes that the base adulation of the Emperor by all classes in this country—from the Court to the Common Council—has, much more than any other cause, led the Emperor to indulge the passion for foreign war which is the tradition of his family, and that had he been met by strong remonstrances instead of weak entreaties, even so late as a month since, he might have been turned from his purpose.

The editor believes that nothing is gained by a nation shutting its eyes to the dangers which threaten it, and that the besetting fault of England is overconfidence in itself, in its ruler, in its allies, in the fair dealings which it desires to practise and which it expects from others. He does not believe it is possible to deceive Louis Napoleon by affecting a confidence in him which it is impossible any longer to feel, and which the preparations in our dockyards would belie, and he therefore thinks it desirable the nation should know the whole truth as to its danger while there is yet abundant time for our armaments and no excuse for panic.

The editor has written this letter to Mr. Potter in entire reliance upon his character as a gentleman, and begs that it may be considered a private communication from himself to Mr. Potter, and to no one else.

To Mr. Potter's credit, it should be added that in a further communication to the editor he wrote that, "remembering a disclosure made by Mr. Carlyle in his *Life of Sterling* of a letter written by the late Sir Robert Peel, and found among the Thunderer's papers, I make secrecy safe by returning your letter, and thanking you heartily for it."

The above is therefore a transcript of Delane's original letter. Had it not been honourably returned by Mr. Potter, it could not have been included in these pages, as the writer kept no copy of this interesting vindication of his attitude towards Louis Napoleon.

Mr. Potter also naively remarked, in the course of a very long letter, that he had "had the opportunity recently of spending a week with Lord John Russell at Cornewall Lewis's, and in the course of constant daily intercourse and family life I was amazed at the total difference of tone in the real estimate which Lord John and Cornewall Lewis formed in their innermost convictions of the character and projects of Louis Napoleon as compared with their public declarations and the sentiments which they addressed to the country. Though a member of the Liberal party, I must say that no public man on our side has spoken with so much truth and sound instinct as Disraeli, and if *The Morning Post* of yesterday and to-day represents correctly the views of Lord Palmerston upon foreign politics, I would rather see Lord Malmesbury at the Foreign Office."

The appointment of Persigny as Ambassador to

England was considered by both Delane and Palmerston to be a pledge that the Emperor meant to adhere to the English alliance.

I am not so sure that we shall be gainers by the substitution of Drouyn de Lhuys for Walewski, but the Emperor will remain his own Foreign Minister with the one as with the other.¹

It is outside the scope of this work to trace in detail the success of the French arms from Montebello to Solferino, and the hasty peace proposals of Villafranca; but at the very beginning of the war Delane pointed out the blunders which the Austrians committed in departing from their original position of injured innocence by becoming aggressors, and in placing themselves in a military position from which they would inevitably have to retire with discredit, whether of their own accord or by compulsion after defeat.

A great deal of unnecessary importance has been attached to an entry in Greville's *Diary* relating to Delane's action at the time of Lord Granville's unsuccessful attempt to form an Administration after the defeat of Lord Derby's Cabinet. The leading article in *The Times* of June 13 reproduced substantially the details of the conversation which took place between the Queen and Lord Granville on the occasion referred to. The article was not based—as has been assumed by more than one writer upon the political events of the period—upon a conversation between Lord Granville and Delane, but upon a letter which the former wrote to the editor of *The Times* after his return from Buckingham Palace.

A reference to this letter, perhaps one of the most interesting which Delane ever received, shows that

¹ Palmerston to Delane, May 7, 1859.

if any indiscretion was committed the fault lay not with him but with his distinguished correspondent :

LORD GRANVILLE TO J. T. DELANE

BRUTON STREET,
June 12, 1859.

MY DEAR DELANE,

The Queen sent for me yesterday at four o'clock, and after hearing all the objections I had to make, commanded me to attempt to form a strong and comprehensive Administration. "Her Majesty's thoughts had first been directed to Lord Palmerston and Lord John, who had both served her long and faithfully ; but it was a painful and invidious task to make her selection between the two, and as both represented different sections of the Liberal party, the leader of the Liberal party in the Lords, in whom both the two lords had been in the habit of placing confidence, might have greater facilities in combining the whole Liberal party." I went first to Lord Palmerston, who consented in the handsomest manner, and without hesitation, to act under me. I secured the adhesion of the men most necessary to form the nucleus of a strong Liberal Government ; I at first feared that Lord John's conditions would make his union with Palmerston impossible, with or without me. After a second communication with Lord John, I found that I should be an obstacle to the union instead of a facility, and that an arrangement was possible if one of the lords was sent for. I immediately informed the Queen that such being the case, I should be acting contrary to Her Majesty's interests if I continued my attempt to perform the task which she had so unexpectedly and so graciously imposed upon me. The Queen then sent for Palmerston, who will have no difficulty in forming a Government which will save us from the enormous disgrace of failure, after the vote of Friday.

If you make any use of this information, pray wrap it up—as you know how to do—and do not, please, say anything uncivil about Lord John, who, although he wavered and gave false reasons, acted in a manner of which in general we have no right to complain.

Yours,
G.

That the writer intended that Delane should make any use of the letter which he thought fit is apparent, not only from the last paragraph, but from its not being even marked "private." Greville adds, on June 27, that Lord Clarendon was able to convince Her Majesty that the article in *The Times* had, in fact, been eminently serviceable to her, inasmuch as it negatived any suspicion of intrigue or underhand dealing in any quarter, while representing her own conduct in such a manner as to excite universal approbation.

Lord Granville having failed to induce Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell to serve under him, the Queen once more sent for the more conservative of the two Liberal leaders. And this time his appointment as first Minister of the Crown, at the ripe age of seventy-five, was for life. His avowed sympathies with Italy and Lord John's thinly disguised hostility to Austria were unpalatable to the Court, and some wit—it was, we believe, Lord Torrington—gave them the nickname of the "old Italian masters."

Having recently dealt at some length with the incidents of a ministerial crisis, we shall not make any considerable extracts from Delane's correspondence on the occasion of Lord Palmerston's return to office. The following letter from Lord Clarendon deserves, however, to be included, if only for the sake of the final paragraph:

LORD CLARENDON TO J. T. DELANE

GROSVENOR CRESCENT,
June 13, 1859.

MY DEAR DELANE,

Palmerston, before he communicated with Lord John, insisted upon my returning to the Foreign Office, and I agreed to do so, though not willingly,

first, because I have no liking for office and have had enough of it, and secondly, because I doubted whether it would be a popular appointment, as during the last year a run has been made at Palmerston for his foreign policy, not by his opponents only, but by his former supporters, who sought to justify their desertion of him, and I have been treated as his unworthy agent, etc., etc. I was ready, however, to place such knowledge and experience as I might have acquired during five years at the service of the public.

Palmerston most properly gave Lord John the choice of offices, and he claimed the Foreign Office, which did not surprise me, as he always had a turn for foreign affairs, and has unbounded confidence in his own diplomatic talents, and I gladly recognised the superiority of his claims to mine. I was pressed in the most friendly manner by Palmerston and my former colleagues to take any other office I pleased, but for that I did not see that there was any necessity, and as there is a demand for new names I felt sure that I should best consult the public taste by making way for some one who had not been in Palmerston's Government. I shall, therefore, not sit on the Treasury Bench, but my support of the Government will be as active and sincere as if I did.

Whenever, if ever, you write the history of the formation of the new Cabinet, you will perhaps have the goodness to notice the above-mentioned facts, as it is of importance to me that my conduct should not be misinterpreted, and pray excuse me for troubling you about it at this busy time.

Ever yours truly,
CLARENDON.

Two days after Lord Granville's important communication to Delane, he wrote: "Derby and Dizzy will hold office during Ascot races, though this will not prevent the former from going there."

On June 30 Palmerston was inclined to think that Cobden would accept his offer of a seat in the Cabinet, whilst Lord Granville, at the same date, was equally sure that he would refuse.

Cobden's quite natural desire to retain his independent position gave Delane an opportunity of urging the claims of a veteran Free Trader of a very different stamp upon the attention of the Prime Minister. On July 5 he was able to announce that—

Lord Palmerston has done a very graceful as well as a very just act, in offering to Mr. Charles Villiers that seat in the Cabinet which remained, or rather, which had become vacant, in consequence of Mr. Cobden's refusal to join the Administration. Mr. Milner Gibson is promoted to the actual post which had been reserved for Mr. Cobden, and now the office which Mr. Gibson had vacated has been conferred upon Mr. Villiers.

As pointed out by *The Times*, Charles Pelham Villiers was practically the originator of the Free Trade movement. For years before Cobden and Bright were heard of as politicians, he annually brought the subject before Parliament. Standing half-way between Adam Smith and Richard Cobden, he never got the credit of the philosopher who originated the idea, or the popular leader who manipulated the masses and eventually forced Peel's hand. Disdaining the noisier arts of the agitator, to him it was mainly due that the settlement of the question was carried in an orderly and Parliamentary manner.

Villiers's hearty letter of thanks to Delane lies before us as we write, and in it he acknowledges how much his advancement was due to his good offices. It is conceivable that Delane was the more anxious to see him in the new Cabinet since his brother, Lord Clarendon, was not a member of it.

Warned by the experience of the Crimea, and holding the great question of the national armaments to be above all party considerations, Delane continued to call attention to the urgent necessity which existed

for strengthening our defences by sea and land. Partly from suspicion of Louis Napoleon and partly from a fear that the new Chancellor of the Exchequer would not recognise the gravity of the situation, he published article after article on the subject, and it is a moot point whether he or Palmerston was the first to arrive at the determination that a large sum must forthwith be spent on the protection of our naval and military ports if England was to be rendered secure against attack.

We seem to see the earliest germ of the Portsdown Hill and Spithead defences in a letter which Delane received from Palmerston shortly before his return to office :

I do not share the belief that the French Emperor meditates an attack upon England. I do believe, however, that an attack upon England, if attended with any measure of success, would rejoice the heart of every Frenchman ; and I fear it must be admitted that in the present relative state of naval and military armament of England and France, the French might successfully strike a blow by no means agreeable to us.¹

The conclusion which Palmerston drew from this state of things was that until French means of aggression and English means of defence were more nearly equalised by the lessening of the first and the strengthening of the second, no national advantage was to be gained by irritating and provoking the man upon whose single passions and will the relations of France with England depended.

It will be necessary, when we come to treat of 1860, to refer more fully to this important subject and to the share which Delane had in placing the country in a state of security, but we may mention that

¹ Palmerston to Delane, March 2, 1859.

Lord Malmesbury, on vacating the Foreign Office, wrote to assure him of his belief that Gladstone was contemplating drastic reductions on the Navy votes :

This is no party question, and you have always treated it as it deserves. In my opinion, and I speak advisedly, no greater treason could be purposely planned than this ignorant and pedantic mistake. The French Emperor put four more liners in commission last week. . . . Here is a man who in six weeks has sent an army, admirably equipped, of 170,000 men, 300 field pieces, and 200 siege guns, from France to Milan, and 50 large men-of-war to the Adriatic. His uncle never performed such a feat of administrative and physical power. If the Press and the House of Commons allow these colossal facts to be met by a magnificent oration and a commonplace Budget, their vocation will be gone before three years arrive. We have put a large fleet in commission, for I never let my colleagues alone till it was done, but it takes a year before the crews are in fighting order, and even now the French have more frigates than England.¹

While Delane, with all his military ardour, could not go so far as to support his old friend Lord Lyndhurst in advocating an army of 100,000 regular troops and embodied militia, combined with 100,000 disembodied, but trained, militia, he wrote in *The Times* on July 6:

We indeed, above all others, have laboured in the sense in which Lords Lyndhurst, Stratford, and Brougham yesterday addressed the House. Ever since the French Emperor gave the first signs of abandoning the alliance of the English people, we have lost no opportunity of recommending defensive preparations.

We are proud to believe that almost everything that has been done in England in the way of defence for the last few years has been in a high degree owing to the advocacy of this journal. Nor have we been

¹ Lord Malmesbury to Delane, June 21, 1859.

behindhand in exposing the demerits of the French Emperor, whom we thought, and still think to be, a suspicious friend and a most dangerous enemy. But does the Government make the best use of what is voted for the national defences?

He went on to insist upon an increase of the number of men borne in the Navy, and the formation of an effective reserve, pointing out that while the Navy estimates had risen between 1852 and 1859 from under six to over twelve millions, the great bulk of that difference was spent in ships and coals, yet we had only an available force of seamen amounting to 50,000. In 1859, while there were 358 captains on the active list, there were only ships enough for 100. "We know very well where to put our hands upon the captains; but where are the men?" he said. In the old days of the press-gang England had 140,000 seamen borne on the books. They were drafted to sea as they were wanted, and flogged into sailors. That possibility being gone, it became necessary to find a substitute.

There is nothing left but persuasion in the shape of hard cash. For a million of money we might have a reserve force of 50,000 sailors, who could not be matched throughout the world.¹

At the end of September Delane went to Italy to visit the late theatre of war, writing, amongst others, the following letters to Dasent during his travels:

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

TURIN,
Thursday, September 29, 1859.

MY DEAR G.,

We got here on Tuesday morning after a very pleasant run across France, doing the whole distance from Calais to Chambery, which has twice cost me

¹ *The Times* leading article, September 8, 1859.

seven days, in rather less than twenty-four hours. It took just the same time to cover the hundred miles between Chambery and Turin.

This place is as handsome and as dull as before—a kind of Italian Brussels; you fancy at first that it would be a delightful place to live in, but are soon undeceived by the total absence of life in it. I believe it was excited to a kind of spasmodic activity during the early part of the war, but that has long subsided, and what people there were have gone into the country, either to retirement or to get in their vintage, so that there is very little doing. It is the same in their politics: having conceived the grand design of becoming the head of Italy, and being enabled by a variety of most favourable circumstances to almost effect it, the Government seems now to have repented of its design, and to have become indifferent just as it had attained success. The fact is that, having turned out Cavour, they then “set the cat to keep the cream”—they appointed a retrograde Ministry to carry out the grand design which was Cavour’s alone, and with Lombardy secured by treaty and the Duchies praying to be annexed not a step has been taken to secure possession. I am assured that there is not yet a single Piedmontese soldier in all Lombardy, and Piacenza, almost in sight of Alessandria, and a standing menace so long as the Austrians hold it, is only held by the National Guard of the place. Of course no troops have been sent into the Duchies, and so the whole territory seems likely to go by default to Plon-Plon. Piedmont is indeed only a small country, and though Cavour enabled it to play a very large part, his grand ideas of merging Piedmont in a great Italian kingdom have only had a very imperfect echo in the minds of the Piedmontese, who would much rather make all Italy Sardinian than become themselves Italians. The present Government is the representative of this idea; it looks on the late events as so far fortunate, as that they have added Lombardy to Piedmont and made room for so many more Piedmontese. They would like very well to have all Central Italy on the same terms, but object entirely to being swamped in it. In the meantime they see with no little disgust the return of all the rich Lombard exiles to Milan and the general tendency

to return to that pleasant capital. So that as long as power remains in their hands it is not likely that much will be done towards the union of Italy.

I went to Genoa yesterday, and found the port still crammed full with French transports and commissariat stores, the place as gay and beautiful as ever, and a great contrast in its activity and movement to Turin. I go to Milan by way of Magenta to-morrow, and shall probably make it my headquarters for a week or so—the centre of trips to Solferino, Malegnano, etc., and then go to Florence. The weather is magnificent—as hot as we had it in London last July, and in Genoa yesterday almost too hot even for me. I hope it has rained steadily in both Scotland and Ireland, so as to excuse me for coming here. Of course I know nothing of what has happened at home, for our last paper here is of Friday—the day I left.

Pray keep Chenery from quarrelling with Napoleon. That vein is exhausted, and we had better not reopen it. Eber is very agreeable; Galton leaves us to-day; Cooke has not yet been heard of.

Good-bye.

Ever yours,
J. T. D.

Please write to Milan, and send any letters worth the postage; but write at once.

MILAN,
Sunday, October 2, 1859.

MY DEAR G.,

I find I was misinformed as to there being no Piedmontese troops in Lombardy. There is one strong brigade here and a good many cavalry. In fact the place swarms with soldiers. In one street to-day Galton and I counted fifteen uniforms to three civilians, and though that is a large proportion, at least half the outdoor population are always soldiers. It was the same at La Scala last night. However, they are all extremely well behaved, and I believe a single British regiment in a foreign town would commit more excesses than this whole army.

Since I wrote last I have been to Magenta, and I am only waiting for Cooke to make a trip to the lakes, Solferino, etc. In the meantime I am very idle and comfortable, busy only in learning Italian

and dawdling about the galleries, and in the evening riding one of Eber's horses in the Corso. La Scala opened last night, and was very splendid indeed—far ahead of Gye. If Cooke does not come, I shall go about Wednesday to Genoa on my way to Florence, and then either to Rome and Naples or back again.

Pray write to Florence.

Ever yours,
J. T. D.

NAPLES,

Thursday, October 25, 1859.

MY DEAR G.,

I arrived here on Monday last from Rome, by way of Civita, and I am afraid exhausted all my luck in a smooth and pleasant passage, for it came on to blow very hard last night, and the usually decorous sea is now almost running into the windows of the room at which I am writing. I have taken my passage direct for Marseilles by the *Pausilippe*, which sails on Saturday, and I hope by that time the weather will have improved. In due course I should be in Marseilles on Monday afternoon, and in Paris on Tuesday night, so that I am pretty sure to be in London on Thursday, even if I do miss a train or two.

I made Wreford's acquaintance yesterday, and went to Vesuvius with him. He reminds me very much of Romaine, but he has in conversation the same fixed ideas which pervade his correspondence. You may be sure that I have endeavoured to enlarge his scope of view and to suggest new topics.

I am very glad you took so moderate and reasonable a view of the Anviti affair at Parma. All those poor people in the Duchies are in a state of chronic funk lest the old dynasty should be restored, which is sure to produce atrocities unless it is soon appeased. They know they have no mercy to expect from either Bourbon or Austrian, and had but too much reason to suspect that Anviti was "after no good." Of course it was neither wise nor just to kill him in such a manner, but there were many old scores to arrange, and it was very rash of him to give them a chance. It is a lamentable outrage only because it brings discredit on a cause hitherto unstained; as regards the victim it is no subject for regret.

Of course I have been to Pompeii, to the Museo Borbonico, to Castellamare, etc.; but you don't want me to write of such things. My chief interest at present is in the raging, foaming monster which meets my eyes whenever I look up.

I have had no letters or papers either at Rome or here, and have heard from nobody but you ever since I started, so I don't thank anybody else.

Good-bye.

Ever yours,
J. T. D.

Mosquitoes ferocious, especially since the storm.

Friday.—I open this to say that the weather is worse than ever, and unless it moderates I shall come by land. Indeed, I doubt if any boat here would face the sea. I shall try to go by Rome and Ancona and Trieste.

On his way home he halted in Paris in order to admonish his correspondent there, as he was not at all satisfied with the tone of some of his recent letters to the paper.

Writing to Dasent from Ascot Heath on November 1 he said :

I don't think the terms mentioned in the Emperor's letter will satisfy Italy, unless they are plainly understood to be merely *ad interim*. I don't believe Tuscany will take back the Grand Duke or the Romagna accept the Pope, however disguised. The terms are, however, much better than those of Villafranca, for Piedmont gets Parma and Piacenza, and the plain absurdity of leaving Peschiera and Mantua in the hands of Austria is averted. The difficulty in Tuscany is that the Grand Duke has made himself so contemptible that nobody would be content to serve him. As to the Pope,¹ to restore him means to restore the priests and their government, and it is this the people object to. The poor old man himself is inoffensive enough.

¹ Pio Nono.

As the year drew to its close Palmerston became more and more suspicious of the Emperor. Writing from Broadlands on November 5, he said:

I must own that it looks as if those who direct the policy of France were banking up their fires in order to be ready to start against us. . . . The conclusion I come to is, that the English Government ought to accept as if seriously tendered every assurance of determination to maintain the Anglo-French alliance, and at the same time to push on our own defensive preparations just as if we believed those assurances were given only to lull us into a false security.

On December 14 Delane began to prepare the public mind for the heavy expenditure which Parliament would be called upon to sanction in the coming session to render the dockyards secure. Whilst approving the principle, he demurred to the raising of the whole ten millions at once. Rather than adopt the course recommended by the Commission on Fortifications he desired to extend the payment over a term of years. "The works," he wrote, "cannot with any reasonable prospect of solidity or economy be complete in less than five years, and if only the ten millions of the Commission's estimate be required, this will give only two millions a year—a sum which a nation so rich and prosperous as our own ought not to grudge for defences which it considers to be necessary to its safety."

But if in agreement with the Prime Minister on the essential points of his defence scheme, Delane differed from him entirely as to the merits of M. de Lesseps's project for uniting the East and West by means of the Suez Canal.

It is interesting to observe that, in an article published in *The Times* of December 16, Delane predicted

that if the Canal should ever be made—which at the time seemed highly problematical—it would, so far from doing England any harm, be of advantage to this country.

It will be so far a British canal that it will be traversed by British ships, devoted to British traffic, and maintained by British tolls. We are justified as a nation in looking out for the best and safest highway to the East, for the finest realm of the East pertains to the British Crown. If the Suez Canal should ever become a reality, it would be for our benefit and not for our disadvantage.

These prophetic words were written at a time when the French were openly proclaiming their belief that the piercing of the Isthmus of Suez would prove to be “the defect in the British cuirass.” On this Delane remarked: “We only wish our ‘cuirass’ had no weaker point than this, for in that case we should not be looking about just now for ten millions of money to be spent on our home defences.” He held the opinion that the French, by indulging in such wild talk, misconceived the sources of commercial and maritime supremacy. “If they were,” he wrote, “to pierce every isthmus and neutralise every sea they would not affect results which depend on national qualities alone.”

Delane's foresight in approving the construction of the Canal, so abundantly justified in the years which have intervened since the commencement of M. de Lesseps's great undertaking, called forth the longest letter which he ever received from Palmerston. We may remark that in this beautifully written document of nearly seven quarto pages there is not an erasure, a verbal alteration, or even a blot.

It was Palmerston's habit, even in his old age, to

The wind blows down the Red Sea halfway to Babel-Mandeb during great part of the year; the sea is narrow for ships to beat up against a wind, and full of coral reefs.

Then, again, Egypt would lose the profit made from passengers overland; and this also the Pasha sees and feels.

On the whole, the scheme is, as Émile Girardin declares, conceived in hostility to the interests and policy of England. If the canal cannot be made to carry sea-going ships the scheme will lay the foundation for the severance of Egypt from Turkey, and for its being converted into a dependency of France, in furtherance of the scheme of making the Mediterranean a French lake. If the canal can be made, it will pay no remunerative interest on the capital invested, but it will open to the French, whenever they want it, a short cut to the Indian Seas, to the Mauritius, to Ceylon, to Australia, to New Zealand, and possibly to Bombay, or even to Calcutta. For a long time the French Government promised not to interfere in the matter; their schemes of advance policy may now be more ripe, and they depart from their former assurances and give Mr. Lesseps open support. For a long time he was paid by the Pasha. Charles Murray opened the eyes of the Pasha, and his money supplies ceased. The French Government thereupon seem to have thought that it was necessary for them to step in, and to take up a scheme which both the Porte and the Pasha opposed.

Yours sincerely,
PALMERSTON.

END OF VOL. I

